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THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
Town Hall, Bombay.

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MEMORIALS OF ROBERT BROWN.

Robert Brown

Passages in the Life of an Indian Merchant:

BEING

MEMORIALS OF ROBERT BROWN

LATE OF BOMBAY.

COMPILED BY HIS SISTER

HELEN COLVIN.

23554

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTICE BY A CITY CLERGYMAN.

1866

"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."
ROM. XII. 11.

XX. 9 39

LONDON:

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1866.

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subject of prayer; with the recorded conviction of special answers to these. "*In every thing* by prayer," appears to have been the motto of his daily being.

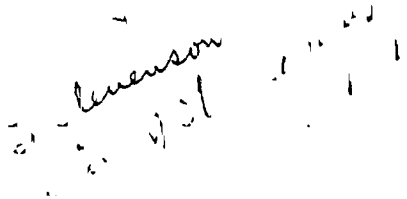
"Have been trying more this week to "bring business matters before God. Such "as selling spelter; difficulty what to do "with cotton orders, and shipping linseed; "buying jesamum and arranging for ton-"nage; whether to draw bills or not. And "the answers I have had, in two cases at "least, encourage me to persevere in this "plan" . . .—(pages 262, 263). "Special "mercies yesterday in getting away the "'Result' and 'Typhoon.' . . . Remember "especially what success I have all along "had with the 'Result,' from the day of her "arrival. O Lord, do Thou give her a "speedy voyage, and manifest thyself to "many souls on board"—(page 293).

It is with the humble hope that his lofty and elevated example may encourage and stimulate others embarked in the same race with himself, encompassed with similar temptations and adverse influences, that this Memorial has been given to the world.

The likeness prefixed conveys an inadequate impression of the original. No pencil, indeed, could satisfactorily portray the charm of the living. The gentle, intelligent expression; above all, the soft lustrous eye,—unmistakeable index of the loving, transparent nature within, and which ever seemed to be lighted up with the radiance of that brighter world on which it was so habitually fixed; this pensive lustre increasing as he was nearing his rest and his crown; so that those "looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."

To God's blessing, this Memoir of a "good and faithful servant," is, with earnest prayer, commended.

A CITY CLERGYMAN.



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MEMORIALS.

CHAPTER I.—1822.

EARLY LIFE.

ROBERT BROWN was born at Edinburgh on the 2d of November 1822. He was the fourth in a family of nine children, three of whom died in infancy.

There is nothing remarkable among the reminiscences of his early years, and few incidents are remembered worthy of note. The interest of his history commences with the dawn of spiritual life in his heart, which elevated a naturally refined and attractive character into one of rare excellence and beauty. "His love of truth," writes his elder sister, his constant companion, "was *always* remarkable, and his dread of deviating from it very uncommon." This scrupulous truthfulness seems to have been partly natural and partly the result of very careful parental training. It was a trait that distinguished him through life, making him shrink from the use of phrases and sentences generally regarded as mere conventionalities involving no sacrifice of truth.

The refinement and affectionateness of his nature, even from childhood, gave fair promise of that exquisite sympathy and sensitive consideration for the feelings of others which, in after life, attracted so many hearts.

His love for his mother was intense, and his tender heart received a deep wound when she died in 1833. After her death, he was the chosen and constant companion of his father's sad walks to her grave in Greyfriars' Churchyard. On his return from one of these, he would come and whisper to his aunt, in low, touching accents, "We have been *yonder* to-day." Of this beloved mother he retained the most lively and devoted recollection, cherishing her memory with deep affection. Towards the close of his earthly pilgrimage, while passing through the many years of weakness and suffering which lay between him and the land of rest, his father's house was still rendered a true home to him, where the most unwearied solicitude was shown him by one who well filled his mother's place.

With good abilities, he possessed no love of study: often did he regret in later years the time and opportunities idly wasted, at a period when precious seed might have been sown. At the age of fourteen, he was sent to a boarding-school in Liverpool, where he remained for two years; after which, having chosen the profession of a merchant, he entered the firm of Messrs. Arbuthnot,

Ewart, and Co., Liverpool. About this time he had a rheumatic fever, and, on recovery, his figure grew to the extraordinary height of six feet seven inches, rendering him a "marked" man in after life.

During all those early years his life was according to the course of this world; and, launched on the sea of Liverpool temptations, we have often heard him say, it was a marvel that, even as regarded temporal concerns, he did not make shipwreck. He was distinguished for a fund of humour, a ready wit, and a power of mimicry that rendered him very popular with his companions; many and various were the frolics in which he was ringleader. A wintry gleam of light shone across his path at one time, when he became the subject of transient serious impressions, and even commenced teaching in a Sunday-school. But these proved like the morning cloud and the early dew. The day-star had not yet arisen; the "true light" did not shine.

But whatever might have been the nature of Robert's career out of office-hours and beyond office restraints, he was industrious and regular at business. And after being several years in the Liverpool office, an eligible opening occurred in India, and the proposal was made that he should be transferred to Bombay. It was accordingly arranged that he should sail for India early in the year 1845. He spent a few weeks in London,

in accordance with business arrangements, previous to his last visit home; and his younger sister, then at school near London, well remembers his manner of first alluding to the prospect of his near departure. Time after time they met, as with his usual affectionate consideration he took her to see the various sights of the great metropolis, and yet he never touched on the subject. At length, abruptly one day, and in the course of a totally irrelevant conversation, he hastily said, "Can you imagine what my feelings will be next month?" Not one week had passed of this sister's school-life, that a weekly letter from him had not gladdened her heart. Probably there are not many young men, actively engaged in business, who would keep up a regular weekly correspondence with a school-girl, or take the pains and the time to write long amusing letters, full of ludicrous incident and lively description, for the purpose of relieving and cheering the dull routine of lessons.

CHAPTER II.—1845.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE.

And now the time approached when the much loved son and brother was to bid his home a long farewell, and to follow, on far distant shores, the profession he had chosen. The last evenings in Scotland were spent successively at the different houses, and with the various circles of a large family connexion, in each of which he was the cherished favourite. And then, accompanied by his father, he left Edinburgh for Southampton, pausing in his journey, first at Liverpool, and then at London, where he took leave of his youngest brother and sister. Even then, before the religion of Jesus had so wondrously mellowed his character, and drawn out the power of sympathy which was so remarkable a trait in after life, he seemed to forget his own suffering when witnessing that of others; and his sister well remembers the cheering, loving words with which he sought to comfort her under a parting which was to himself a most bitter wrench. In later

years, he used to say, "Had I been leaving England a convict for Botany Bay, on that day when I bade my father farewell at Southampton, I could not have felt more utterly miserable." He was leaving friends most warmly loved; going forth among strangers to a strange land; and, alas, he knew not the Friend, who afterwards became dearer to his heart than any earthly one, and who (in his case, as in that of many) was soon to manifest Himself to his soul in that far-off country, revealing to the empty heart the one satisfying portion.

He sailed for Bombay, March 1st, 1845. We make a few quotations from letters during his journey overland, for the purpose of showing how entirely his thoughts at this time were engrossed by outward things, and to bring out the vast difference between their tone and that of the correspondence which followed his second departure from home and fatherland. Two days after they parted, he writes thus to his father:—

"Bay of Biscay O, *March 3d.*

"You will remember that I promised to date a letter from this Bay, *if* I could hold a pen, and whilst I can do so I begin; for there is every prospect of a vacuum taking place in the company, of which most likely I will form a part. So far, we have been most fortunate in weather; during the whole of yesterday we had a fine

breeze from the north-east, which carried us along in good style, but to-day it has veered round to the north-west, which, though still fair, is about as bad a wind for raising a sea as we could have. It blows fresh, and we have spread nearly all our canvas, which helps to steady her a little, but the waves are high, and the motion very considerable. We have about twenty-five passengers, five or six of them cadets, and four ladies.

5th.—There is a decided change in the temperature to-day, and most of the pea-coats have been laid aside. There is still a rolling sea; it is difficult to preserve one's equilibrium, and the walkers on deck just now are taking very circuitous routes to their destination. There was a great deal of motion last night, and while talking on deck to some of the cadets, I was prostrated beside the man at the wheel. This little incident occasioned some merriment to the bystanders. It is most amusing to watch the visages of the passengers as they emerge from their berths in the morning, particularly the occupiers of the top ones, when they are forming plans for their descent, which is difficult, and sometimes dangerous, in a rolling sea. It is bad enough for me to get out of the lower one; about ten feet of legs are seen protruding into the middle of the room ere any portion of the body is disclosed."

In the same letter he then alludes to a faculty he possessed in a peculiar degree, of transporting

himself as it were to the side of a correspondent, and at once calling up before the mind's eye an exact picture of the scene and circumstances of the writer. He took infinite delight in thus striving to annihilate the time and space that divided him from his home-friends, and often begged them to describe what was going on in the room while they wrote, in order that he might be enabled better to realize them. Before reaching Malta, he writes again to his father:—

"*March* 10*th*, 7 A.M.

"I posted a letter to you from Gibraltar on the 6th, in which I gave you an account of my proceedings so far. Oh for the pencil of Turner, and the pen of Scott, to depict the beauties of that celebrated fortress! How can I attempt it? The town ranges along the *foot* of the rock, which towers above, a massive pile, frowning upon the bay. We landed on Friday morning before breakfast, and sallied forth in different directions, causing some little astonishment among the inhabitants, who are now, by-the-bye, pretty well accustomed to such invasions. There was much to see, the varied costume of the people, the Alamada and the gardens adjoining it, where the orange and the lime are seen clustering on the trees—the view across the bay where the Spanish town of Algesiras lies, surrounded by lofty mountains; and, turning southwards, the hills of Africa,

amongst which Mount Atlas raising his snow-capped summit, was most conspicuous. The novelty of the scene was charming; the style of the scenery put me in mind of Scotland, and I cannot say this improved its character in my eyes, so you see I have not yet got over my home-sickness. Well, after sauntering about for an hour, four of us got into a vehicle, and drove out a little way to get a better view of the Rock; we stood under it, and I scarcely dared to look up—you can have no conception of the immense mass—the soldiers who were engaged in excavating from it, a short way up, looked like monkeys in red jackets. The galleries are the most wonderful thing, but to these it is almost impossible to gain admission. They are passages cut in the rock, an immense height, which communicate with port-holes, in which the cannon are placed, and they have an immense sweep at their command. These are said to be the eighth wonder of the world, and certainly they are wondrous. . . . It was rough work getting out again to the steamer in an open sail-boat, but we managed it safely, and sailed again at two. Nothing particular occurred till Sunday morning, when the captain took us into the Bay of Algiers, to get a view of that celebrated place. I should like to have had somebody's pencil then, and would be none the worse of their pen now, to describe the view of this town and the surrounding scenery. The town is built

of remarkably white stone, and the houses are packed one above another, like a pack of cards; it has a most regular and beautiful appearance, and, with the distant hills covered with snow, formed a most pleasing landscape. We had an addition of four or five at Gibraltar, one of them a Portuguese gentleman, who can't speak a word of English. He and I are great friends in a pantomimic way, and sometimes I try a little French with him, which I have forgotten sadly. I am not intimate with any of the passengers, indeed I fancy they must think me a sort of recluse, for I am occupied a great part of the day pacing the deck, or sitting on the paddle-box engaged with my own reflections. I find many subjects for them at present, some of them not the most agreeable." . . .

From Cairo he writes:—

"*20th March.*

. . . "We sailed from Malta on the 12th, in the 'Iberia,' a comfortable steamer, and saw nothing but 'the blue above and the blue below,' till our arrival at Alexandria, on Sunday the 16th. On landing here, we were besieged by the donkey boys, and there was no getting quit of them but by rushing through the crowd and laying about right and left. We got into one of the Transit Company's vans, and drove up to the Hôtel de

l'Europe, where we had luncheon; and afterwards mounted donkeys to see the sights, which are Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needle, and some beautiful gardens belonging to one of the Pacha's clerks. None of these require particular remark, I think; they are interesting from their antiquity, but nothing very wonderful in themselves, at least *I* did not think so; but perhaps I was so much taken up with the novelty of the mode of conveyance, that I did not care much for the antiquities of the place. Can you fancy my legs dangling gracefully from the sides of a donkey, or, for variety's sake, tucked up in the stirrups on a level with the beast's ears? My head was decorated with an enormous straw hat; the brim thereof is exceeding broad. . . . At Atfeh we embarked in the Nile steamer, and proceeded up that river at a great pace, though against the stream. The night dew soon began to fall heavily, and after a cup of tea and a stroll on deck, we betook ourselves to our dormitories, which you must understand consisted of two cabins, such as you have seen in the Helensburgh boats, affording *sofa* room to about ten people in all, and *floor room* for as many more. I must say the ladies were most accommodating, for they admitted a few of us into the cabin, which they might justly have appropriated. . . . The sail up the Nile is uninteresting from the want of variety; occasionally a clump of palm-trees, or an Arab

settlement of earthen huts relieve the eye, but that is all. We got in here about seven, and yesterday started for the pyramids, mounted on donkeys, a distance of ten or twelve miles from this, and we had a warm ride. Yes, I have stood on the summit of the Pyramid of Gizeh; and, though surrounded by Arabs, I shuddered as I looked on the plain beneath. This sketch will give you some idea of them: imagine four sides like the one here, formed of huge stones, which are each from two to three feet high, very like the steps of a stair—rather a long one though, as I now know from experience. I had no intention of trying the ascent, till I saw the others casting their coats and making sundry preparations, and I then thought it would be a shame for a long-legged fellow like me not to make the attempt, so I got ready, and picked out three sturdy Arabs to assist me. . . . Well, I reached the top, blowing like a broken-winded horse, and sat me down on a stone to enjoy the prospect, which is extensive, but cannot be compared to many scenes in Scotland in point of grandeur; it is quite a different style, being almost a flat country, with the lofty minarets of Cairo in the distance. There is a flat space on the top of about thirty feet square. Some of my friends were bold in attempting the polka, but I was quite content to keep my seat, meditating on the horrors of the descent, which, I can tell you, were fully realized." . . .

He landed at Bombay April 9th, 1845.

"Well, we landed about seven on Wednesday morning, in white jackets (fancy me!), and walked up to breakfast at the hotel, a meal which we did ample justice to. I then got into a palanquin, a sort of sedan chair, carried on the shoulders of four natives (you lie in it at full length, *if you can*), and came up here, where I was very kindly welcomed by Mr. — and my old chum ——. Our bungalow is about four miles out in the country, quite close to the sea, from which a nice cool breeze blows at night. The sleeping bungalow communicates with the other by a covered shed, about one hundred yards long, and stands on ground somewhat higher, from which there is a fine sea view, and the sunset is seen to great advantage. Then there is a veranda in front of the bedrooms—a delightful place to sit and muse and think of other days."

He closes his letter to his father by this first mail with the words, "And if I send these messages to my aunts, what shall I say to those who are nearer and dearer to me still? Tell them that, ever since I left them, my thoughts have never ceased to wander back to the scenes of our younger days; that some word of affection, or some act of kindness, has recurred to my recollection, with all the vividness of yesterday. Tell them that while this heart continues to beat, my

affection towards them, instead of being weakened by absence, will glow with a still warmer feeling; and amid all the trials to which I may be exposed, I will cheer myself by the fond anticipation of that happy period when we shall all meet again."

CHAPTER III.--1845.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF BOMBAY.

THIS period opens a fresh chapter in Robert Brown's life. The Liverpool lodgings are exchanged for a home of luxury in the East; the dull grey skies of the commercial capital for the brilliant, unclouded atmosphere of Bombay. Now, as ever, we find him fast making friends in this new sphere, and rapidly acquiring popularity among his companions. A few extracts from letters written during the two years subsequent to his arrival will afford a glimpse of his daily life and doings, while by their marked contrast to those that follow, they illustrate the distinctness and decision of that boundary line which so clearly separated one part of his life from the other. Robert's correspondence is a faithful mirror of his feelings and character at the time—lively, amusing, affectionate, but containing not a single personal allusion to the one great subject which afterwards filled his heart, and became the almost absorbing theme of his letters. From the time of

his leaving home until his return, he wrote so fully, and detailed so minutely each particular of his daily history, that his letters make him very much his own biographer, and the difficulty is to select, among so many, those of general interest. The larger number of the letters are addressed to his father and a sister, to either of whom he wrote alternately every mail, during the ten years of his residence in India. As sure and as regular as the overland mail could make it, was the arrival of those much-prized despatches from this faithful son and brother. Sickness might occasionally have been pleaded as an excuse for silence; press of business at mail-time might have been most reasonably urged. But he never failed, although he would sometimes laughingly say he did not think another man in Bombay would, under the same circumstances, write so often or at such length.

TO HIS SISTER H.

"BOMBAY, 21*st Aug.* 1845.

. . . "It will not do for me, I find, to comment upon all the different subjects in your volume; and I would just tell you, that each little incident you have mentioned is invested with an interest to me now that I never knew before; and I beg you will in your future letters continue the practice of telling me *every thing* (a modest request). Well, what have *I* got to tell *you?* The rains are now nearly over, having lasted about three

months, though not without intermission, for a deluge continues about a fortnight, then there is fine weather for a week. There are snatches of sunshine too during the deluges, and it is interesting to see people watching a shower coming over the sea, and calculating the time they can stay out with impunity. It is good fun to *see* some unfortunate wight, who has made rather too fine a calculation, caught in the shower; in about three seconds he is wet to the skin, and a drookit rat is a dry animal and a nice-looking beast compared with him. I speak feelingly on this point, having been lately caught once or twice myself, and I was certainly conscious that I looked a *fool!* The grins depicted on the faces of the natives I passed left no doubt on the subject. Fortunately one never catches cold after a ducking, if you keep the blood in circulation by a smart gallop, and *change* whenever you get home. We have had some beautiful evenings lately, which reminded me of summer in England, for the air was pure, and very little warmer than you have it, at least I fancied so, and the moonlight nights that followed were lovely in the extreme. It gets dark just now about seven, but people scarcely ever go out here after dinner; a siesta is generally preferred. The other night I dined alone, the first time since I arrived here, and I felt very curious, do you know?—something in the old lodging style at Liverpool; but I suppose

I must consider myself a more important man now. After reading some reminiscences of Thomas Campbell, I betook myself to the sleeping bungalow, and seated in the verandah there, while solitude and silence reigned around, interrupted occasionally by the squeak of the lizard, or that hum of innumerable insects which are called into being, as it were, by the night air, while the moon shed its silver light on the Temple of Maha Luxumee, and the billows rolled in on the rocks, their crests beautifully white,—while this was going on, I seated myself in an arm-chair, and breathed out in the most exquisite tones, 'Ye banks and braes.' You may recollect that Orpheus had the power of charming beasts, and even trees, by his music; at the last note of my Scotch air, two goats that were standing on the edge of the verandah fell on their backs, and kicked convulsively for seven minutes! writhing in the most intense agony, which their medical man opines has caused a constitutional nervousness for life. This is a curious contrast to mesmerism.

"22*d*.—I have got to tell you about the 'Nautch' which we were at last Saturday. It was held at the house of our broker, a Parsee. We went about nine, and on entering the room our ears were assailed with the most discordant tones, proceeding from the instruments of the natives, who, by way of accompaniment, uttered the most hideous yells, in the vain belief that they were

singing. Then a woman comes forward, her limbs well clothed, I must say, and slowly trips round the room, performing curious motions with her hands, and yelling vigorously; but this was not all: after dancing in this way for some time she stopped to take breath, and then commenced to go through the most extraordinary and, for a woman, incredible attitudes that you can conceive. Something like the clowns in the circus, doubling up her limbs, and then untying them again, putting her head and feet in the same plate, and moving along the floor by the action of her hands. All this was wonderful enough, but it was not very pleasant to look at. (There were only two Europeans present besides ourselves and C—, who dined with us. The rest were Parsees, who of course did not show their wives; they are said to be very pretty.) So much for the 'Nautch;' I think it is the last I'll patronize. You would be amused to see the variety of conveyances that rattle along here, everybody, from the lowest ragamuffin to the Governor (who is still at Poona), sports an equipage of some sort. Lots of the natives drive carts drawn by bullocks, which trot along at a steady pace, assisted by occasional goads on sensitive parts of the body; then other fellows drive buggies or gigs, with the hoods all torn and discoloured, and the wheels performing such evolutions as to alarm any rational being that the next moment they will be off; and there

they carry on racing with each other, and fancying themselves just as good as their European lords. . . . As all the windows and doors are open, the birds often fly through the room ; their notes are very sweet. We occasionally find a rat running through our bedrooms, but the traps soon do for them. I don't think you can fancy the two blacks lying on the verandah at night; they look rather fierce, particularly when they snore loud, and are always armed with a large stick to protect the place. These men go messages here during the day, carry the palanquin when it is wanted; but they have no house, and sleep anywhere. They are very happy, I believe, having scarcely any wants, and out of their pay (about twelve shillings a month) they manage to save money. Their friends are about 1000 miles off, and they occasionally walk over to see them! The strolls these fellows take sometimes are perfectly incredible. There is no man here that I have yet seen nearly so tall as myself; one of the merchants is about six feet four inches, and I think he is the tallest. The natives are not generally tall men, and the women are very much about the average of women in general."

Towards the close of the monsoon of 1845, and after the full violence of the elements had spent itself, and the torrents of rain had subsided, he left Bombay for a short visit to the hills. He

was an enthusiastic admirer of scenery, as may be gathered from frequently recurring passages in his correspondence. And it is no wonder that he felt this love of nature as he gazed on Khandalla, with its brilliant tropical colouring, its lofty mountain peaks, its glorious "points," its sparkling waterfalls. The journey from Bombay, which proved so tedious in his case, is now accomplished in three or four hours by railway. What a blessing that those charming hill-stations, such as Khandalla and Matheran, with their invigorating and health-giving breezes, are within so short a distance from Bombay, and that the weary Anglo-Indian, panting for a breath of fresh air in the height of the hot season, has but to enter a railway carriage, and shortly finds himself transported to one of the most delightful climates in the world!

"KHANDALLA, *Sept.* 2, 1845.

"MY DEAREST . . . . ,—You will perceive from the date of this that I am *not* in Bombay, and the question is, where am I? in what part of the Indian Empire am I at present sojourning? Am I a resident among the abodes of men, or a wanderer in the pathless jungle, a doomed victim to the first tiger that descries my lengthy frame? No, I am in as beautiful a spot as you can well conceive, and having set your mind at rest on this important point, I proceed to tell you how I got here, what I am doing here, and how long I am to

stay here. At the suggestion of Mr. Lyon, I held myself in readiness for a trip to the hills, but fearing a solitary tour would not be pleasant, I induced C— (an Academy friend) to accompany me; on the morning of Friday last, at a quarter-past ten by the cathedral clock, we found ourselves in a machine called a bunder boat, cruising up the harbour, and we then came to the conclusion that we were actually on our way to the hills. The scenery presented to our view as we sailed up the harbour was of a varied character,—the Fort of Bombay, the ships lying at anchor, the lofty scenery of Salsette (an island connected by a causeway with Bombay), and the towering Ghauts combined to form as diversified a scene as Turner himself could wish to embody in a single painting. You may have heard that the harbour of Bombay is, with a single exception, the most beautiful in the world; any inadequate description of mine, therefore, must fall far short of the original. . . . On arriving at Panwell, about four, we were quite prepared for dinner; after rather a scanty repast, we started in a phaeton for this place. The scenery along the road is very beautiful; some of the mountain peaks were of a most singular form, not unlike some I have seen in the Highlands of Scotland; and the recollection of such sent a thrill through my heart, and rendered the scene I looked on far more beautiful. We reached the foot of the Ghaut about nine, and then had to get into palan-

quins to be carried up the hill. It was very steep, and the bearers groaned under my weight, and, of course, I sympathized with them! There were six fellows altogether,—four at work at a time, and two as a *corps-de-réserve*, and what with repeated changing of shoulders, and changing of men, we managed to get to the top of the hill; and on reaching the summit, a very distinct cheer was heard to escape from the blacks. It was near eleven when we got here, in a state of ravenous hunger, such as I never before experienced. The first thing we did was to get up everything eatable in the house, and after two hours' hard work to send away the plates; having done this, we went to bed. . . .

"6*th, Saturday night.*—Yes, on this night, that brings with it so many comforts to the poor labourer, who lays aside his implements of toil, and, surrounded by his dear bairns (some of whom may perhaps have returned from their week's service), quite forgets his care while he sees so many sweet faces smiling round him,—on this night, which is, I think, a pleasant one to everybody, I resume my letter to you; but before I go further, let me request of you to read the master-poem of your country's master-poet, Burns' 'Cottar's Saturday Night;' of course you and everybody have read it before, but if you read it again with care, fresh beauties will open to you.

"Yesterday we were out on the hill a good part of the day; game was *scarce*. A man feels more

independent if he has his horse with him here; as you can then explore the country more easily, and lose yourself and your horse in the hills in a much shorter time than if you were on foot. Now, the other day I started on a voyage of discovery; but very soon discovered, to my disappointment, that I had got into a road which had no visible outlet, so that I was under the necessity of adopting the plan generally resorted to on such occasions, viz., to follow my nose. This nose of mine was a bad guide on this occasion though, for it led me into a road so full of ruts and holes that the horse at one part positively refused it, and cut away up a sort of embankment, when I thought it advisable to dismount, and lead him out the best way I could. I was not sorry when I reached the road again. There is a hill opposite the house here, which commands a most extensive view, not only of the surrounding hills but of the table-land, which stretches as far as the eye can reach, watered by a meandering stream, which really looks beautiful when the sun's last rays are gilding the mountains. Up this hill my horse and I have been twice. The road is not a good one, and requires some caution in the descent. This house is well situated, perched almost on the brink of a precipitous cliff, which forms one side of the ravine. The other bank would appear not to be quite so steep, as its sides are well clothed with trees—good, honest trees, such as people are ac-

customed to see at home; not the feathery palm-trees which one gets so tired of in Bombay; and far as the eye can reach along this ravine the same rich foliage is everywhere conspicuous. The colouring is most beautiful, of the brightest green you can imagine. No scenery can be perfect without water, you know. And here we have a picturesque waterfall, which foams over the cliff, like a second *Niagara*. . . . It is delightful to stand on the edge of the cliff and see the mists rising from beneath and floating along the glen, when the eye can distinguish in the distance the light of a sunbeam that has penetrated through the fog, and is gradually extending its influence over the scene, till at length the mist is dispelled before his rays, and the landscape is restored in its original beauty. I wish I had you with me, my dear H., as I stand riveted to the spot on these occasions. . . . Let me lead you gently back to Khandalla, and just seat yourself down on the sofa there; but do not, I beseech you, start as those Indians enter the room; they mean no harm, though they look so fierce; that fellow, who has just come in, is jabbering away in Hindustanee at a fearful rate, and I am quite in the dark as to his sentiments, so I will just dismiss him with that talismanic monosyllable, 'Jow,' *i.e.*, Depart in peace. But do you hear that whispering sound that is borne along on the night wind? That comes from a detachment of recruits who have

encamped in the field there; you see their tents gleaming in the moonlight; and just look across the road, where you will see another picquet of men bivouacking. These are native troops, as a glance at their complexion will show; and see those enormous camels, whose backs have just been relieved of their burdens, making preparations for a siesta. It takes them about ten minutes before they are fairly on the ground, and twenty minutes to rise again! But the sound is getting fainter and fainter as the men gradually drop off to sleep, and now nothing but silence reigns around.

"The other day we made up a party to go and see some famous caves, about seven or eight miles from this. The mode of conveyance was what is called a *phaeton*. It is not, strictly speaking, of the newest fashion, although, to be sure, the springs are hung very easily, so easily, indeed, that at any roughness of the road the body of the phaeton evinced a strong desire to disconnect itself entirely from the wheels, and to perform a little journey on its own account. There was a sort of counter-motion, too, at these jolts, which was confined to the back seat, and occasioned considerable apprehensions in the minds of those members located there that the next moment they would find themselves suddenly removed from their *vis-a-vis*, and transferred very abruptly to the hard road. I speak feelingly on the subject,

having been unfortunately one of the occupiers of the back seat, and consequently subjected to that fear. We halted at a village called Karli, and having disentangled our legs from the vehicle we proceeded to make for the hill, at the top of which the caves are situated. It was certainly what might have been called marshy or muddy ground, and the quantity of clay that accumulated on the soles of our boots, after walking a quarter of a mile, precluded all hope of our advancing. I really felt as if two tons at least were attached to each of my feet, and you may fancy that the sensation was an unpleasant one, and the exercise rather fatiguing. By the time we reached the foot of the hill none of us were in a very fit state to commence the ascent. However, it was no use crying halt when we had come so far, and we therefore prepared to mount the hill. I WILL say, that the fatigue of carrying those boots of mine up the cliffs, and the heat, actually made the ascent a toil; and it ought to have been a pleasure. Oft did we stand to get a view of the landscape on our way up (a favourite mode of recovering one's breath), and, after much fatigue, we did reach the caves, I bringing up the rear. It was fortunate that we had taken the precaution of providing for our creature comforts, by having some provisions carried up along with us, or the consequences might have been serious. The cave is a very pretty

cave—very pretty; curiously carved figures on all sides, but, query, was it worth the trouble of the ascent? We came down at a rather quicker pace than we went up; but whether the bitter beer consumed at the cave, and in honour of it, had anything to do with the increased velocity of our descent, deponent sayeth not. We got back safely, and our friends dined with us that evening. My visit here is fast drawing to a close; we start for Bombay on Monday morning, as the mail will be in on that day, and, of course, will bring work with it. It will also bring to me letters from home, and I merely ask whether the prospect of grasping these letters on my arrival is not a cheering one? . . .

"BOMBAY, 13*th Sept.*—I resume my narrative, by announcing the important fact of our departure from Khandalla on Monday morning. We waited, however, for the arrival of the post, which brought my Scotch letters; they could scarcely have arrived more opportunely; and you may perhaps form some idea of the pleasure I had in reading them, while, seated in my palanquin, I was carried down the mountain at an unusually quick pace. We started from Panwell in the boat about four P.M. on Monday, expecting to get across the harbour in three or four hours. When we had been out for about an hour it commenced to blow heavily in squalls; and, after tacking about for some time, the skipper came to the conclusion

that it would not be safe to proceed farther, as it was then getting very dark; so he made preparations for coming to anchor, under lee of an island that lay near us. . . . Well, after tossing about for some time, and when we were *trying* (oh! vain hope!) to compose ourselves to sleep, we were suddenly roused by a tremendous crash against the side of the boat, and before we had time to think, this was followed by another, louder and more alarming still. I at once concluded that we had been driven on the rocks (for although we fancied ourselves under *lee* of the land, there can be no doubt that the waves were rolling in upon us), but on emerging from our hole of a cabin the true state of things was presented to our view. Another boat had got adrift of us, and there she remained, striking violently against us as every wave rolled in. This was a pleasant condition to be in, and it continued, I am sure, for five minutes. At every succeeding *bump* some part of our boat was dashed in with an alarming crash; and in a second or two the place where C— had been peacefully reclining was literally strewed with broken planks. There was an awful hallooing and row among the crews, but all their efforts to disengage the boats were unavailing; and as the sea was then rolling in heavily, and every collision threatened to carry away the entire side of the boat, I began to reflect on the best mode of saving myself and reaching *terra firma*. I had just deter-

mined to grasp the first plank I could get, and disengage my feet from my two-ton boots (which would sink any man in a minute), when, to my great joy, the other boat was seen moving away, and we were again free. . . . The peals of thunder that broke over our heads, the lightning that flashed with fearful brilliancy above us, illuminating for a moment the scene only to render the surrounding darkness more visible, the fitful gusts of wind that whistled through the rigging, and the constant crash and falling of broken timbers, combined in forming a most unpleasant scene; and I was heartily thankful when we reached Bombay the next day about ten A.M., as I never but once, I think, spent such a tiresome night. . . . Now, it is near eleven o'clock, and I merely ask you whether a man who was up at three minutes to six this morning, and has worked hard all day, is entitled to go to bed? *I* think he is; and having come to this conclusion, I divest myself of my dressing-gown, and take a flying leap through the mosquito curtains. Good-night."

CHAPTER IV.—1845, 1846.

ILLNESS—CEYLON.

In the autumn of 1845, he was seized with an attack of inflammation in the chest, the first of those successive attacks which weakened his lungs, and laid the foundation of future delicacy of health. He was very ill at this time, much worse than his letters would have led one to imagine; for his loving heart shrank from alarming the home-circle by full details of his sickness. But friends in Bombay communicated the fact of his danger to a mutual acquaintance at home, urging that gentleman to prepare his relatives for the worst, as very painful apprehensions were entertained with regard to his recovery. Mercifully those fears were disappointed; his gracious Heavenly Father was then seeking by this gentle chastisement to awaken serious thought, and to arouse earnest concern in the heart of the wandering one. Not now, all unprepared as he was, did the message reach him, "Go

forth to meet the Bridegroom,"—not now, when such a mandate would have raised only an intense shrinking of alarm and despair. The Lord had purposes of mercy and wondrous love to unfold towards his unconscious child; and a blessed ministry of service and love to be accomplished in, and by, him. He recovered; but there is no record in his letters at this period that the chastisement had been in any degree blessed to his spiritual welfare. He had been led down close to the brink of Jordan,—another step, and its cold dark waters would have closed over him. He had been impressively taught, because taught in his own experience, that "there is but a step between us and death;" but with what result? He rose from this sick-bed, and returned to the world as unconcerned about his soul as if there were no such great realities as death, judgment, and eternity to be thought of or prepared for here. So true it is that sickness and trial have in themselves no power to sanctify or bless, apart from the influence of the Spirit of all grace.

His progress towards complete recovery was slow; he did not regain his former state of health so rapidly as was desirable, and resumed his office duties too soon for his strength. And when a slight return of the pain in his chest, two or three months after the first attack, showed that the enemy was still latent there, a sea-voyage and

complete change of air were strongly recommended by the doctor.

"BOMBAY, *12th December* 1845.

"IF you will look at the map of India, you will observe south from Cape Comorin, and separated from the continent by the Gulf of Manar, an island. Well, for that speck on the ocean I embark to-morrow.

"Be not startled by the announcement. You know I told you before that the doctor had recommended a sea-trip as the best means for me to regain my strength. Unwilling to leave my post in the office, as my absence would have been inconvenient, I resumed my duties, possibly before I was quite able for them; and having lately had a slight return of the pain in my chest, I have determined, agreeably to the advice of the doctor, of Mr. Lyon, and all my friends, to take a trip to sea; and Ceylon being a mild climate, and, I understand, a beautiful island, I have fixed on it as the favoured spot. . . . I expect to be away for about two months. It will likely take me a fortnight going down, and about three weeks coming up again, so I shall have some time to roam about the island. I take lots of introductory letters with me, and have every prospect of a pleasant trip. The red horse accompanies me, as there is no travelling in Ceylon without one, but

I expect to sell him there, and, perhaps, get what I paid for him. *Volumes* will teem from my pen when I once get among the hills, but you must not expect to hear from me again till about the end of February, the earliest possible date." . . .

"ON BOARD THE 'FORFARSHIRE,' AT SEA,
17*th Dec.* 1845.

"MY DEAREST . . . ,—We got under weigh on Monday afternoon about four o'clock, with a spanking breeze from the north-west, which laid us on our side, and we rushed through the water at a great rate. It is a more pleasant motion than the rolling of a steamer: no constant clank of machinery, no disagreeable tremulous motion, no sickening odours from the steward's pantry. We bowl along smoothly and noiselessly, dashing the spray from our bows, and wakening the very fishes from their morning nap. As to my cabin, it is a *room* about eleven feet by seven, at the stern of the ship, with three ports looking on the ship's track; this is pleasant, and affords a nice breeze. The height of the cabin is scarcely six feet, so that I cannot stand quite upright. . . . . Did you ever hear of a cockroach? I have dreaded those brutes from my childhood; spiders I always disliked, but there is something in the appearance of a cockroach most repulsive to a man of fine feelings.

All ships in this country have more or less of them; they don't show themselves during the day, but when darkness comes over the earth and sea they emerge from their concealment, probably because their deeds are evil. This ship has very few of them, but on going to bed last night I descried one of my friends disagreeably near. From that moment my peace of mind was disturbed, and my night's rest broken in upon; cockroaches of the most appalling shapes, floated before my vision for many hours, producing a state of feverish excitement and bodily terror, known only to those who abominate the wretches as I do. It was none of your spare, delicate-looking animals, but a fat, dropsical, overgrown, and apoplectic cockroach, measuring, at least, two inches and a half in diameter, and emitting the most noxious odours. This last property is peculiar to the species.

"19*th*.—We are just off Calicut now, and the mountain scenery is quite beautiful. The Ghauts, which extend down the whole coast, rise here to a marvellous height, forming a very pretty outline of hills, and reminding me very strongly of the scenery in that most romantic island, Arran. Well, I have got something to tell you about Calicut. The sloop-of-war 'Coote,' which came down here for treasure, and in which I was on the point of embarking (indeed I should have been

granted a passage in her, had there been time to make preparations), was wrecked here last week, but I believe no lives were lost. This was most providential; and I am very thankful that I was not in her. I have been straining my eyes along the coast to see if I could get a peep of the wreck; but even with the aid of the telescope I can see nothing of her..... Ah! you must go to sea if you would view the sun rise in his glory and set in his night-cap; the colouring of the sky is so different in these latitudes from what I have ever seen it in England. It would take a mixture of all the colours in your paint-box to produce anything like the tints of the evening sky at sunset; and then, in the morning, it is equally beautiful, and I rather enjoy the sight, as I have so seldom seen the sun rise. I may say the same for you, I suppose.

"*22d.*—On Saturday night we anchored off Cochin (follow me on the map), and as the captain wanted to go on shore to make some purchases, I thought I might as well accompany him, and explore the country. You understand the feeling of landing at a strange place, quite ignorant of the customs of the people (if they have any); there is something novel in the feeling particularly agreeable. We were pulled ashore in a canoe. If you heard the music that these Indians keep time to, you would shout. The fellows yelled the

whole way, and it took us more than an hour and a half to pull ashore. I had some fears for the frail bark as we neared the land, for, by some mismanagement, we were on the point of coming on the bar, the chaps having missed the channel somehow, and the breakers were rolling in with great fury. It was uncomfortable, to say the least of it. It was dark when we landed, and we at once placed ourselves in charge of a native, who led us through narrow streets and rather nice shady walks till we halted at the house of a Christian. The door was open, so we walked in; this proved to be the master-attendant's house; he looked as if he wished us far enough, but he did not say so—quite the reverse. Brandy and water was called for, and *sampled* forthwith. The conversation progressed, and it gradually came out that our entertainer had been fifty-four years in the country. He was, as you may suppose, a thin emaciated apology for a human being. Well, after getting all the information from him that we could, we sallied forth in quest of live stock.—Three sheep, dozens of turkeys, bread, etc., were purchased in a twinkling, and the canoe loaded therewith. Now, as to the place, I may mention that it is under British colours, having two companies of a Madras regiment there; that it seems a very prettily situated town, just at the mouth of a large river. Ships are built here of 1000

tons, and the place is altogether one of importance. It was a moonlight peep I had of it, so I am unable to give you any further particulars. We had a fine breeze coming off, and notwithstanding the squeaking of the turkeys, and the bellowing of the boatmen, we got safely on board, and proceeded on our voyage immediately afterwards. . . .

"23*d*.—Here we are, round the southernmost point of India, fairly in the Gulf of Manar, steering across for Colombo, with such a breeze of wind, and such a rumbling, tumbling, jumbling sea. The ship is lying over very much, and we are scudding along under reefed topsails. When I attempt to move, I find myself stotting up and down the deck, with outstretched arms, a melancholy specimen of a land-lubber. . . .

"COLOMBO, 30*th Dec.*—On my arrival here on Christmas-day, I proceeded at once to the house of a Mr. Smith, to whom I had a letter of introduction from Burn. I found him entertaining a party of friends, who were grouped together in the verandah drinking coffee and smoking cheroots. . . . But what of Ceylon? Well, to tell the truth, I have seen scarcely anything of the country yet, nor can I give you a description of the people. I may just mention though, that I have the greatest difficulty in distinguishing the sexes, as the men and women dress so much alike. The former wear

long hair brought up in a coil on the back of their heads, into which a large comb is stuck, valued at £3; so Murray tells me, as he smashed one the other day, and had to pay for it. . . . We start for Candy and the hills on Monday morning. We are going to spend a week or ten days at Newera Ellia—a sanatarium, just 6000 feet above the level of the sea, where I hope to get effectually cooled and also strengthened." . . .

From a hill-station on the way he proceeds:—

"The situation of this house is exceedingly well chosen; perched on the summit of a rising ground, it commands a most extensive and beautiful prospect. On either side is stretched, nearly as far as the eye can reach, a deep valley planted with coffee bushes, the rows of which, when seen in the distance, very much resemble a crop of potatoes in *your* country. I cannot give you my ideas as to the cultivation of coffee yet, but may mention that on this estate, which comprises in all about 450 acres, about 400 of which are under cultivation, there are 400 blacks constantly at work, and the shouting and yelling which they make is perfectly awful. I am nearly *deaved* at this moment. They are like a parcel of boys let loose from school; childish in the extreme, and only removed a degree or two from the brute creation." . . .

In the concluding pages of this letter he describes in glowing terms the beauties of Ceylon scenery, and warmly acknowledges the hospitality he met with in many a home. The bracing air of the far-famed sanatarium, Newera Ellia, refreshed and invigorated his frame, and he was preparing to return to Bombay when another attack of inflammation in the chest laid him prostrate on a bed of sickness.

"Methinks I wrote you a line or two from my bed on the 21st of last month; that was merely a word of remembrance, and, in truth, I was not fit to write at any length. The usual treatment was administered; and after a week's confinement to bed, and a fortnight in the house, I am convalescent and able to take my evening ride, nearly as strong as I was before. You will be glad to know that I have been comfortable, and kindly treated by my entertainers during my illness. I could scarcely have been more so had I been *at home*. . . . From all I have received the greatest kindness, far above what I had been led to expect, and that too from many on whose hospitality I had no claim whatever." . . .

On the 13th March he sailed for Bombay, expressing, in a letter to his father of that date, the cheering expectation, "I have no doubt a

three weeks' voyage will set me up again." Nor was he disappointed, for we find him writing, soon after his arrival in Bombay, "You have no idea what a different man I look and feel since I left this. The voyage, which extended over more than a fortnight, has so strengthened and invigorated me, that I feel quite well. And I meet with such kind congratulations from my old friends on my arrival, that I really feel as if I had come home again!"

In the same letter, he alludes to certain changes and arrangements in business, and, in so far as these might affect himself, he says, "One thing I feel very confident of, that whatever arrangements may be ultimately determined upon, I shall be liberally dealt with; for I am sensible of the kindly feeling entertained towards me, and the generosity of the house with which I have the honour to be connected."

Over and over again he uses such expressions in his correspondence with his father, repeating his ingenuous conviction that he owed his mercantile position to the kindness and friendship of one of his senior partners. To this gentleman, who, from his first outset in Liverpool life, took him by the hand, and who, at different periods of his career, showed towards him an affection that

was almost fatherly, his relatives owe a debt of gratitude that they can never repay.

In the autumn of 1846, he paid another visit to the hills, and from Mahabaleshwar he writes several letters, full of descriptions of the grand mountain scenery. He was encouraged to enter into full details of his daily life from the knowledge of the pleasure conveyed to the circle at home.

"MAHABALESHWAR, ROSE COTTAGE,
11th October 1846.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—. . . I thought it better to defer writing until I could tell you of my arrival and proceedings at this far-famed and universally admired sanatarium. I have stood on the pyramids of Egypt—I have gazed with rapture on the mountain scenery of Ceylon—I have contemplated the beauties of my own heather hills, but not yet have I seen a landscape so extensive, so diversified, as that by which I am now surrounded; and whilst in the full enjoyment of such scenery, you will easily imagine that I am somewhat adverse to the use of the pen.

". . . We are living here at Smart's bungalow, a most snug and comfortable one, quite like an English cottage in the Gothic style. The chief attraction of the place is its magnificent scenery

and fine bracing English climate, the temperature ranging from 65 to 70 degrees, while in Bombay it is at least twenty degrees above that just now. It is a sort of sanatarium, founded by Sir John Malcolm, from whom the village takes its name of Malcompeth. It has a fine dry atmosphere, with a cooling breeze that braces every nerve and sinew of one's body, and enables one to undergo fatigue with quite a feeling of pleasure. . . . We are here elevated some 4000 or 5000 feet; and at such an altitude you will easily imagine that we command a most extensive view of the surrounding country. On every side, far as the eye can reach, mountain upon mountain raises its lofty summit, contrasting beautifully with the rich luxuriance of the fertile valleys; and while the mind loses itself in the silent contemplation of such a scene, and naturally recurs to the recollection of other scenes in other climes, the ear is suddenly awakened by the roar of the mountain torrent, which, swollen by the last night's thunder-plump, now rolls down the precipitous ravine with an impetuosity which no object in nature can check, plunging into the abyss beneath, and dashing the spray like smoke along the mountain-side; until, as if tired of exulting in its mad career, it gradually subsides into a peaceful stream, meandering through the rich green fields of the plain beneath, and forming altogether a

beautiful and striking object in the surrounding landscape. Gaze on it while you may; for see, the mist is rolling in dense clouds along the mountains, and the curtain of night will soon obscure the landscape from your vision. Look again! and that mountain-peak is shrouded in darkness, when —hark! a peal of deafening thunder rends the heavens, and the lightning's flash penetrates the awful obscurity of the scene, and blinds the senses with its lurid brilliancy. A death-like silence succeeds, and while with long-drawn breath I await the next peal, a shriek from my favourite spaniel pierces my ear; I rush to his rescue, but only in time, alas, to see the footprint of the tiger's destroying paw! Yes, not twenty yards from the door, did he pounce upon my innocent little 'Fop,' and carry him in triumph to the surrounding jungle. They say these wretches do not attack man unless they are very much in want of a dinner; and I hope such is the case, for it would be a terribly inglorious death to be devoured by a tiger." . . .

"MAHABALESHWAR, 26*th October* 1846.

"MY DEAREST H.,—. . . . . You are fond of scenery, and partial to little excursions in the country, so come away with me, and I will take you a trip which we had the other day. Our destination is Wye, a Hindu village, celebrated for its temples and the classical beauty of its in-

habitants. We are mounted at three, and trotting steadily on our course, somewhat dreading that black cloud which is hanging over us. And with reason, for in half-an-hour it discharges its contents on our devoted heads, and we are soaked in a twinkling. On, on; keep up the circulation, and let not those wet clothes get cold and clammy on the frame. Here we are at the top of the mountain, and commence our descent into the valley. But such a road! no better than a water-course, with huge stones and rocks to impede our progress. Can a four-legged beast descend such a place? We dismount, and by great exertion get our steeds pulled down, stumbling and staggering to the foot of the hill. Blackburn and I keep together, but S— has got before us; the night is closing in, and we know not the road. Ah! here it is. 'Straight on,' says the nigger, 'eight miles to go yet.' We flounder away, stumbling into holes and ditches, and leaving our horses to find their own road; for we can see none now. We reach a hut, but no one will answer us, except a vile mastiff, who barks most viciously. What is to be done? We'll try the road again; but this is dangerous, for the horses are plunging up to the saddle-girths, and in a moment we may be immersed entirely. We retrace our steps in search of that light, floundering among the fields and ditches, each leading his horse; every light we

see proves to be a firefly, starting up as if in derision of our midnight vagaries. At length we see the light of a house, and we make for it with all speed; S— taking the lead, Blackburn and I following. It is now so dark that we can scarcely see a yard before us; but we are going along as cautiously as possible, when S—'s horse springs back upon us, and his owner is instantly plunged out of sight with a deadly crash that made our heart's blood run cold. Can you conceive our sensations at this moment, when no answer is returned to our anxious inquiries, and we know not where our friend lies, and cannot therefore render him any assistance? Oh, it was a gladsome sound to us to hear his voice again! He had fallen down a height of ten or twelve feet on his head, which was dreadfully cut, and we feared that, from loss of blood, he would scarcely be able to reach the Indian hut. Fortunately he succeeded, and after getting the wound bandaged, we all three lay down on the floor, where we slept, surrounded by a countless number of blacks, and visited and feasted upon by myriads of *fleas*. I never was more glad in my life than when I got under the roof and stripped myself of my wet clothes. You can fancy the pleasure next morning of putting on the same clothes, as wet as ever; and the sort of *plump* that the boot gave as the foot was thrust into it, minus the stocking. Perhaps

you will think this a long story about nothing; and most incidents prove so when they are told, but I can assure you the night will be a memorable one to the three individuals who were unfortunate enough to encounter its severity. . . . Wye is a very prettily situated village, on the banks of a river; and there are some fine temples in it, which we visited. In one of them a Brahmin was seated expounding the law to a multitude of natives, who, from their variety of costume, and the elegance of their attitude, formed a group that Salvator Rosa and Adam Hay would have lingered to gaze on. We had to cross a stream to reach these temples, over which my companions were carried, but I was provided with a horse. If you had heard the loud *guffaw* that the multitude raised as I coolly put my leg across the beast's back, you would have been surprised. Even poor Smart could not keep his gravity. We left Wye the next morning at daylight, and ascended the mountain by a different, though not a better route. The view presented to us as we skirted the side of the hill was one that delighted me exceedingly. There lay the peaceful valley, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, over which the orb of day has not yet appeared, but the rosy tints of those fleecy clouds are the harbinger of his approach; and see, even now he has gilded that mountain top with his dazzling rays, and soon that sea of mist which now floats on the air will be dispelled by his brilliancy; and the

romantic Wye, with its blue smoke curling through the trees, will stand forth as the most conspicuous object in this most *mutilated* landscape.

"Ha! ha! ha! I'll write no more here, it is just a waste of paper, pen, time, and ink!

"*Au revoir à Bombay.*"

"BOMBAY, 31*st Oct.*—I resume my narrative in a somewhat hotter clime. . . . Blackburn and I had another excursion, my dear, to Sattarah,—a place you must have heard of. We rode there one fine day (only thirty miles), and arrived to dinner. The next day we sent down a deputation to the Resident of the place, Colonel Outram, demanding an order for admittance to the citadel, which, of course, the Resident granted, and, moreover, asked the deputation to dinner; but the deputation could not leave their friends. Presently up comes an officer of the 6th, perfectly unknown to us, politely requesting the pleasure of our company at mess that evening. We graciously accepted; and, after tiffin, sallied forth, mounted on small *ponies*, to ascend the citadel. I will not say that I looked a jockey, or that the Rajah's mounted troopers did not grin as I rode indignantly through their ranks. The view from the citadel is most magnificent. The town lies beneath, looking so clean and regular, studded with trees; and then you see such an immense tract of country on every side, that really I can't

be bothered attempting to describe it. We came down through the grand square, paraded on our chargers before the palace, where there was an immense concourse of people, and had the pleasure of getting a peep at the Rajah. I attempted a race home, but was beaten by a length. . . . I am soberly settled down at the Breach again, and going through the daily routine. It is hot to-day, and has been so for the last week; a nasty, dry land-wind blowing, which gives a sort of parched feeling to the skin, and one is afraid to laugh in case of *cracking* one's cheeks."

CHAPTER V.—1847.

CONVERSION.

WHEN this year opened, Robert Brown was, in many respects, a prosperous man. His health was re-established; he was comparatively reconciled to Bombay, and his spirits had risen from the pressure of partings and separations, which had heavily weighed on him during the past two years. In the pleasant family circle of which he formed a member (living, as he did, with his partner, Mr. ——, who had married a few months before), he enjoyed many of the peculiar advantages of home-life. He had also the gratifying prospect, as he tells his father in his first letter this year, of being admitted into the firm on the 1st of May. Yet we know that, notwithstanding all this outward sunshine, Robert was not at peace. Unhappy, anxious, and dissatisfied, he often felt; utterly unprepared for death, he knew himself to be. Once he said to a sister, in after years, when the sting of death had been long extracted for him, and no fear of the last

enemy remained :—" How miserable I used to feel in Bombay when hearing of the sudden death of one and another among my acquaintances! What wretched forebodings I have experienced on listening to the solemn knell of the cathedral bell as it tolled for the funeral of many a one, cut down in the prime of youth and strength." But the alarms of conscience carried him no further; his convictions stopped short of conversion. That his heart was still ignorant of, and insensible to, higher pleasures than those of the world, is apparent from such an extract as the following, which occurs in a letter to his father, dated January 14, 1847 :—

" I have rattled off these two sheets this afternoon, because I may be pressed for time to-morrow. To-night there is to be a grand fancy ball at Government House, and I personate *Jerkakeek*, the renowned Persian chief, for this night only. I tried on the moustache this morning at breakfast, and was received with roars of laughter, so I must clip it down to a reasonable size. Just now it is too fierce-looking for my bland smiling countenance. I'll let you know how I get on to-morrow. Good-night.

" *To-morrow.*—We had an excellent ball last night; and, of course, my commanding figure attracted a large share of attention. The character was a Persian; a long sort of gown covering my

lower extremities, and the upper part of the body enveloped in a crimson toga, thrown gracefully over the left shoulder—(the effect must have been very fine), a pair of fierce moustaches, which I had great difficulty in getting to *stick*, and a handsome shawl turban, which made me look a prodigious height. When I exhibited myself to the L—s (who didn't go) and B—, before starting, I was received with shouts; indeed I was afraid that some of the party would go into hysterics. I tried hard to preserve my gravity and my moustache; but I gave *in*, and it gave *way*, and had to be stuck on again. If you had seen me strutting about in a sort of princely style, I think you would have been convulsed with laughter. There were some very handsome dresses at the ball, but there's no doubt none attracted so much notice as mine,—the folks stared in perfect amazement; and it was good to see fellows edging up to me to discover what on earth I was perched upon, so towering a height did I appear. There was one native officer, a man about six feet four, who propped himself alongside of me by way of attempting a measure. Persians don't dance, you know (like the 10th), so *Jerkakeek* remained stationary, with his arms gracefully folded across his bosom, peering over the heads of the vulgar throng. The arrangements were altogether excellent—supper and champagne (in tumblers) irresistible; and I am sure every member of the party must have

been delighted. There were about 500 there; a few kilts, many red-coats, and a fair proportion of black. Mrs. Reid looked beautiful as a lady of the last century; and, of course, *Jerkakeek* was formally presented to her husband, the Governor, by his private secretary, Erskine." . . .

A few months after this letter was penned, his correspondence undergoes a thorough transformation, and we reach the turning-point of his life, the border-line which separates the state of nature from that of grace, in his spiritual history. Seldom, in any case, has such a change been more distinctly marked. Naturally attractive, affectionate, lively; pleasing in manner, witty in conversation, and a good man of business, he was loved and respected by many, both among friends and acquaintances. But up to this time religion had been with him merely a form, a dead letter; he had but a name to live, while in reality dead in trespasses and sins. Now, however, the day-star was to arise in his heart, for ever dissipating the thick darkness brooding there, and the motto of his life was henceforth to be—"I am not my own, but bought with a price;" "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." The light broke suddenly upon his soul; suddenly the conviction was carried home with almighty power to his conscience, that "*Now* is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation;" and there was no hesi-

tation, no temporizing, no half-hearted endeavour to "make the best of both worlds." At once, and for ever, his language was, "As for me, I will serve the Lord." Robert's letters, by the August mail, to the home-circle, were written in his usual tone of lively badinage, and without an allusion to serious subjects. The September mail brought letters written in a widely different strain, breathing the earnest longings of a newly awakened soul, and telling how the pilgrim had started on his journey from the City of Destruction, and had resolutely turned his face Zionward.

How interesting it is to trace the varied instrumentalities used by the Lord in the conversion of His children! The simple perusal of a passage in God's Word, the rousing appeal from the lips of an earnest preacher, the affectionate counsel or entreaty of a faithful friend, the letter penned with trembling anxiety for the loved one's highest welfare; such humble weapons are often rendered omnipotent by the Spirit of God in bringing rebellious hearts under subjection to the Rightful King. It was the last of these that was the means of producing saving impressions on the heart of this young merchant. The ground seems to have been prepared beforehand for the sowing of the seed; a sense of the emptiness of earth, and a craving for the true happiness, had been causing him to exclaim inwardly: "Who will show me any good?" He thus describes

these feelings in a letter to his father, dated Oct. 1847:—

". . . "I am the more inclined to receive this maxim now, as I have latterly seen how utterly insufficient such trifling matters as these are to confer anything like true happiness on the possessor. I have found that, though surrounded here by everything that I can wish, blessed with friends and fortune, in the midst of all my hollow heart has exclaimed—'Can this be joy?' Yes, really I have felt with Solomon, when he said, 'I builded me houses, I planted me vineyards,' etc., 'but behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit.' . . .

It was when wakening up to feel and acknowledge to himself this nameless, unsatisfied yearning of spirit, that a letter reached him from one, just then awakened to know something of the value of the soul, written amid much ignorance, and weakness, and fear as to the result, but which struck home to Robert's heart, and brought him to the foot of the Cross.

He continued, as usual, to write home every fortnight, and out of the fulness of his heart pours forth all his new emotions on religious subjects. This was now to him the one paramount, all-engrossing topic; nothing else in all the universe to be compared in interest to it, and hence his letters flow on from sheet to sheet, filled with descriptions of all the feelings and motives by

which, for the first time in his life, he felt his spirit stirred. Extracts follow from his first letters after this great change, the commencement of a series, which have spoken comfort and peace to many a sorrowing heart, counsel and encouragement to many a perplexed and despondding spirit.

TO A FRIEND.

"BOMBAY, 29*th Sept.* 1847.

"MY DEAR ——,—I have now to thank you for your very long and most interesting letter of the 17th and 18th August, which reached me on the 25th of this month. No letter that you have ever favoured me with has afforded me half the pleasure of this one; and why? Because it breathes a spirit of devotion from a converted soul, from one who has experienced, in some degree at least, the happiness arising from a sense of God's favour vouchsafed by the intercession of the Redeemer. I have read and re-read this most interesting part of your letter, and I have thought much of the subject of it. It has indeed produced a very great impression on my mind; and I pray that the effect may not be like 'the early dew that soon passeth away,' but that by a study of the Scriptures, and other good works, *I* may also be enabled to find that peace and happiness, of which you are now possessed; and if such prove to be the case, if by your instrumentality

I am led to repentance, oh! my dear ——, what cause of rejoicing will you indeed have, as having saved a soul from death, and thereby covered a multitude of sins. I am fully convinced of the truth of all you write. I feel sure that true happiness can alone be found in religion, even in this life; and what a contrast does *the next* present! An eternity of endless bliss or endless woe! It has been well said of eternity, that the farther we advance in it, the more is still to come. But the heaven of the believer begins on earth; for it is the enjoyment of God's favour and countenance, obtained through the sufferings and atonement of his Saviour, that constitutes *his* heaven. His chief enjoyment must be found in God. Nothing short of the whole heart will God accept: 'My son, give Me thy heart.' If home, or friends, or worldly pursuits, or pleasures, engage our attention, we are not devoted to God's service; and cannot therefore enjoy His favour. This truth presents a great difficulty to my mind, but I trust the Holy Spirit may remove it. It seems to me so incompatible with the due discharge of our worldly business, that our hearts should not be *devoted* to it. I can scarcely understand how a man can be 'diligent in business;' that is, devote his whole energies to it, and yet find his chief pleasure in the service of God. . . . Now that you have found peace and comfort, may God grant that you may be the honoured instrument,

in His hands, of turning many to Christ. As an ambassador from Him, this is the message which you must deliver: 'Nothing stands between thee, O sinner, and immediate blessedness, but *unbelief*, and no long waiting, or pious works, can meeten you for faith. You are searching about for some great thing which you think you must do to conciliate the Divine regard by making atonement for your past sins, forgetting that the atonement has been made by the Lord Jesus Christ; and that the only thing required from you in order to participate in its effects, is to *believe* this fact; and to take to your bosom the peace it is calculated to afford,'—a most cheering and consolatory truth. . . . I now close, with kindest regards to ——, and again expressing my thanks to you for your warm interest in my eternal welfare, and in the hope that you will often take up this interesting subject again.—Believe me, etc., your very affectionate and most grateful ROBERT BROWN."

The difficulty felt and acknowledged by Robert in the above extract, is one which frequently perplexes young Christians at the outset of their heavenly journey. They are tempted to believe that, in becoming good Christians, they must cease to be good merchants, good soldiers, good tradesmen, and that entire consecration of the heart to God must necessarily interfere with the active business of life and their duties to their

fellow-men. His mind was soon at rest on the subject; and as, in the case of Hedley Vicars, we see that the soldier of the Cross yields to none in true bravery and devotedness to his profession, so the lesson of Robert's life seems to be this, that earnestness in religion is quite compatible with diligence in business. One who knew him intimately in India, both before and after his conversion, says, "His case shows that it is possible for a merchant to carry out his Christianity, and to serve God while he attends to business."

From the hills he writes to his sister H. :—

"KHANDALLA, 22*d Oct.* 1847.

"MY DEAREST H.,—Start not at the date of this letter! but rather recognise an old friend in the name of the place, which you may remember I endeavoured to describe to you about two years since. Well, you know, in my letter by the bi-monthly, I mentioned that the weather had been oppressively hot for Bombay; and as I found its effects debilitating, I thought I could not do better than run up here for a week, particularly as there is not much to keep me in the office just now, and I shall get back in time for the next mail. . . . At half-past 4 A.M. when awaking from a pleasant dream, the grey light of the morning discovered a beast standing at the door; and, although strongly disposed to take another snooze, and indulge in a *dream* that a

horse had appeared and I had mounted him, I roused myself, huddled on my clothes, discussed an egg or two, and some warm tea, and started." An amusing description of his journey follows, and then he adds:—"Well, now that I have brought you up here with me, my dear, I may tell you how I pass the day, believing that those little details, though very trifling in themselves, are read with some interest by you. I may first mention, that I have not forgotten the all-important subject to which my attention has been lately directed; and I consider the solitude and retirement which I now enjoy affords a most favourable opportunity for serious reflection on the great truths of religion, as well as for the study of those works (not forgetting the best of books) which are calculated to lead the mind away from the perishing things of time, and fix it on the interests of eternity. It may be that this excursion will, by God's blessing, be sanctified to my happy experience, so that, while surrounded by all the beauties of mountain scenery, I may be led from the contemplation of such, to hold communion with nature's God, and in a feeling of devotion exclaim with Cowper, 'My Father made them all!'

"Eternity! eternity! *that* is the word we ought always to keep before our hearts, so that we may strive to live *now*, as we shall assuredly wish we had done when we enter on its confines

. . . On Sunday, there being no service, I spent the day as well as I could, but I must admit I would fain have attended the preaching of the Word. I had a visit from two officers of the 29th, (a regiment on its way from Poona to Bombay); one of them, A— L—, who arrived in this country about a year ago, and is already senior ensign of his regiment. He wanted me to go down and mess with them on Sunday, but I very properly declined the honour. Yesterday morning I took a stroll to Elphinstone Point, a promontory just on the other side of the ravine, and was much pleased with the view. There are certainly more extensive, and perhaps more diversified views in the neighbourhood; but my heart clings to this ravine, and my steps linger on its brink, as the richest landscape of the whole. Whether you view it at daybreak, ere the rising sun has gilded the mountain tops, and while a sea of mist rolls along the valley; or at mid-day, when he shines with dazzling splendour on the scene; or at eventide, when his dying rays are just fading o'er the western hills, but linger for a moment, as it were, to add their golden tints to the landscape; or yet again, when a death-like stillness reigns around, and the pale orb of night sheds a silvery beauty over the scene,—I say, each of these seasons adds a peculiar and varied charm to the landscape; and each time it is contemplated the eye seems to discover new beauties, in a crag

not yet recognised, or a point of view, not yet attempted, from which there seems a more powerful contrast of light and shade, or the colours appear more beautifully blended; in fine, I think this ravine must stand unrivalled in beauty on this side of India, for although there are many more extensive landscapes viewed from the Mahabaleshwar hills, I question if any of them surpass this in the rich luxuriance of the scene.

"BOMBAY.—. . . I hope you have not forgotten to look into my favourite Doddridge; I am sure it will afford you a large measure of support and consolation. I finished it this morning, but fear I cannot say that my progress in the Christian course has been so rapid and as regular as my study of the different chapters, and I have found myself frequently going back and reviewing the earlier chapters in the book, under a feeling that they were more suitably addressed to me, as an *awakened*, though hardly *converted*, sinner; and then, again, I would try and overtake the author as he advanced, in the hope that I might still derive benefit from his closing meditations. It is, indeed, no easy matter for the sinner to turn from his evil ways; as soon may the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots, but will the task ever become easier? Oh! no. The man who thinks so is just like one suffering from a disease, who says, I will wait a little longer, till it be-

comes more confirmed, and fixes itself in my vitals, and *then* I will send for a physician. Men do not treat their perishing bodies in this trivial way, but they do not scruple to neglect their never-dying souls, or to call unto the only Physician who can possibly cure them. I am fully persuaded of the awful importance and necessity of conversion, and believe that it can alone be obtained by faith in Christ, and by the greatest humiliation and self-abasement before God for all the sins of a misspent life, or, as you express it, 'a real heart-felt sorrow for sin.' May the grace of the Holy Spirit enable you and me to see and feel how awfully we have sinned against the God that made and still preserves us!"

He took his stand at once on the side of Christ, as we find from such an incident as that mentioned above, when he refused to dine at mess on Sunday. A month ago, he would have accepted the invitation without a disturbing qualm of conscience, or, if his better judgment had whispered disapproval, the warning voice would have been quickly stifled amid the merriment of gay companionship. Step by step he was led on by the Spirit of God; acting, from the first, up to the full measure of light he received; and conscientiously and carefully following out his convictions of duty.

"BOMBAY, 12*th Nov.* 1847.

. . . "I assure you I have little prospect, and no great desire, to attain to a 'good old age.' Long ere that, I should say, the machinery will have worn out the case, even with every advantage of health and climate. I have now lived a quarter of a century, without having once reflected seriously on the great purpose of my life. I seem completely to have forgotten, that at my birth I entered on an eternal state of being; and have been so entirely engrossed with the fleeting things of this perishing world, and so indifferent about the concerns of the next, that I could not devote one hour to solemn preparation for it. Oh! no, I cannot echo the praise which you bestow on *Robert* in reviewing the different members of the family. Have I been doing '*exceedingly well*,' when during all this time I have been living without God in the world? when, during so many years, I have never seriously reflected on the awful importance and certainty of death and judgment, and have not thought it worth my while to secure an interest in the salvation of the Gospel, by a cordial humiliation of myself before God, for all the sins of a misspent life, and a lively faith in the atonement, so dearly purchased by my Saviour's blood. True, I may have been prosperous in my worldly affairs under the blessing of God. But what will this avail me? I may have acquired a good name among my friends, but

of what benefit will that be? The exercise of all those little deeds of virtue and humanity generally carries with it its own reward; but to plead such an excuse before the Majesty of Heaven, would be like a criminal condemned to death pleading his kindness to his poor neighbours as a reason why he should not be sentenced when he had been convicted of high treason against his Prince. . . . You will, perhaps, think I am given much to sermonizing now-a-days, but the subject of religion seems to be now of so much importance, that I am determined to keep it always before me, and not follow the example of those who have no time for such reflections amid so many worldly engagements."

From a long letter to his younger sister, dated November 27, 1847, we make the following short extracts:—

"Wasn't it very kind in aunt E— to send me a present of books by Dr. Wilson? I have written this mail to thank her for her kindness. The books are—*The Morning and Evening Portion*, *Life in Earnest*, and *The Mount of Olives*, just the very books I would have chosen myself, as my whole spare time is now employed in such studies, and I have lately made a good many additions of this kind to my library. *The Mount of Olives* seems an excellent work, and holds out such

manifest encouragement to earnest and constant prayer, that I expect to find it a most improving study. Good-night! How thankful I feel that to-morrow is the blessed Sabbath. 'A day in Thy courts is worth a thousand elsewhere.'

"Oh! let us never be ashamed of our profession of the Gospel, or of the blessed Master whom we serve. Ashamed of Him, who left the glories of heaven that He might suffer and die for the rebellious! of Him, whom angels and archangels, and all the hosts of heaven, cease not, day nor night, to worship, and whose glory is so resplendent that even these blessed spirits veil their faces with their wings as they approach His awful throne! What a privilege it is for sinful man to be admitted into communion with the Holy God! I am now becoming in some measure sensible of this, and also of that blessed truth, that our Heavenly Father will not lend a deaf ear to our petitions, but grant His Holy Spirit to those who in faith ask Him. How could I disbelieve this before? as if it were impossible for the Almighty who made the heavens and fashioned this universe to grant the influence of His Holy Spirit to those who come to Him through the Redeemer.

"I am leading a very quiet life, refusing all invitations that *I can*, and even when we have folks at home, making a hasty retreat to my bungalow. It is, no doubt, a duty to mingle occa-

sionally in the social circle; but, at present, I feel that it is dangerous for me to mix too much with the world—a feeling which I know you too can understand. God bless you, my dear girl! may He hear the prayers offered in your behalf by your very affectionate brother,

"ROBERT BROWN."

In the following letter he tells his father of his first approach to the Communion Table—an ordinance which, until this occasion, he had never before observed. The first desire of his renewed heart now, was to follow out to the letter every command of his Saviour; and it was not likely that His dying wish would be overlooked or neglected any longer.

TO HIS FATHER.

"BOMBAY, 11*th Dec.*,
Saturday, 4 P.M.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—Having scored off a fair number of the mail letters from my list, I gladly devote my spare time this afternoon to your service, as the inward mail will probably be in before Monday, and weightier matters may then engage my attention. One matter, at least of great importance to me, will ere then have taken place; and, from the tenor of my letters of late, you will not, I feel sure, be surprised to hear that I purpose,

by God's blessing, making an open profession of my faith by approaching His Holy Table on the morrow. You may, perhaps, think it strange that I have allowed so many years to pass without observing this dying command of the Redeemer; but this is just a sample of what my life has been. I have been in reality living without God in the world. . . . Really, when I review my past life, I feel that, at every period of it, I have been most unhappy—a struggle between passion and principle has been continually going forward. I have been perpetually sinning against the dictates of reason and revelation. I hope and pray that, now I have been aroused, I may never again return to that destructive, fatal slumber. People may say what they like, but I *know* that I have never before felt myself so happy, as I have done since the important subject of religion has occupied my thoughts.

"*Monday.*—Yes, the Communion Sabbath is past, and although I did not derive that comfort and consolation which this holy ordinance is calculated to afford (chiefly from allowing wandering thoughts to intrude on the occasion, and partly, I doubt not, from coming forward without a sufficient sense of my own utter unworthiness), still I will not despond, but consider that the vows of devotion to God's service, which I sealed at His Holy Table, are not altogether disregarded by His all-seeing eye." . . .

TO HIS SISTER H.

"BOMBAY, 29*th Dec.* 1847.

. . . "I think I can now reconcile the apparent anomaly of a man being devoted to his secular business, and yet having his heart 'right with God,' as you express it; but it is a very difficult character to preserve. We may start in the morning, with the best intentions of carrying God in our thoughts, at least in some seasons of the day; but ere we have gone far in the day's labours, we find ourselves totally immersed in them, and it is almost impossible to recall even the subject which formed our meditations in the morning. At least so I find it, and it is only when I have escaped from this desk, and from the atmosphere of business which surrounds it, that I feel I can elevate my thoughts to the contemplation of the wondrous truths of the Gospel, and even then, so depraved is my heart, both by nature and practice, that I can scarcely fasten my mind for any length of time upon these truths. The subject which I think we ought at such seasons to keep before us, is the great scheme of Redemption by a crucified Saviour; that by contemplating the blessed Object of our faith nailed to the accursed tree, our hard hearts may be melted with love towards Him, Whom, by our sins we have pierced, and we may thus feel more emphatically that we 'are

not our own,' but bought with His precious blood.

". . . . Oh! H—, when I reflect on the value of one soul, and see around me daily men who are living in total forgetfulness of either heaven or hell; when I think that some of my own friends have been summoned without warning into the presence of their Maker; and when I know from Scripture that their fate is ere this unalterably fixed for eternity, my eyes fill with tears, my heart's blood turns cold, and I feel as if I could go after them, and summon them back, to give them a day, or an hour's preparation, to meet an offended God. Did I ever tell you how uncertain life is in this country? and yet, if one may judge from what he sees, the very circumstance of that cathedral bell there, so often tolling the departed knell, tends to harden men's hearts. I told you I dined at Sir E. P—'s some weeks ago. Separated from me on the right at table by one was an elderly man, well known and well liked here. I *dare* not say anything more of him. Some weeks afterwards his fifty-second birthday arrived, and at three o'clock he was congratulating himself on the event, and had invited a party to celebrate it. Before five he was taken ill, and died that night! Another of that party with whom I went down to dinner, and who should have sat next me, was carried off last week after a very short illness. At the same table, just two from me, was

another, whose wife has since been at the very gates of death; and yet this man, on that occasion, was impiously jesting about the uncertainty of life here, and exclaimed, 'Why, yes, it is *too* sudden: for you sometimes ask a man to dinner in the morning, and get an answer from his executor in the afternoon.' I could not help shuddering at the impiety of such a speech; and it surely can be no jesting matter, if the Bible be true, and our souls really are immortal.

"On Christmas-day we had the Forbes and some other people to dinner; one of them, a young officer who has come out, introduced to us a Mr. Robinson, a remarkably fine young man—one of the few that you meet in your lifetime, and are prepossessed with *at once*—frank, affable, and gentlemanly.

"....One glimpse of eternity, or one scriptural hope of enjoying never-ending bliss, does indeed cause the trifles of a day to fall back from our view into utter insignificance; and such a contemplation, faint and visionary though it still is to me, does cheer and gladden me in my weary pilgrimage, and enables me to look on this world's possessions, and the acquirement of ease and affluence, with at least some feeling of indifference, remembering that 'the fashion of this world soon passeth away.' I sometimes think that I should be quite content to be a beggar as regards the

things of this world, or a fool in respect to any mental attainments, if I could only be rich in faith towards God.

"Now, good-bye. Don't forget to bear me in your prayers at the Throne of Grace, and believe me," etc.

CHAPTER VI.—1848.

PROGRESS.

FROM this time forward, the law of his Christian character was *progress*. If the reader has patience to peruse the copious extracts from his letters in the following pages, he cannot but trace the growth in grace that marked the course of the living man. He was without Christian companionship at the commencement of his new career; and although he often longed for congenial friends, the need of them seemed to send him all the more to the Fountain-head for instruction and guidance; and "who teacheth like Him?" Robert's views on religious truth exhibited, even at starting, a maturity remarkable in one who had bestowed so little attention on the subject previously; while his deep and prolonged study of the Word of God enabled him to "give, to every man that asked him, a reason for the hope that was in him." His path, from first to last, was "like the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." "I never knew so consistent a Christian,"

said one lately, who was for years his most intimate friend in Bombay, and had many opportunities of studying his character; "he never seemed to go back in the Divine life."

Many expressions in his letters demonstrate his own deep self-abasement and consciousness of guilt, and his diary in after years abounds in acknowledgments of his shortcomings. Extending as it does over two or three years of his subsequent course, it discloses the real source of that equanimity which drew so largely upon the admiration and respect of friends, and caused his brother merchants to wonder "how in the world he contrived to keep his temper with the provoking natives." Yet so successful was this Christian warrior in the fight of faith, that I believe some of his most intimate friends, who may read these lines, will now for the first time learn the severity of the struggle habitually maintained.

We resume his own story of his life, by quoting some extracts from a long letter to the friend mentioned before, as taking an interest in his eternal welfare.

"BOMBAY, *Jan.* 31*st*, 1848.

. . . . "On Saturday morning I found your most welcome letter awaiting my arrival here. Such epistles cause me to labour under a painful consciousness that, by your affectionate interest in his eternal welfare, you have imposed on your friend a debt of gratitude, which neither the

words of his lips can express, nor the actions of his life repay. He must therefore leave you to believe that the warm emotions of his overflowing heart cannot find utterance through the medium of speech. I must content myself by thanking you deeply. . . . I do feel that my only hope of safety is in cleaving to that Rock, which the waves may buffet but cannot shake. Being now fully convinced that I cannot by any act of my own justify myself before a righteous God, I am fleeing to the only shelter from his wrath, assured that the blessed object of my faith is waiting to receive me, that the Almighty is willing to pardon me, and the Holy Spirit anxious to sanctify me. Yes, I am free to confess this is now the object of my hitherto objectless life; and there is much comfort in your scriptural quotation, that 'he who hath begun a good work in me, will carry it on to the day of Jesus Christ.' . . . . I cannot find any one whom I can commune with as a friend, and therefore live much, and meditate much, by myself; but here even alone there is much food for meditation, and as I nightly stroll along the beach I endeavour to direct my thoughts to the grand scheme of redemption by a crucified Saviour, and I do realize *something* of the infinitude of that love which could bring down from the glories of His Father's kingdom Him, who was equal in power with God, to suffer scorn, persecution, and death."

How gratefully Robert expresses himself in the above letter towards the friend who had been prompted by the Spirit of God to direct his attention to eternal realities! And yet we know, from the best authority, that the letter which, through the blessing of God, accomplished such blessed results, and received such warm acknowledgments, was penned with sad shrinkings of heart, under an earnest sense of duty. There was the doubting, questioning hesitation of faithlessness and fear: "How will he take this interference?—what will the answer be?—will he not be offended?" The mail by which a reply could arrive was eagerly watched for, and when the tidings came (such is the working of unbelief), they seemed too good to be true.

Reader, may we not pause to learn a lesson here? How often, if Christians did but speak the word that rises to their lips, but is withheld by cowardice or want of faith, they would find a ready entrance to hearts already longing for instruction and guidance? In how many a case, where we little think it, is an already awakened conscience thirsting for, and *expecting* such an appeal? And does it not often happen that a word earnestly spoken, though unfavourably received at the time, becomes subject-matter for praise throughout eternity? It is easier for some to write than to speak on religious topics. Perhaps if Robert's correspondent had been by his

side, meeting him every hour, holding constant familiar intercourse with him from day to day, the courage which was barely sufficient for writing might have failed utterly in any attempt at *speaking*. If we cannot conquer our diffidence, and express with our lips the desires of our hearts, let us adopt the easier method; and He who owned such instrumentality in Robert's case will not withhold His blessing.

To his sister H. he writes, February 15th,—

. . . "Last week G. C. and I took a trip out to a place about fifteen miles off, where we enjoyed ourselves much shooting partridges and quail, and as we were both determined to be agreeable, we succeeded. I spent some very pleasant hours out there, in reading Abercromby's *Essays and Tracts*, thus combining profit with pleasure. We had some rational conversation too; and I was glad to have an opportunity of bringing before my friend's notice the overwhelming importance of the 'one thing needful,' by his introducing the mournful subject of his poor brother's death. He seemed fully to respond to the truth of all I said, though he could scarcely resolve that '*now* should be the accepted time' in his case. He is a very fine young man, but I fear will have much to answer for, unless he decides for Christ, as I know he has been appealed to before. . . .

"26*th*.—Do you never find, in reading the

Scriptures, that some text which may have occurred to you only an hour or two before, meets your eye at once on opening the Bible, although you had no idea where to look for it? Now, last night, in reading Job, a passage stood out before me that I had been thinking of when out riding. It was Job's exclamation after hearing of the loss of his family and his cattle,—'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' . . . I can only say for myself, that since I have been led to trust more in God I have been far happier; and I pray that He would strengthen my faith, and animate me with a pure feeling of love towards my Saviour, that I may be able to look up to Him at all times for strength and comfort, and every Christian grace. . . . But I must close, as it is just upon five, and I am always ready to start then, after being shut up in office all day. I shall read Baxter to-morrow, and am almost sorry to say I am near its close. Nice cool weather. Good-night.'

Again he writes, on 1st April,—

"When I last wrote to you, I can remember that I was well nigh vanquished by the assaults of the wicked one, who raised the most sinful feelings in my heart towards God. But this very trial and temptation was sent in mercy, that I

might have recourse to the only source of comfort, the God of all consolation. I can truly say with the Psalmist, '*I was brought low, and he helped me*;' and by this merciful deliverance from trouble, my faith is strengthened, and I draw encouragement 'in all things by prayer and supplication to make my requests known to him.' . . . That psalm must now be written for ever on the tablets of my heart, and its words of comfort must arise in all my times of trouble. After all, however, my faith and love are still weak and cold. I find much difficulty in holding communion with the searcher of hearts, and realizing His presence; but the prayer of faith can work wondrous things, and I must, as you have told me, keep near a throne of grace, and have my wants supplied from the Fountain of living waters. . . . We had a party last night, and among others, my former friend Mrs. ——, with whom I had a good deal of amusement. She seems just the same merry creature as ever; and her ringing laugh does a man's heart good. I got on very well last night, although, from mixing little in the *beau monde*, I am not very conversant with the topics, which form the small talk of the gay. . . . I cannot say that I have much love for the world, and but very little as yet to my Saviour, though no doubt the fire will be kindled by constant prayer. In this respect I labour under greater difficulties than you, from having wandered so much longer

in the paths of sin. A quarter of a century without God in the world! If it were without food, without friends, without shelter, that were dismal; but without the Fountain and essence of all happiness, in whom we live and move and have our being—an awful state for a created being! I must get on with my work for the mail." . . .

In the following letter he replies to the arguments of a friend, who seems to have disapproved of the line of conduct adopted by Robert with regard to worldly gaieties. During the few months preceding the date of this letter, frequent allusions to the subject in his correspondence showed that he was excluding himself very much from general society, refusing many invitations, and spending a large portion of his time in solitude. Not that he did not know and acknowledge from the first, that he had social duties to perform, and that a Christian is called upon to "let his light shine before men;" not that he, for a moment, thought that true religion can possibly consist in monastic solitude or self-absorbed austerity. Still less was there anything about him of the "Stand by, for I am holier than thou!" but he feared *himself;* he trembled lest he should lose impressions which, in times gone by, had proved so transient. He knew that he was weak, and that the world, the devil, and the flesh were strong. And who shall condemn the course he took? Let such consider

his "strong reasons," as detailed by himself in the following terms:—

"BOMBAY, 13*th April* 1848.

"MY DEAR —, . . . You do not go along with me in my views in reference to absenting myself from balls and parties. Well, I freely admit, that on my first awakening I had no inclination for society, and courted solitude as much as possible. This arose from a fear lest the impressions which then were made on my mind should be dissipated altogether, as they had often been before, by mingling in society. I therefore became a bit of a recluse, and meditated much, which course seemed to me then, and still does, the proper one to be pursued at such a time, at least the *safest*. Since that time, however, I have not led so solitary a life, because I feel it is now less dangerous for me to mix a little with the world; while, at the same time, it is no doubt one's duty to associate with one's fellow-creatures. But I see no reason to change my views in regard to attending these fashionable gaieties,—balls, dancing parties, theatres, etc.,—for this simple reason, that they indispose, if they do not altogether unfit, for evening devotions. Do not mistake me; I am agreed with you in thinking that a man *should* be equally religious and present with his Maker in the crowded assembly, or in the solitude of his chamber; but I maintain that the tendency of such gaieties is to draw the

heart away from God, and indispose it for communion with Him. At least they have this effect upon *me*, and therefore it is clearly *my* duty to keep aloof from them. I have no wish to prescribe rules for others; and though it seems a practical principle, that 'we must hold intercourse with God, or our souls will die; we must walk with Him, or Satan will walk with us;' it is not for me to define how this principle is to be applied, as men's minds and habits so essentially differ. I cannot imagine, if my own life were drawing to a close, that at such an hour I would counsel those friends who stood by me to mingle more with the world, to mix freely in its gay scenes; and if these would be my sentiments then, why should they not be so now? At the same time, stoical apathy and indifference to the world is to be guarded against, though I think we are enjoined by Scripture to keep our hearts free and disentangled from earthly objects. 'Let those who buy be as though they possessed not; and those who have wives as though they had none;' remembering that 'the fashion of this world passeth away.' We are so apt to have our affections absorbed by this world; and 'we cannot serve God and mammon.' 'If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.' 'Come out from among them, and be separate;' this text favours my view of the subject." . . .

The brief passages from long letters which follow, show that he had now entered into the enjoyment of that holy peace which passeth all understanding, and had attained to the glorious liberty of the sons of God. Incidental notices also bring out the fact that he was emphatically an active Christian. Having himself obeyed the gospel message, he felt that the voice of the Spirit whispered to him, "Let him that heareth say, Come." Letters, containing earnest and affectionate appeals, soon found their way to those dearest to his heart; the word of kindly entreaty, accompanied by a useful book, was addressed to friends and acquaintances in that strange land; tracts were procured, and prayerfully distributed; and money freely given for the evangelization of the heathen around, and for the benefit of our destitute countrymen abroad.

"MAHABALESHWAR, 1848.

. . . "That legal spirit which has been clinging to me ever since I made a study of divine things, is now being dispelled from my mind, through the influence of the Holy Ghost, and I cling to that precious gospel, 'Ye are not under the law, but under grace.'

"If I had better paper, and was more in the humour for writing, I might attempt to show you the view displayed from Sidney Point there, where my steps so often linger; but I could not do,

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justice to it. Khandallah is a pretty valley, but the extent of the scenery here,—the blue peaks in the distance, the native huts down below, the setting sun, and sundry fleecy clouds tinged by his rays, not to mention the *imaginary* bullocks grazing on the hill-side,—all make up a very fine view; but I am glad to see the sun is at length appearing through the clouds, so that I'll have a walk after all. I dine with the Principal to-night, a man of extensive and varied information, from whose remarks one may always learn something."

"BOMBAY, *July 1st*, 1848.— . . . On the other hand, as I think —— must see some change in me, it cannot appear a gloomy change, for I have been remarkably cheerful since my return; and much, if not *all*, of this happy state of mind I trace to faith in that *32d verse of the 8th chapter of Romans*. Indeed, my cup has been running over. Peace, which was so long a stranger to my breast, now reigns there; and I hope love will be largely shed abroad there also. . . .

"I was calling upon Dr. Stevenson the other day, asking him about tracts, and he showed me some in the native language, a lot of which I mean to buy and distribute. I am subscribing to these publications now; and you know I have already a pecuniary interest in Alfred Lyon's school. I am glad you found my little present of money useful in Islay. How you must have hoarded up

for six months! Remember, my dear girl, I expect that you will *always* tell me of any charitable objects at home in need of support, and I shall be delighted to give what assistance I can; or perhaps it would be better for me to send you money from time to time, that you may devote to such objects as you think in need of pecuniary aid. Be sure and tell me what can be done for the Islay people. You allude to a missionary; if any friends would join, I would gladly subscribe £20 or £30 annually to so good an object; nor would this be a sacrifice, for, as I have before told you, I am not ambitious about making a fortune. Besides, surely we are imperatively called on to devote some portion of our substance at least in relieving the wants of our poorer brethren.

"13*th, my Bedroom*, 8¼ P.M.—I see I shall have little time to write you either to-morrow or next day; and although, in ordinary cases, I consider it a great bore to write at night, after writing all day at the office, I gladly devote an hour this evening to your service.

"I have at length, I think, got into the way of becoming acquainted with some good people. A prayer-meeting is held every Saturday night at the house where Dr. Stevenson lives; but as the house is not his, neither Macduff nor I liked to intrude there. However, the other day he called to say he would be delighted to see us, whenever we could come; and last Saturday we went, and

enjoyed the meeting very much. It consisted of about nine or ten gentlemen, including four or five of my own profession, two military men, and six or seven ladies; and although I don't hesitate to say it was rather awkward entering the room, not knowing the hostess, we soon got over that, and found ourselves among a party of friends. The service consists of a hymn, then prayer, then a chapter of the Bible (each reading a verse), which the Doctor afterwards expounds, and any one who likes may make remarks. I got some new views on the chapter read, the 8th of Luke. I will give you them in a few words; perhaps you will tell me whether they are new to you. . . .

"Altogether, it was a very interesting meeting, and the Doctor has such a winning way of bringing Scripture truth before the mind, that he is calculated to do much good. If you heard him expatiating from the pulpit on the love of God, your soul would be stirred within you; no fine displays of eloquence, but language coming from his heart. People may talk of the raptures felt while listening to the sweet strains of music; but such discourses on such a subject have charms for me that no opera could possess.

"Just as you say, my dear, there is too much working by proxy in the church. I am quite conscious of this. I subscribe to deserving objects; but no sacrifice is thereby made. Were I to crucify the flesh more, and to check every irritable

feeling, thus maintaining a consistent walk, and doing some little good to the cause of Christ; for nothing does so much harm as an irregular walk. O that I could acquire some conformity to His blessed image! for in many good qualities I may still take a lesson from the unconverted, so backward am I in the Christian course." . . .

The name of Dr. Stevenson, then chaplain of St. Andrew's Church, Bombay, occurs very frequently in Robert's letters. He derived great spiritual comfort and benefit from the ministrations of this devoted chaplain, and often wrote long extracts from, and sketches of, his sermons. Dr. Stevenson's memory is held in reverence by all who knew him in Bombay, and who appreciated his deep piety, his remarkable skill in expounding the Scriptures, as well as his varied general acquirements.

"BOMBAY, 31*st August* 1848.

. . . "I am wonderfully happy here all by myself, and if those teazing mosquitos would not fatten themselves so habitually in the evenings on my lily hands, I could get through much reading with more pleasure.... It is not difficult to maintain a generally cheerful disposition, and to show that religion is not a gloomy thing; but if we would adorn the doctrine of the Cross, we must patiently suffer injuries, and allow a harsh word or an

unkind look to pass unobserved. This is a difficulty to man, for it wounds his pride; but what honour we would do the cause if we could thus show forth the beauty of holiness; 'If ye do good to them which do good to you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same?' We must grow in love to the Saviour. I strive to keep His blessed example before me in my daily walk; the meekness, and humility, and love which He displayed may well serve as a pattern. I am grieved to think that my poor endeavours in behalf of friends have not, I fear, in any case, been attended with permanent benefit. I made this discovery on getting next one the other night at dinner. We afterwards had a long talk on the subject, in which I brought forward my own short experience in proof of the happiness of a religious life. My opponent was rather staggered when at last I asked him what he would do; for he seemed to admit the necessity of the new birth some time or other. I have given him Foster's introductory essay to Doddridge to read; and as it completely answers all these objections, I have great hopes it may be blessed to my friend; but it is God the Holy Spirit alone who can make the truth come home to the heart with power.

"2.15 P.M., *Office.*—Well, I am just about to send the office letters away, and have only a few minutes to close my chat with you; somewhat unconnected it has been, I grant you, for I was

out of sorts this morning, and ill disposed for writing, Some one says 'the spirit of the world is a strong assimilating principle,' and I indeed find it so. I need to retire from the crowd, otherwise I should soon be carried along with the stream, and forget the great object of life. . . . These prayer-meetings are really very instructive, and I like them much. We had an excellent exposition on the Lord's Prayer the other night, and the worthy Doctor makes things so plain, that even my confused noddle (which really seems to get worse as it gets older) is able to take in the truths. If this Saturday night meeting were nothing else than a preparation for the Sunday, it would be worth attending; for what an injurious effect is produced on my mind when I dine out on Saturdays. I don't intend to do so now, and indeed have no wish. One has enough, I think, to struggle against, even in the most careful walk, without running into fresh temptations. I see I never shall be happy till my heart is moulded to God's will; till I receive all things as ordained by Him. I seem still to be clinging to this life for happiness; still expecting to have a smooth, easy course here, and quite forgetting that this state is a constant warfare, a cross-bearing, self-denying life. I sometimes feel as if I wished that more were revealed about the future state, that I might cheer myself by anticipating its glories. We must rest on God's own word, 'that

neither hath eye seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for those who love Him.' But does this class include me? There is indeed little love in my heart yet, but by 'looking out,' I hope the fire may burn. It is difficult to separate one's-self from the crowd, and without that there may be admiration but not gratitude towards Christ. What strange devices Satan uses to keep one away from the Cross, because he knows we are at peace while gazing there. When shall we enter into the full meaning, or comprehend the depth of the apostle's inquiry, Romans viii. 32? Not till in eternity we see His face."

We close this chapter, and this year of Robert's life, by slight extracts from letters written during the concluding months.

"30*th Sept.*— . . . I ramble a little this afternoon, just as I would if I were talking to you, which I *am*, on paper. *You* speak of wandering thoughts, but yours can be nothing, I think, to *mine*. . . . I have been at the closing chapters of Baxter again; but though I read him with delight, I find it most difficult to engage in the work of heavenly contemplation, particularly after being immersed in business all day; but this very strife with wandering thoughts I must

look on as part of my cross. I have been taking some little interest in that Orphan Fund I spoke of in my last letter; getting little Bible-stories for the children, and I mean to make the acquaintance of Miss Hughes the teacher. . . . I had a Frenchman staying with me for ten days; he belongs to the frigate now here, and you can fancy the good French I talked to him; but he spoke English well enough when he liked, and we got on well. He was very amiable, and used to take sketches of temples, and women, and palanquins, and umbrellas, and children; and he really drew very well, though some of the natives he sketched looked very stiff, rheumatic, and unhappy on paper.

"*Nov. 3d.*— . . . I have read a book lately (Erchomena) on the second coming of Christ, in which the author very clearly proves, I think, that our Lord's reign on earth will be a personal one of a thousand years; that those who are dead in Him, will rise and reign with Him, but that the bodies of the wicked will not rise till after that time is expired. I had some very interesting conversation with Dr Stevenson the other day about this; and his view is, that some even who have lived without Christ will, when He appears in the clouds, 'look on him whom they have pierced' and be saved. He staggered me with this; but I could not help admitting that I had never studied that prophecy much, nor applied it

in any particular way. But is there not something tangible to look forward to in the thousand years of perfect bliss; that there is a period named, though not, perhaps, to be interpreted literally; for the mind is lost in trying to contemplate the *eternity* of happiness? I sometimes think that it is very distant—though surely not twenty or thirty years in my case. Have you this feeling of impatience, dear?—a restless inquisitiveness to know what we shall be? But I must close, as it is just on the post hour. If you give tracts, I strongly recommend the *Sinner's Friend;* it only costs 3d., and is an excellent little work."

CHAPTER VII.—1849.

CHRISTIAN WORK.

ROBERT'S correspondence this year ushers us into his sphere of Christian work. His letters are as long as ever, but they do not now treat so exclusively of his own feelings, and new formed views on the most important of all subjects. They tell how he embarked gradually in one scheme of usefulness after another, until the busy and active merchant became the busy and active Christian. It seems expedient, for the sake of the narrative, that he should tell his own tale, as he simply relates it from mail to mail in letters to a sister; and, with a few exceptions, to quote exclusively from them. Those addressed to his father are often partially filled with business details, which, of course, would be neither appropriate nor interesting to the general reader. In all that concerned him, he sought to make his beloved parent a counsellor and confidant. And it is very touching and beautiful to see the union of the frank, familiar tone with that of respectful

deference which runs through all this part of his correspondence.

TO HIS SISTER H.

"BOMBAY; *March* 24, 1849.

. . . "Did I tell you that I have lately been trying to do something in the great cause by distributing tracts? When I ride out at night, I take two or three in my pocket, and give them to the natives that can read. I have also found out a retired English pensioner, to whom I hope to be of some use. I have certainly been very remiss in doing anything for others, since 'things unseen and eternal' were brought with force to my mind; and now, even, how much need is there to keep the cross before me, so apt am I to forget that 'I am not my own.' No wonder St. Paul was so unwearied in his Master's cause, 'when he determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified.' Did I tell you of the great interest M— takes in the orphan children connected with our church? They have come out to live near us; and Ewart, Lyon, and Co. presented them with an old rattletrap of a carriage, which M— has had painted and done up most beautifully, and put a pair of bullocks into it,—a mode of travelling very common here with those who can't afford horses. The driver sits on the pole between the beasts, and pokes them up with his

toe, and steers them by their tails, screwing them round in the funniest manner possible. It looks so curious to see the old shigram, in which the firm have travelled for so many years, now drawn by bullocks and filled with children. I should tell you that the bullocks are yoked too far forward, or, owing to the length of the pole, the driver has some difficulty in reaching them with his *toe*; and M— was proposing to Miss Stevenson that *I* should take the post of coachman, and use my long legs.

"We meet very nice people at these prayer-meetings—Captain and Mrs. Mylne, for instance, on whom we called the other day. There is a very strong tie binding together the Lord's people; all having a cross, all following one Master, and all looking forward to an enduring habitation. We ought to cling more to each other in this wilderness world. . . .

"31*st March*.—Saturday comes round again, and very quickly indeed do the weeks fly past, though I can't say the same of the days. It's sometimes wearying to stick in the office when one has not much to do. At home, you might take a breath of fresh air on the Dean Bridge, or a stroll along George Street, or a walk to the Liverpool Docks; but here, sit still and patiently perspire. Your letter came in yesterday morning, borne to my bedroom in the tiny fingers of the Baby Latham. You speak truly when you say

there are times when I seem to walk in darkness. I trust more to my feelings than my faith: when they are active and buoyant, and the frame is spiritual, then I am all well; but this is not always the case, for things seen often obscure things unseen. I then go to the Psalms, and hear the sweet singer of Israel exclaiming, 'Trust in the Lord, and wait *patiently* for him;' or to Isaiah, 'Can a woman forget her sucking child?' 'I am he that comforteth you.'"

"BOMBAY, *26th April.*

"There is a lack of work in the office just now, and I have been employing myself with D'Aubigné; but variety is charming, you know; so I lay it aside to have a chat with you. I wish indeed it were a *verbal* chat, for how much we both should have to say! . . .

"I may perhaps have never told you that there are *islands* in Bombay harbour; and on some of these islands are old pensioners to take charge of the caves, etc. Well, Mr. Larkins and I went on a cruise the other day to visit these men, who have no church to go to, and are therefore much in want of spiritual instruction. At the first (Butcher's Island, where there are barracks), we met with little encouragement. The man was in no state to be spoken to on religious subjects; although a week or two before he had received and listened to Mr. Larkins with much interest.

Then we went to Elephanta, which has some very celebrated caves. We found a very decent man here, a Romanist; and Mr. Larkins gave a sort of exposition, and afterwards a prayer. This man seemed really interested. I left him Doddridge, my old favourite. I must confess to a feeling of false modesty in speaking to people on serious subjects; but I think one gradually conquers this feeling. It is certainly very sinful, for why should we be ashamed before men of what we are not ashamed of before God, and what our reason tells us is right? I don't know what to make of my friend the pensioner. He reads Doddridge and his Bible with interest, I believe; but I fear he is still under the covenant of works, where I so often find *myself* toiling."

The following letter is addressed to an aunt, with whom he had commenced a regular correspondence some months before, and from whose beautiful letters rays of light and encouragement often streamed on his solitary path:—

TO MRS. L. B.

"THE MONASTERY, MAHABALESHWAR,
30*th May* 1849.

"MY DEAR AUNT E.,—You see from the date of this, that I have escaped from the heat of Bombay at this trying season, and am now ruralizing in the invigorating climate of the hills. . . . All this is

very grand, but must be seen to be appreciated; so I will not attempt any description, but pass on to thank you for your most welcome letter of 18th April, which reached me on the 26th of this month. So you think a letter is an index to the state of the writer's mind? I am not sure if it always proves so, even in *my* case; but in that instance to which you refer, I think I must give you credit for rightly discerning. I do believe, when I wrote my letter of January, there was a feeling of spiritual languor pervading my soul; but I am sorry to say this is no uncommon occurrence. Being naturally of a very excitable temperament, I am, of course, subject to seasons of depression, and when doubts and fears arise, I am too apt to become discouraged; looking, in short, to my frames and feelings, which are perpetually changing, instead of to the finished work of Christ. The remedy you suggest is the only effectual one, in all such seasons—a persevering application to the throne of grace; a steadfast gaze on the Cross of Calvary. But, oh! how difficult it is to practise this—to keep 'looking unto Jesus,' when clouds and darkness obscure the horizon, and the heart feels almost desolate. However, it is the only way of obtaining peace, and I am resolved, by the help of the Spirit, to adopt M'Cheyne's advice—'For one look you take at yourself, take ten looks at Christ.' I trust your advice in a former letter, viz., realizing the 'Man of Sorrows,'

while on earth, has not been without benefit to me. It is most comforting to feel, that by sorrow and suffering, we are conformed to the image of our Lord; and more so to think that He just passed through this world on His way to the heavenly kingdom. He is gone, and we shall soon follow.

"If we had strong faith, we could soon look beyond the short period that intervenes between us and death. This is what I much desire; to live on the borders of Heaven, and regard the crosses and troubles of life as a preparation for eternal happiness—as working out an exceeding weight of glory.

"All my difficulties have arisen, I believe, from losing sight of the *Divinity* of Christ. Will you direct the *emphasis* of your petitions on my behalf to this point? for it is of the last importance that I should keep before me the all-sufficiency of the atonement, and, if possible, realize a sense of the Divine presence. With the comforting assurance that Omnipresence is by my side, that 'the very hairs of my head are numbered,' what trials could perplex, what dangers terrify? But this is an *achievement* in the Divine life that is, I think, granted to few. Still, it is comforting to know that the same boundless stores of grace are offered to all: 'Whosoever will, let him come and take freely.'"

TO HIS SISTER H.

"THE MONASTERY, 28*th May* 1849.

. . . "Well, I have now noticed the different points in your letter, and I can fancy you wearying all the time, and asking, 'Well, but tell us what you are doing up there?' Indeed, my life has been very monotonous since I arrived. The day I last wrote I dined with Captain and Mrs. ——, where my friend —— was staying; another guest was an officer of the 10th Hussars. I must confess I was disappointed with my visit. Mrs. —— is an elegant-looking person, with a great deal of conversation; but in our long sederunt (about seven hours), I think we might have introduced serious subjects. True, we had prayers; but having heard that Captain —— was so decided a man, I expected the 'one thing needful' would have been the chief topic. He seems a very kind person, and no doubt a really pious man. But I learned a lesson that night that we must not look for too much in the *creature*. These streams are very well in their way, but they must not wean our affections from the Fountain. Yes, this is the lesson in Christian discipline—a most needful though somewhat painful one—that I have been learning ever since I came up here. It is astonishing how we constantly look for enjoyment in the things of time and sense; and however indifferent we may profess to be to the pleasures derived from worldly objects, we shall

find, I think, on a diligent scrutiny of our own hearts, that we are a good deal dependent for our happiness on those things that perish in the using; that the bestowal of them, whether success in business, or the comforts and enjoyments of social intercourse, affords us very considerable gratification, and consequently their absence occasions a corresponding disappointment. But it would not be so if we had our affection set on things above, and were living 'by faith, not by sight.'

"The weather, even here, you know, is too hot to be out in during the day, so we generally take a ride or walk in the mornings to one of the different points commanding a view of the surrounding country. It is an imposing sight to follow the dense clouds of mist rolling up the valleys, like an ocean, while the mountain peaks rise above like islands in the landscape. But I have been more struck this year with the excessive richness of the foliage on the hill itself—such a beautiful bright green, extending over the place. When we come in we have strawberries and cream—an immense treat to tawny-faced, or rather blanch-cheeked Indians—then read, dress, and breakfast about 10.30; after that I retire into this room, a sort of parlour, to read, leaving the other three, Tristam, Coles, and Parsons, in the drawing-room. I have been engaged with D'Aubigné, but have laid it aside to take up M'Cheyne's Life, which Mrs. Aitken lent me, and is, I know, a

great favourite of yours. I have been quite delighted with it, particularly his letters, which are so beautifully simple and most encouraging; but his text all through is 'looking unto Jesus'—'for one look at yourself, take ten looks at Christ.'

"The most delightful passage I have met with is at the close of Sermon X.: 'If Christ had been on earth, would you not have gone to Him? would you not have kneeled and said, Lord, help me? *Does it make any difference that He is at the right hand of God?* He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' This is really most comforting, and brings Christ very near the believer. Altogether, I trust this work has been blessed to me. You know my difficulties have all arisen from losing sight of the *Divinity* of the Saviour; and I hope you have not omitted to make this an important point in your prayers on my behalf. If this were realized fully, and kept before the mind, then the attributes of omniscience and omnipresence could not fail to awaken feelings of love and confidence, and gratitude and devotion. As it is now nearly 5 o'clock, I must prepare for a ride to Cates Point, where there is a very fine view. I am all alone, and rather solitary, two of our party having left a week ago, and Parsons yesterday. Good-night, dear!

"There is a very worthy old woman here, a Mrs. Graves, the widow of an American missionary, who keeps a native school. I went to the exa-

mination the other day, at Miss L.'s request, and the little girls really answered well. I have been up again this morning, as the old lady told me this was the day she relieved the *beggars;* but I was too late, and therefore left the money with her. She sometimes stays here during the rains, although the sun seldom shines for four months; but she is not gloomy, for she says she has her Bible and her God. Could *we* be happy without any other company? She gave me her blessing at parting, which may not be lost, coming from such a quarter.

"Plenty of thunder and rain last night, and rumbling in the heavens now, so that the monsoon seems near at hand. I intend staying here till the 4th, and then returning to Bombay by the route I took last year. Nothing more to add, except my best love to all; and oh! do let us keep *eternity* before us, that the trifles of this passing world may lose their value in our sight. —Ever," etc., etc.

"BOMBAY, 29*th June* 1849.

"Yes, my dearest ——, here I am again. I returned to Bombay on the 15th, after a tolerably pleasant trip down from the hills. My last letter to you left me on the 30th ult., I think. Well, I stayed on till the 5th, leading quite a solitary life; although the Lord Bishop did favour me with a call the day before I left, and invited me to dinner

that night, when I met the Honourable Mr. Hobart, a young civilian. I journeyed down the next morning to Meera, where I breakfasted, and in the afternoon to Sattarah, where I dined with the Aitkins, and spent a very pleasant evening; probably the more so, because I had been alone for a week. The next day I reached Neera Bridge, and there I tarried a week, enjoying some pretty good shooting, and carrying off a couple of antelopes as trophies, getting a very brown face and hands, the colour of vermilion, *or* Othello.

"My stay at Neera Bridge terminated on the 13th, when I rode to Sassoor, putting up at the palace, where you have neither bed, chairs, nor table. But I was fortunate in finding a friend here, who gave me a dinner, and with whom I afterwards joined the ladies, very brown and dirty. The next morning I rode into Poona, where I found a gentleman very anxious to travel with me in the phaeton, and as it was a means of saving some 12 rs., I gratified the man. Discomfort, shaking, want of sleep, etc., were our portion till we reached Panwell, where, after taking some coffee, we were carried out to a canoe on men's backs, sat in this affair for a couple of hours, got thoroughly soaked, and then reached the steamer, where, as I had no dry change, I undressed and lay down, wrapped in a dampish sheet. But why do I fill my paper with these details, when I should have so many other things to tell you?

"This trip has invigorated my body, and I trust has also been sanctified to my soul. I have been made to see more of the emptiness of the creature, and to feel more the privilege of communion with the Creator. Yes, I had a wonderful and an immediate answer to prayer, just the day after I wrote to you. Why should we not go at *all* times to the Fountain-head for the supply of our wants, and the comforts of the Holy Spirit? How often since I wrote to you have my fears been disappointed, and my expectations realized! and why do I for a moment doubt the willingness of my Heavenly Father to grant me all things needful, when He has given His own Son for me? how can I doubt His power when He has created all worlds?

"Death has been busy here during my absence, and now there is much sickness in the island. Poor Alic Forbes, a young man at the head of Forbes' company, died three days ago; and Edward Parsons, whose brother I was staying with at the hills, was buried this morning. Dr. Stevenson officiated at Forbes' funeral, and a most impressive address he gave us, showing that it is in seasons of distress that the gospel scheme shines to advantage; that it is the sick and distressed who have need of the Physician. I trust these deaths will be blessed to many of the survivors; and I have been availing myself of the occasion to write a word to one or two of my indifferent friends. How true are the words of the poet, 'All men think

all men mortal but themselves.' The mail is in, and I am anxiously looking for your letter. Good-night.

"The L.s and family go to Poona, where they will likely remain for two or three months; but L. will be down in the interval. They will be better for a change, for they are very *white*. I shall be busy during L.'s absence, and must become a *man of business*. It will be very requisite that I keep near Him who has all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge at His disposal; for one must soon forget his own ignorance, and be insensible to his own weakness, when he knows that an omnipotent arm protects him, and an omniscient mind is ready to impart all the wisdom he requires. But I must close."

It was Robert's habit to make the Lord his counsellor; he did not exclude that Best Friend from his daily occupations, content merely to give up a small portion of time each Sabbath to the service of Jehovah. He was as much a servant of God in the counting-house and on the exchange, amid the worries of common life as in the house of God, and when directly engaged in the holy exercises of devotion. Not a care harassed him, not a burden pressed heavily on his heart, not a perplexity in active life occurred but each led him to the throne of grace. Two texts there are in Holy Writ which were embalmed in his heart, and which specially encouraged him to

bring his business matters to God: "Commit thy way unto the Lord, and he shall bring it to pass;" and again, "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." He *believed* those words, he acted them out, and assuredly he had the fulfilment of the promises.

Doubtless had he kept a diary at this time, as he did in later years, we should have had particular mention of particular temporal blessings sought and granted. Further on, we make quotations from his journal, which prove the truth of what we have been saying, and show how, in the transactions and incidents of commercial life, he earnestly sought the aid and blessing of Him, without whom nothing truly prospers. Were this line of conduct habitually carried out by men of business, and the remembrance maintained that the eye of the Searcher of hearts rests on every dealing, every bargain, every arrangement, surely we should hear of fewer startling failures and disgraceful bankruptcies, fewer wild and questionable speculations.

"BREACH COTTAGE, BOMBAY, after Dinner,
3d August—Cocoa-nut day.

"MY DEAREST SISTER,—This is called Cocoa-nut Day, because the natives throw cocoa-nuts into the sea to propitiate the deity who presides over that element—a sort of prayer, in fact, for fine weather; and on this day it is supposed that the

worst of the monsoon is over, and the native boats can commence trading again; but surely this year there will be an exception to the rule, for such a day of wind and storm we have had! yet the natives, nothing daunted, have faced it all, and although the fair and whirligigs and knockemdowns have not been brought into requisition, the sacrifice, I doubt not, has been duly performed to the old ocean, and the natives are satisfied. But I have no letter from you. There has been such a storm of wind and rain during the last fortnight that no mail has arrived, and I really suspect some accident must have befallen the *brig* that was bringing it across from Aden. Did I say we had had *wet* weather? but what idea can *you* form of rainy weather here? It may perhaps assist you to fancy all the rain you have in twelve months collected and poured down in one week. In one night 10 inches fell—nearly half as much as you have in a year, only fancy—and it is all good for the country, though we could do now with a little sunshine. As for out-of-door exercise, it is out of the question, although I did try it in desperation last night, and got my good silk umbrella smashed, and of course my clothes wet through. One gets accustomed to anything; and even this wet weather, gloomy, dreary, and depressing though it be, has its advantages. Does the weather affect your spirits at all? Are you as merry and cheerful in a bleak November afternoon, while struggling

along the streets, as you are in a bright spring morning when the birds are chirping beneath your window, and all Nature is fresh and green and smiling around you? I freely admit that the weather has a considerable effect on my spirits, and I can well sympathize with the poet of Olney when he says of the English climate, 'Thy fogs, etc., incline all hearts to sadness, and none more than mine.'

"Well, here I have been alone for a month, and have got on wonderfully well. It was necessary, as I said, that I should become a man of business in L.'s absence, and, although still often a dreamer, I have been assisted and directed by a Higher Power; but I may well confess with shame how often during the past month I have resembled the lepers who were cleansed by our Lord, and have neglected to give thanks. . . . Of course, I have had more to think of, of a worldly nature, in L.'s absence, and have often found it hard to look on all these things here as trifles. It is not difficult to set out in the morning with this view; but oh! when one plunges into the bustle of life and engages in a business fraught with so many important interests, it is no easy matter to give the things of time only as much care and attention as they deserve from an immortal being, particularly such a nervous, excitable being as your brother; or to look on them as we shall wish we had done, when this world

and all its attractions are fading from our view. This is the great difficulty of the Christian course, 'walking by *faith*, not by sight.'

"We are collecting money to form a little Chelsea for the old pensioners, and, as I am on the committee, I may have an opportunity of doing something in this scheme, besides aiding it with my purse. It is an admirable one, rescuing men, women, and children from drunkenness and infamy, and has been ably advocated by Dr. Buist in his paper, as well as by the daily publications.

"*Saturday*, 11 P.M.—I have just read your letter, etc. Ah, yes! I am much disappointed that William is to go to Bengal. His coming out here has engaged more of my thoughts than anything else perhaps for a long time. I had *castles* built for him, and they all crumbled into ruins this morning." . . .

"BOMBAY, *October* 15, 1849.

. . . "The prayer which was so immediately answered related to excessive mental depression existing from various causes; but unless you have been in similar circumstances, you cannot appreciate the relief of an *instantaneous* answer. My feelings and language were like his who exclaimed in impatience, 'Come down ere my child die!' . . .

"I told you in my last letter that we had taken a house for the pensioners. Only fancy, the subscriptions now exceed £2000! We have got some

men and women housed, and it is a great pleasure to me to go round and see them and strive to do something for them. I am appointed one of the visitors for this month, and I intend to go on the Sundays and read to them. You would be delighted to see them, I daresay. It is a capital field for me, if I only work. I feel that it is better for the Archdeacon and Dr. Stevenson, and such men who have got *heads*, to deliberate and devise schemes for the promotion of the charity; but my place will be to execute them, in my small sphere. By attending to the temporal wants of the people, we may induce them to listen now and then to a spiritual lesson. You see in what a hurry I write, but I always find time: 'Where there's a will,' etc. I think I never told you about the soirées that Smith and Macduff sometimes give to the orphans. There was one about two months ago, and the fun is that they all have a grand feast; and then there are games, and raffles for pencil-cases and pocket-books, which I supplied. Although I don't care much about children, I must say I enjoyed *their* happiness, and was much struck with the tender care that Bell Macartney bestowed on her little sister, who was taken ill. The mother of these children died in the hospital about four months ago, and died in peace, when M. assured her they would be admitted to the orphanage as a home. She solemnly made them over to him, and soon after-

wards expired, strong in the faith of her Redeemer. There, you see, is an instance of the benefit of the orphanage: two children left helpless welcomed within its walls. I feel rather interested in the Macartneys on this account. Last week there was a grand *blow out* at J. S.'s. Such cakes and ice-puddings, and lemonade and fruit! and then there was the magic-lantern afterwards, and blind man's buff, and all sorts of fun. I personated the blind man, and soon cleared the coast with my formidable feelers. The Willises were there, and the lady laughed much; and the P.s, very nice Irish people; and indeed it was good fun for both the old and young bairns. I am going to act for M. a bit at the school during his absence.

"Did I tell you of a native school that I go to see sometimes and supply with books, the master being a Brahmin, and a sort of enthusiast in education? Well, the cholera has been raging in the village, and when I heard of it I took out a bottle of cholera-mixture, which has cured seven or eight cases. Isn't this very cheering, and an encouragement to us to use whatever means we have in our power? The Brahmin and my Hindu interpreter are both very grateful, and came in yesterday to present me with some nice fresh fish. The latter is coming to the orphanage to teach Mahratta. I don't know whether all these egotistical details interest you or not, but I fancied they might, and

therefore gave them, and if you have no objection I'll close for to-night. You heard of my horse coming down, and, strange to say, not two minutes before I was just thinking that if such an accident were to happen, it could only do so with the sanction of Omnipotence, and to serve some good purpose. Providentially I escaped with a scratch or two, but it *might* have been serious.

"I have commenced learning the fiddle, as it is right to cultivate a taste which I have always had for music; but I see you are laughing at me, so I will add no more, but that I remain," etc.

TO HIS FATHER.

"BOMBAY, 1849.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I had but time to write you a few words by last mail, expressing my disappointment that William was to go to Bengal; but taking all things into consideration, it seems, after all, to be the best choice he could make; and it would be selfish in me to wish him here when he has better prospects of success on the other side of the country. At first it was a sad disappointment to me, because I had been scheming a good deal on the strength of his coming out, and you may well believe what great delight it would have given me to have welcomed so near a relation in this land of exiles, and to have opened my hand and heart and purse to the young artil-

leryman. It will be pleasant even now to have him within *hail;* and I must write and give him good counsel, and have a letter waiting his arrival at Calcutta, which, if his feelings at all resemble *mine,* will cheer his heart. . . . I am quite rejoiced to hear that you are pleased with the presents I sent, and I hope you will be able to find the proper owners for the stray legs and arms. Thank you for the admonition not to spend money in this way, but really I think it is the chief pleasure one has in making it; and if I were at home, I trust I should still have an opportunity of gratifying my 'generous propensities,' as you are pleased to call them.

"The prospect of having another ramble with you in the Highlands is too much happiness, I fear. But we may live in hope," etc.

"BOMBAY, *Nov.* 2, 1849.

". . . The pensioners' scheme gets on; and as I am one of the visitors appointed for this month, I am frequently there. On Sunday, I go over and read a chapter of Doddridge to them; and they are very attentive, and, I think, impressed. It was quite an act of crucifixion of the flesh going over the first Sunday; but I was strengthened, and my prayer was heard. Who knows but that a book which was blessed in my own conversion may be sanctified to them? The same power is pledged; so let us 'not limit the Holy

One of Israel.' Larkins, the great promoter of the scheme, is proposing to have a prayer-meeting with them during the week; and he also wants me to take a small congregation of about ten out near Government House, people who don't go to church, owing to the distance. I think I shall do this on Sunday morning, and relieve him of the duty, as he performs service at the pensioners' place after church. I am tempted to think sometimes that this is rather out of my way: but it is a wile of the great enemy; for if the ministers don't engage in the work—and they can't do everything—it is surely the duty of laymen to promote the cause of their common Master by reclaiming wandering sinners. My first pensioner friend is ill in the hospital; and I went to visit, and read with him last Sunday, but did not get much encouragement. I must, however, go again. The other scheme I have in view is to rescue, if possible, these poor abandoned women, our own countrywomen, from the misery and degradation into which they have sunk. I went after one the other day, who I know is sick of her present life, but could not find her.

"I don't make much progress with the fiddle; the notes in the book bother me, and I don't give my mind to my lesson sufficiently. These demi-semi-quavers are alarming. I hope to play in time though. L. has begun the guitar, and taken to painting (both landscapes and bath-tubs),

so there is a taste for the fine arts being cultivated at the Breach." . . .

"BOMBAY, *27th Nov.* 1849.

"MY DEAREST —, . . . Well, I told you in my last that Mr. Larkins wanted me to do a little work on Sunday mornings, out at Parelle. We went together one morning, and found a small congregation of ten or twelve in the gardener's house; and Larkins gave an excellent address, suited to both old and young. The next Sunday I went myself—you may fancy at what a crucifixion of the flesh; but, as before, at the Pensioners', my prayer was heard, and I got through pretty well; though I find a poverty both of ideas and language, or rather a diffidence, for I could speak to you for a month on these matters. It is very encouraging to see the folk so anxious to hear; and most thankful are they for any one coming to them. The man is the gardener of the botanic gardens near Government House; he has a wife and two bairns; then he has another woman staying with him with two bairns, I think, and a few other folk come up to attend the meeting. I think of reading Baxter's 'Call' instead of extemporizing to them; and M. is to come out with me, and take charge of the bairns. I cannot make myself simple to them, though I did examine the orphans the other day in geography. You must aid this little work with your prayers,

and especially pray that the preacher may be preserved from attaching any merit to the undertaking; for it is indeed most true, that all his services, instead of deserving a reward, need a pardon. I take out Doddridge and other books to give the people, which may also be blessed. My plan is, first to sing a psalm, then pray, then a chapter in both Testaments (the destruction of Sodom and the Prodigal Son formed my subject last Sunday), after that another psalm and prayer. Tell me if these minutiæ interest you, or if I can fill my letters with anything more interesting; for I would fain be an agreeable correspondent, albeit a somewhat verbose one. The mail steamer is coming into the harbour, and I expect your letter to-night. Good-night."

"BOMBAY, 29*th Dec.* 1849.

"There is a dearth of employment just now in the office, pending the arrival of the steamer; so I will begin my epistle to you this afternoon, as I shall be busy next week, preparing for the outward mail. . . . My short experience tells me that the heart is the great source of all our sorrows: 'An evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God.' We did not know much of this at our conversion; and herein is manifested the grace of God, that brought us on line by line, and precept upon precept; not disclosing all at once the depths of our depravity, as the

sight would have horrified us, and sent us back to the world in despair. Don't you think this would have been the case?

"Well, M. and I continue to go out to Parelle on Sunday mornings; and I hope that our feeble efforts may be blessed with some success. I generally feel very dead in setting forth on these visits, and very shy and sinful during the service; but I am satisfied these are just temptations of the great enemy to draw me from the work. 'How are you fit,' he says, 'to preach to others who are yourself covered with sin? This is a mock service, approaching God with your lips, while your heart is far from Him.' But there is the more need of prayer to resist these attacks, and you can give me this aid on the Saturday night; for while you are engaged at your devotions at eleven, I shall be setting forth on my work between five and six on Sunday morning. You know we are about six hours before you here: we get the sun so much sooner, being far, far, far East. In the afternoon of Sunday, we drive round to the Pensioners, where M. has a small class; and I converse with the people—a cross, as you may believe, but a duty nevertheless.

"In one of my late letters, I told you of Richards, my first pensioner friend. Well, he is gone; and I regret that I did not know of his danger, or I should certainly have gone to him. And ah! how dead and cold were my appeals to

him! He might well have thought the subject of small importance, when he saw me so shy in speaking to him.

"Talking of your district, I was wandering the other day among a district of poor Portuguese, and had a very nice conversation with one widow, who has five children, and who, I believe, lives much with God. As you say, there is more simple faith among these classes than the rich, for they have little to attach them to the world; and being often nearly destitute, know practically that He who feeds the ravens and clothes the lilies, will not forsake His immortal creatures. I felt very shy in going into these houses, having no very good reason for assailing the inmates, except the offer of my services. I mean to prosecute this sort of work."

CHAPTER VIII.—1850, 1851.

SCHEMES OF USEFULNESS.

We continue the extracts from his letters until the time of his visit home in 1851; not without fear that the reader may complain of a biography composed almost entirely of correspondence. Were we to sketch his history and progress, as could be easily done from other sources, the gain in variety would be counterbalanced by the loss of freshness, simplicity, and truthfulness, which his own narrative eminently possesses. In glancing over the hasty accounts given by himself, of visits to the hospital, to the Pensioners' Home, to other fields of usefulness, we should bear in mind that all this was accomplished in an Indian climate. Even in our own land, with every advantage of fresh air and bracing atmosphere, it is no light matter for one who has been toiling at business papers, and bending over a desk for five or six hours, to lay secular work aside from head and heart, and to bend his steps to the long wards of a crowded hospital. But who that has ever

experienced the unutterable languor attendant on a Bombay climate, and inseparable from its enervating influence, can fail to admire that grace of God which alone enabled His servant to devote his scanty leisure in the comparative coolness of evening, to errands of personal benevolence and earnest Christian love? "I do not weary," he writes at this time, "my mind being much occupied with schemes." No doubt temptations to flag in the race must have been frequently insinuated into his mind by the great enemy; and when physically worn out at the close of a long hot day, we can conceive many a specious argument that would come with double force at such a time. But he never seems to have succumbed. Pursuing the even tenor of his way, he was admired by many, imitated and joined by few.

From expressions in his letters, the reader will gather that his constitutional shyness often rendered it a heavy cross for him to set forth on expeditions of usefulness, and that his heart frequently failed him, when commencing his little meeting at Parelle, or when entering the European hospital. But the light broke speedily; peace and strength were imparted; in the very effort to win souls to Jesus, he felt his own heart warm with love to his Great Redeemer; and over and over again experienced the fulfilment of the sure word of promise: "He that watereth others, shall be watered himself."

And although he little knew it himself, few were more naturally fitted for the work of *winning* souls. The tender sympathy, to which we have before alluded, and which caused him to throw himself into the feelings and circumstances of others; the deep humility that made him class himself with the worst of his hearers, and prevented the slightest consciousness, far less the appearance, of superiority, together with his peculiarly gentle demeanour, all combined to pave his way to hearts, and to obtain a ready entrance for his message there.

"BOMBAY, *February* 1850.

" . . . I was over yesterday at the Pensioners' Home, trying to win a man who has been a drunkard for forty years; and who confesses himself as so much happier now as a sober character. He has given us a good deal of trouble. The man I spoke of in my last died a few days ago; but his exchange was, I believe, a blessed one. What warnings we have had there!—three deaths already—yet I fear the survivors are little affected. I try to make them comfortable by visiting them frequently, and lending them books, and speaking as agreeably as possible with them.

"I have found another field of labour in the hospital, where I told you in my last there was a penitent Magdalene. Macduff took me there before he went away, and introduced me to the

matron, who was very kind; and I afterwards went in and saw the woman I allude to. I have since been a good deal with her, and her impressions seem to continue. There is another woman in the ward, who, they told me, was dying of consumption, one of the same class, and in a sad state of mind. I determined to speak to her, and she received me well. I went back the next Sunday after church, and read and prayed with her, and felt, as you may believe, very *choky*, and deeply interested. What a privilege for a hell-deserving sinner to be permitted to proclaim the gospel message to one just entering on eternity,—the 'faithful saying, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners!' I must have spent a couple of hours by her bedside, and have been there frequently since; but I fear my feeble efforts have little success. Three days ago, when I went to see her, she was in hopes of recovery; but I tried to undeceive her, for she is perceptibly wasting away, almost daily; and I fear she has no conception of her danger or her guilt. One feels so powerless in a work of this kind; for until the heart is touched by the Spirit of God, what can our efforts avail? It is wonderful to think how easily He, who at the first said, 'Let there be light, and there was light,' can shine into the dark heart of man. I tried to apply the case of the prodigal son to poor Bridget Norse's case; and she seemed interested, and very atten-

tive, but I fear her heart is not yet changed. She has a little boy who seems to cling to his dying mother, with pitiful cries, that almost make one's heart break. I must go and sit with her to-morrow, if she is still alive; but my faith wavers much in her case, and yet how thankful I am that I am well received and listened to (for the servant is not above his Master).

"There is another woman in the same ward that I have more hope of. She has not strayed so long, I believe; and there is another, a Mrs. B., who has a step-daughter at the orphanage, who is sinking fast, and whom I read to last Sunday. Altogether, I consider this is a field in which one may do much good, for when people are on a sick-bed they are much more disposed to receive serious impressions than when in health and strength. The matron is always glad to see me; and the very sight of her motherly, smiling countenance does one's heart good. I came across the head-doctor on Sunday; but, so far from being displeased, he said he was delighted to see me, and only wished that many more took the same interest in the hospital. We are going to find a home for those women in connexion with the pensioners' scheme. We have got a matron, and are now looking out for a house; but it will be a work needing much patience and prayer. I have given 'Doddridge' and the 'Sinner's Friend' to two of them in hospital. I

think one finds comfort in engaging in such works, and learns something of the depths of his own heart. I find too that I am apt to rest in them, to fancy that I have done something to recommend me to God. This is just a device of the tempter to keep me from Christ.

"I drove out the other day to see an old pensioner, who lives five or six miles from the Breach, and found him sitting smoking with some friends. A sermon then would have been out of place; but I left him that dear tract, 'The Sinner's Friend.' Another old pensioner, who had charge of the flagstaff on the hill behind our house, has also passed away. I knew him well, and used often to go up and talk to him. A week or two before his death, I was telling him how he must expect to go soon now, as he was an old man. When I was coming out of the hospital the other day, his daughter came crying after me, that he was gone. I was up the other night trying to comfort the family, or rather, telling them where to look for consolation. But I must now finish this letter. Really, dear, I've been much hurried, and I know you will regard it with a lenient eye."

The next extract is dated

"*April 2d*, 1850.

". . . . You interest me much by telling me what is passing at the moment of your writing. The employment of those in the room with you

or the mention of the dust-carts having passed the door, carries me right away in fancy to old No. 94; and in the stillness of a Saturday night, when Melrose's bright shop is closed, the sound of the dust-cart bell breaks on my ear, and as it dies away in the distance the shrill cry of 'Caller oo' is borne along on the night-breeze, awakening a train of recollections in the exile's heart which make him feel once more *almost* at home. Shall I ever hear these sounds again? . . . . You know I became secretary to the orphanage when Macduff left. I go and see the bairns about once a week. I have not got very well acquainted with them yet, and feel rather *shy*. And it is a trial for any one to come after such a kind friend to children as Macduff.

"But I daresay you are now wearying to hear something of the poor . . . en in the hospital. Well, the day after I wrote to you I went in after church to see Mrs. B., and found her just sinking. I tried to speak comfortably to her, but without effect; and two hours afterwards, the matron told me, she died. Poor Bridget Norse, too, has also gone! She lingered on for about a fortnight after I wrote to you, and had become quite a spectre. Latterly, I had not been much with her, as she was unable to listen to me, and was generally in a dozing state; but before, she seemed interested, and expressed herself very grateful for my visits, though there is too much

reason to fear she derived little benefit from them. Poor girl, she is now gone where our prayers and entreaties cannot reach her; and her untimely end should be a warning to us to do what we can in striving to reclaim others from such a course. There are three or four in the ward of the same class, whom I frequently visit, and endeavour to improve to them the solemn warnings they have lately had. Surely, if anything will arrest and alarm them, these deaths before their eyes should. I give them books and tracts, for which they are very thankful; and one, I would hope, who has been long a wanderer, is now a converted woman. It is a great privilege to speak to these poor creatures, though I often shrink from it, and feel, whilst [illegible] the source of all comfort, that I have as much need [illegible] to draw from that fountain of Living Water. If they saw my *heart*, they might truly say, 'Physician, heal thyself.' But this verse of the Psalmist comes to my aid, 'When my spirit is overwhelmed within me, *Thou* knowest my paths.'

"I told you —— is with us. He is a thorough man of the world; but as he had evidently observed my "'seriousness,' and checked himself when saying anything out of joint, I made bold to give him *James on Happiness* last Sunday. This led to some conversation, which was resumed last night, *tête-à-tête* after dinner. I told him I had tried both ways—the world and religion—and

found happiness in the latter. He admits that *he* has not found it yet. I mention this to show that one should not shrink entirely from contact with the world, because we thus miss opportunities of speaking a word for God. I would much rather, for instance, have dined alone yesterday; but you see an opening was given which I should not otherwise have had. I am going to give him 'Wilberforce,'—that dear book. He is clever and gentlemanly.

"Larkins and I have been engaged in a new work lately, going and speaking, and giving tracts in the grog-shops. Rather a daring thing to go into a place full of sailors over their grog, breaking in upon their social party; and yet we have met with a very good reception hitherto. The other night I came across one of those poor women there, who listened to me with deep interest, and seemed to devour the tract I gave her. She was horrified when she heard of poor Norse's death. I promised to take her into our asylum, and she seemed most grateful. I came away, feeling abundantly rewarded; and I think this is an encouragement to proceed in the work. It is difficult to get at these sailors, except in this way. But I must close. You see in what haste I write, and will forgive all blunders. I know my little details have an interest for you."

"... I think I mentioned in my last letter that L. and I had been visiting the grog-shops,

and we have since been on similar errands. Cholera was very prevalent among the men in the artillery a short time ago, and the corps were moved out of the Fort to tents on the esplanade, where we have visited them, thinking it a good opportunity to distribute tracts. We have met with a cordial enough reception. The suddenness of these solemn warnings, one would think, might alarm the survivors. One man told me that his comrade, who lay next to him, was laughing and talking in perfect health one morning, and the next he was a corpse. Now, is it likely that any one could receive a louder call than this to prepare? but what is the effect of these deaths? The men take to the *bottle* to drown their grief, and thus the judgments of God have only the effect of hardening their hearts. It is rather a cross to speak to these men, but not so bad as going into the taverns, where I really feel afraid, because I do not lean on the arm of Omnipotence. The Evangelical Alliance here have commenced some active work by appointing members to visit or distribute tracts in different parts of the island. Larkins and I have had the harbour assigned to us, and the other night we started off to visit some of the ships, where we were very kindly received. It is a great liberty this, you see, and a surly captain or mate might give us a very different reception. We wound up by calling at a vessel where we believed there was a pious captain

(taking him last, as the easiest); and we here found a nice circle of eight or ten Christians—three captains and two of their wives. We were cordially welcomed here. Some weeks before we had a prayer-meeting on board one of the Indian navy steamers, where there were a good many officers. Some of the sailors, too, came in: a pleasant sight indeed. We must go afloat again some night soon. This is a work which is likely to benefit both body and soul; the former by the fine fresh sea-breeze, and the exhilarating effect of being on the water, and the latter by showing us more of the depths of our own hearts, and the necessity for seeking power from on high. You speak truly when you say that one requires often to meditate on the value of the soul and things unseen, if one would feel the power of the truth in expostulating with others. I am very sensible of my want of this, particularly in speaking to the women in the hospital. We have had sad doings there again. I had not visited them for about three weeks, not liking to go until I could tell them we had got a house; and their patience seems to have been exhausted by the delay. Two of them, one the most hopeful of them all, have gone back again to the streets; and I can't help reproaching myself as in a great measure the cause. She has so often fallen away in this manner before that I fear her case is now almost hopeless. I hear she has returned to the hospital

deranged, and I must go and see her to-night. We have got a house at last. The children at the school go on well, and three new ones are to be added to-day. I am getting a lot of pets for the children—pigeons, rabbits, etc.—which may contribute to their enjoyment.

"This is the first day of our commercial year, the fourth to me as a partner. How time flies, and how soon it will be past! Let us cheer ourselves with the promises during our journey, particularly striving to abound in the work of the Lord, knowing that our labour is not in vain. I suppose I must take my annual trip somewhere soon; probably the hills again, where I think I should find a few *friends*.—Good-bye," etc.

The next letter is dated from Mahabaleshwar, and is penned in a glad and grateful strain:—

"ROSE COTTAGE, MAHABALESHWAR,
May 23, 1850.

"You will notice from the above that I am once more enjoying the beauties of this lovely spot; and, as you know, when one is in the country he has little inclination for scribbling. You will not expect a long letter. I left Bombay on the afternoon of the 13th, having got my work well up, and leaving the place with the impression that I was not neglecting my office duties, as these had almost terminated for the season;

otherwise I might have started on the 1st. I must say I had no great desire to come away, being in good health, and having ties among the pensioners, women, etc., which I knew I should not find up here; but still it is right that a man should take a change when he can get one, without abandoning his post.

"Before proceeding to say anything of my doings up here, I must tell you what a multiplicity of mercies I have been receiving. In addition to the great success which has attended our business lately, I had letters from Liverpool by last mail with the pleasing intelligence that they want me home next year! I need not say how this has rejoiced my heart, and I trust I am not ungrateful to Him from whom every good and perfect gift comes down. May He, of His great goodness, grant that nothing may interpose to prevent this plan being carried out. Surely we shall join together in ascribing praise and thanksgiving to Him! Don't think too much about this visit though, my dear, nor expect much from it; for it's an uncertain world, and we are always safest in expecting little enjoyment from it, knowing that so long as we are in the flesh our happiness cannot be perfect, and therefore longing for that time when, freed from corruption, we shall enter into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. You must not think though that such is my experience. I have such an abundance of bless-

ings in possession and prospect, that I feel in a manner attached to the world, and I pray that the great Giver of all would grant me faith to recognise His hand in these mercies, and give me a grateful heart to appreciate them, that they may thus be sanctified to me, and not be the means of drawing me away from Him, to rest in the creatures of His bounty. I feel as if I could not bear such a superfluity of good things, and think it will be necessary that some cross should be sent to draw my heart away from the world.

"I got up here on the afternoon of the 14th, rather hot and tired; for the phaeton gives one a sore jolting, and the heat at some parts of the road was intense. I am in delightful quarters, which, you may remember, are the same as I occupied in October 1846. What changes since then! I alone am left in this country of all the party—one dead, and the others scattered abroad. *Then* I was forward in all sorts of vice. What a change has the grace of God wrought in me since! This is really a delightful little cottage, quite like an English one, with paper on the walls of the room, and Gothic doors and windows, such as you see in country houses at home. It is a charming little place, and well named, from the profusion of roses in the garden—rather overgrown with wood though; so we set to work the other day, and cut down some of the trees, one right in the middle of the plot before the door (the coolness!), which

has opened up a very nice view of Elphinstone Point and the distant hills. You ask me who compose the 'we'? My chum is a young officer of the name of K., an Edinburgh man, whom I came out with, and who is up here just now on sick certificate; and as he was living all alone at the sanatarium, I thought, knowing him to be an amiable character, that he would be a pleasant companion, and that I might have some opportunity of having serious talk with him. In this I have not been disappointed, and am much pleased to find that he takes a great interest in religion, and is always ready to converse on the subject. I would hope, indeed, that he is a fellow-traveller, and that the grace of God has begun, and will carry on a good work in his soul. We have reading and prayers together in the morning, and I think our intercourse is owned of the Lord. I have given him 'Doddridge,' which I feel sure will interest him much; and I feel satisfied that whatever shyness I may occasionally experience in conversing on serious topics with him, we shall hereafter recall these hours with pleasure. He is a very amiable and amusing fellow, and in his company some of my home levity has returned (for you know I was once a very humorous companion). We occasionally take sort of fits over each other's jokes. Indeed, I don't know when I have been in such spirits as since I came up here; but I feel there is too much of nature, and too

little of grace, in it. The prospect of an early meeting with those I love dearest on earth, my promotion in the office, the delightful climate, and vigorous health, all combine to make me very happy. I have some nice friends up here too. There is a prayer-meeting on the Wednesdays at Mrs. Grave's, that worthy old lady I told you of last year. She has failed a little since then, and cannot teach the school regularly: but she is such a picture of an old lady; so cheerful, so resigned, that it does one's heart good to talk to her. . . .

"I had a call from Dr. Stevenson before I left Bombay, asking me to become an elder in the church. He said he would not take an answer from me *then*, as I should be sure to give a negative, but that I must think over it. You may suppose what my answer is. A man holding such a responsible post should be advanced in years and piety, which I am *not*.

"Remember me in your prayers, especially that my faith may be so increased that I shall be able to realize, that if I had been the only person in the world, the one lost sheep, the Good Shepherd would have left the throne of His glory to seek and save me. This is the faith that would awaken feelings of the deepest gratitude. May it be ours, my dearest —: Believe me," etc.

Through his next letter, written after his return

to Bombay, there runs the same under-current of happy feeling. He says :—

. . . My cup still continues to overflow ; and although I fear my late promotion and future prospects (a visit home especially) have something to do with this, I trust that my happiness also arises from a sense of God's favour. I need your prayers especially now, that I may not be dazzled by the success I meet with in this passing world. Prosperity is the Christian's great trial ; what the world calls *easy* circumstances are difficult to him. I was dining last night at Mrs. Leith's (she was staying with the Mylnes at the hills), where I met some nice Christian friends,—Colonel and Mrs. Lester, Captain and Mrs. Tremenheere, Mr. and Mrs. Graham, Reverend Mr. Candy, a very devoted minister (English), and Mr. Spring. I had a good deal of talk with Mrs. Lester and Miss King. I give you names, because you are sadly inquisitive ! I think I am getting into a sort of circle of Christian friends ; and Mrs. Murray Mitchell, the lady of a Free Church missionary here, has begun a meeting on the Tuesdays, at which I hope to meet some nice people. But I must return to your letter. You allude to the poor women here whom we are trying to reform. I was shocked to hear that the most hopeful of them died the other day in hospital. I saw her the last Sunday I was there,

but had no idea she was in any danger. I wish I had been with her latterly, but I have been necessarily prevented from going regularly the last fortnight. I resumed the other night in the men's ward, and before I came away got a small audience of four around me. I generally go to each, but on this occasion two others came up to listen (one of them a boy, to whom I had given Richmond's *Annals of the Poor*), which is rather encouraging. I try to win them by kindness if possible, speaking the truth in love; and few can resist this. It is a very important field, and I intend to go regularly twice a week.

". . . A brother merchant has just come in to tell me that he has read, and greatly admires, Foster's Preface to Doddridge, which I lent him some weeks ago. It certainly takes to pieces the objections people make to religion." . . .

The following letter contains allusion to an illness similar to that from which he had suffered in the autumn of 1845. On this occasion the inflammation was quickly subdued; and his general health does not seem to have been impaired.

How different the tone of his feelings under *this* illness; how strong the contrast between the expressions in this letter and that written after the previous attack! Outward circumstances are much the same—the pain, and the sharp remedies, and the lonely sick-chamber, far away from home

and loved ones. But there is a Friend with him now in that sick-room, all unseen by mortal eyes; and the sweet whispers of a Saviour's gentle voice sound in his ear, "It is *I*, be not afraid." He speaks of "many happy hours" spent in this best companionship, and not only receives *patiently* the loving discipline of a wise and gracious Father's hand, but thanks God for this fresh, special token of condescending love. Already we recognise the presence of that thankful spirit which, during many years of weakness and weariness, hushed the faintest approach to a murmur, and found matter for grateful praise where many saw reason only to pity and to sympathize.

"BOMBAY, 31*st August* 1850.

"You asked me in one of your letters lately who my Hindu friend was; so I send you a note that I had from him the other day, and you will be good enough not to treat the young man's sufferings with levity! You see how tenderly he inquires after my health. I had a slight return of my old friend, inflammation in the chest; but it soon gave way after two applications of leeches, and I am now quite well again. I cannot help feeling grateful for this gentle chastisement. I was becoming too much absorbed in the world, and a loving Father graciously laid me aside for a little, that I might have some time for serious reflection. I had many happy hours during my

confinement; and in my study of the Scriptures I had some new views of the character of God. One passage I was much struck with, Hosea xi. 8th verse, particularly the last clause: 'Mine heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together.' What language from the Creator to His rebellious children! and then to see this so powerfully exhibited in that scene, Luke xix. 41st and 42d, where our Saviour wept over Jerusalem. Isaiah lvii. 16th, I also think very comforting. But I must now proceed to thank you for your kind letter of 16th July, which warmed my heart at a time when I was a good deal harassed by the mail. I should be unworthy of the name of brother did I not feel deeply the expression of your delight at the prospect of my visit home. Fancy the girl really in such a state of excitement! but you see from what has happened since I last wrote, dear, how little we can count on health or anything here. Let us trust all to Him who knows what things we have need of far better than we do ourselves. Is it not a delightful reflection, that if you or I were seated on the throne of the universe we could not possibly order events more for our real good than those which befall us now? We are children, and isn't it constantly the case that *they* choose things which their father disapproves of? As to the length of my visit home, it is to be hoped that I shall be *allowed* to return to Bombay before

those horrid November blasts set in to chill my feeble frame!"

Our next extract is dated

"*October 3d*, 1850.

"We have resumed the work in the harbour, and now go twice a week, which is little enough to enable us to visit all the ships. So far we have been received most civilly, and one man the other night gave Larkins ten rupees to employ in any object he might think fit. This was quite unsolicited, and we think of making it the commencement of a fund for getting out a missionary expressly for the harbour. I have bought a boat partly for this, and partly because I think the sailing about is pleasant; and we are now very independent. To-morrow we mean to go across to Elephanta, and see the man there, who is far away from any means of grace. You ask about the asylum: it gets on wonderfully well; and I am rather surprised that the women remain in it. They are certainly more comfortable than they could have been before, but till the *heart* is changed we must not be surprised if they return to their old courses. I continue to visit the hospital regularly twice a week, and I still find it rather a cross; but after conversing a little with the men, this feeling goes off. I have commenced distributing Bibles to all who have not got them, nice gilt-edged ones, that the men take a sort of

pleasure in having covered; but I hope they will be led to study them diligently. It is difficult to reprove without giving offence, and I find this when on Sundays I come across some men reading novels. They always admit that it is wrong, though they might turn upon me and say, 'What's that to you?' We had an evening set apart here for prayer lately, and there was a large attendance of all denominations of Christians. Many had been mourning over the sad state of the Church, so cold and dead; missionary efforts apparently attended with no good result. So God's people met to plead the precious promises, which we know cannot fail. I trust our prayers will not be unanswered, on account of the unbelief mingled with them. In my own case, I must say I have been led of late to think more of my dependence upon the Spirit of God for growth in grace. But it is a doctrine so humbling to the flesh, that the natural man is ever trying to do something of himself. We continue to have a nice meeting on the Friday evenings, when we have always some advanced Christians, whose remarks and experience are valuable to those who are only 'babes in Christ.'

"Have you not difficulty sometimes in realizing that you are 'complete in Him;' that 'there is *no condemnation*' to you; that you stand before God more pure than Adam ere he fell? I find myself continually brought under the law; and

as every day some of the depths of iniquity in my own heart are revealed, the tempter takes advantage of this, to draw away my eyes from the Saviour. I expect to prize the little book of promises you have sent me, because one cannot always call to mind, at the time, an appropriate promise.

"How very kind it is in Mrs. B. to be already thinking of the preparations required when I come home! Tell her, with my love, that it is too long a-head yet to name a month; when I take my passage, about March next, she shall have timely advice."

"*October 24th.*— . . . Oh, how much need is there for us to be *always* abounding in the work of the Lord, when so many are daily passing into eternity, ignorant of the only way of salvation for perishing sinners! There have been some striking deaths in the hospital lately. That young man I wrote to you about, who was sinking of consumption, died about three weeks ago. I sat by him a few hours before he breathed his last. In the opposite bed lay another, whose life was also just drawing to a close. What a solemn scene! and yet so cold and dead was my heart that I felt little affected by it. Surely, if *anything* would make a deep impression on one, a scene like this should. The young man died that night, and the other the next morning."

"*December 3d.*— . . . I go on here in my usual

way, without much novelty, sadly beset by temptations in the last few days, seeing something of the depths of my own heart; and as the answer to my prayers for strength and wisdom seems to be delayed for a time, my walk is rather clouded. I bless God for that narrative of the Syrophenician woman in Matthew xv. 21, and am getting some new light on that portion of the Word. Instead of being repulsed, because our Lord did not answer her, *she came near and worshipped Him.* How encouraging is this! and what a blessing did she receive!"

The closing hours of 1850 were spent in united prayer.

"*January* 1*st*, '51.—We had a pleasant evening last night; but I was not so much revived as I should have been, had my heart been in a better or more waiting state. After the other people left, I remained behind to have a season of prayer with Larkins, as we have in the past year engaged in many works together. How humbling, indeed, is the review of all these, almost enough to fill one with despair! May you and I both resolve that this year we shall devote ourselves more entirely to the service of Christ, making love and gratitude to Him the *grand* spring of all our actions! And I am going to try the plan that dear —— recommends, of looking to Jesus for the supply of every want, during the hours of business

and leisure striving to draw from Him the grace or wisdom which, *at the time*, I may need. What happy lives we might thus lead!—and why should we not thus walk with God? Let us pray much over this, dear, and bear in mind our Saviour's own words, 'Without me ye can do nothing.' I am rather busy again this morning, but will try during the day to plead the encouraging promise, 'Come unto me, all ye that *labour*,' etc., 'and I will give you rest.' What comfort we may draw from remembering that He who spake these words has the same heart of love now as He had then.

"The gardener's wife at Parelle has been dangerously ill, and I had to sit and pray with her two Sundays ago. I felt that morning that I was not prepared to be thus ushered into what seemed almost the room of death. She is better now, and I trust the chastisement may be blessed to her. Larkins and I went out one week-day to pray with her—he speaks with such confidence, and goes home to these sort of people. You ask about the orphanage. I have a sad tale to tell you about it. You remember my mentioning in one of my letters that there is one of the girls there, Bella M'Cartney, and her sister, whom I took a fancy to. Well, when I was coming away from the hospital on Sunday, I thought I might as well go into the women's ward, and there I found poor Bella nursing little Amey, who had

been attacked with cholera only that morning, and was then fast sinking. It was indeed an affecting scene. I could do nothing for the poor girl but commit her to God. She died the next morning at two, and has, I have no doubt, gone to a far happier world. Bella is, of course, in great affliction, as she was devotedly attached to Amey. I went this morning to try and speak a word of comfort to her, but I felt so cold and dead that I could scarcely speak; and I came away without praying with her, for which I have since reproached myself most bitterly. Oh, what a burden is this inward cross! I tell you these things because they are uppermost in my thoughts, and because I think you have some sympathy with me. Another of our poor women died on Saturday. She left the asylum with Mary Kelly, and, of course, soon after they both were driven to the hospital. She was speaking to one of the others when she was suddenly seized with a pain in her chest, and died in about a quarter of an hour afterwards—awfully sudden, indeed. Mary Kelly is also in a dangerous way; but she has had so many warnings that even this will, I fear, fail to awaken her. I must now take up your letter. Your account of Mr. Caird's sermon on the fast-day is most interesting, and I do hope that your mention of this all-important subject, the sufferings of our Saviour, will not be lost on me. I

have had peace before in meditating on the point you refer to—our Lord's foreknowledge of His sufferings; but these solemn themes affect me but little *now*. I now come to your notice of *La Famille Evangélique*, which certainly seems an excellent institution. It is very kind of you to let me have an opportunity of subscribing to it. By this mail I send you a £10 note, £5 of which is for this charity, and £5 for yourself,—a Christmas box, you know. If you have any difficulty in raising the other five for the French scheme, let me know, and I will at once send it to you. You may *count* upon it from me, if you feel any delicacy in asking others to contribute."

There are Christians who profess to be ready to *work* for Christ; but they cannot, or they will not, give money for His cause. Robert did both; and while from the commencement of his religious life he sought earnestly to bring others to the Saviour, he possessed the willing hand and the open purse for every work of charity. In the city of his exile, he promoted every scheme of benevolence, and was ever among the foremost to give liberally of his substance. But his money found other outlets than in Bombay. From time to time he sent home considerable sums to be appropriated to various charities. And when God further prospered him in his worldly calling, and

his means of usefulness were increased, he regularly transmitted to Scotland £200 annually, to be given away. For the last ten years of his life, he supported one of the city missionaries in Edinburgh, in whose labours and journal he took a deep interest, delighting to supply him regularly with religious works and periodicals for the use of his district.

His cup of prosperity was full at the commencement of the year 1851, and, as we have seen, his heart overflowed with thankful joy as he "counted up his mercies" in possession and prospect. And now a fresh subject for praise is inscribed on his list, and a new song of joy rises from his lips as he joins the angels of heaven in their anthems of praise over one sinner that repenteth. One evening he sat by the sick-bed of a man in the hospital, seeking to awaken him to a sense of his spiritual danger. The man was a sailor and a foreigner; had probably enjoyed few religious advantages, and was utterly careless of his highest interests. Time after time this Christian friend visited him, read to him, prayed with him. There was no echo, no response from the sick man, and a dull sense of discouragement fell on the visitor's heart. But he persevered, and the blessing came. On the evening we refer to, as he looked up, after reading a passage of Scripture, he was surprised to see tears rolling down the weather-beaten face of the

sailor. The flood-gates were broken up; the icy heart was melted. "What must I do to be saved?" was now the anguished cry of the soul. Stinging memories of old sins crowded into the mind, cold apathy yielded to deep conviction, and the man refused to be comforted. Day by day Robert sat by his bed, and day by day spoke words of heavenly peace, and repeated promises of glorious freeness. At length he quoted a verse: "Take the Saviour at his word, that word of His: 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out;' only try Him, only trust Him, and *if* He cast you out, you will be the very first He has thus treated." And then the light broke, sweeter and more welcome because of the "night of weeping" that had preceded it; and there was joy in heaven over a returning prodigal.

And very soon the new constraining principle within began to develop itself in yearning desires and efforts that others might taste the same love and grace with himself; burning words came fresh and glowing from the new convert's lips, prompted by the ardour of "first love;" and to one individual at least, in the same ward, these words were blessed to his soul's conversion.

The sailor recovered: he left Bombay; but before embarking in his new ship, he came to call for his friend, to ask his prayers, and to profess his firm trust in the Friend of sinners.

The above anecdote is related as it fell from Robert's own lips; there are but casual allusions to the incident in his hurried letters of this period.

"BOMBAY, *January* 31, 1851.

"I have just come from our Friday evening meeting, and as I am not likely to have much leisure time in the next two days, I must write you a few lines before I go to bed. I felt rather refreshed to-night; how could it be otherwise when the chapter we were considering was Revelation iii.? The addresses there given to the different churches by our Lord were considered to apply to different states of the Christian; and it would be well for us to see to which class we belong. Can we take to ourselves the commendation applied to the Church at Philadelphia? or do we fall under the rebuke given to the Laodiceans? There was one point brought forward particularly to-night, and that is the sympathy existing between Christ and the members of His body. In every believer He lives His life over again. Our temptations, our sorrows, are all felt by Him; and just as when any member of our body gives us pain, the head plans some way of relieving it; so does our glorified Head cause the pains which His members suffer all to work together for good. I am not very clear, I daresay, but you may see my meaning; and I do think this view of our relation to

Christ is exceedingly comforting, and one on which we should often meditate. There are generally ten or a dozen at these meetings, consisting of two or three clergymen, two merchants (one besides myself), two native converts, and some poorer brethren. We have them alternately at each other's houses (not *mine* though). The next is to be on board Captain Hamlin's ship, a most devoted man, with whom I went the other night on a short missionary cruise in the harbour.

"I endeavoured yesterday to 'commit my way unto the Lord,' and seek wisdom from Him. I found much peace, and had my prayer answered. Why should we not come to Jesus for *everything?* Has He not told us, 'Without me ye can do nothing;' and 'in all things make your requests known unto God?' Look at Solomon and the men of old, who went *direct* to God, and asked from Him wisdom. Is He not the same God now that He was then?

"There is some encouragement in my work too; as the gardener yesterday told me, he was very anxious to take the sacrament, but he must see a clergyman first, of course. Then in the hospital I had an interesting talk with a Swede, who is under deeply serious impressions, and wept most bitterly. He says he can't find peace; but I read to him Luke xi. 1-13, and encouraged him to persevere, reminding him how long God had waited for us; and that

we must not complain if we wait a little for Him. There was an *awful* death in the same ward a few days before, which has had an effect upon him, and, I hope, on some of the others. I wish I were at your side to tell you about all these things, but having little time to spare I must hurry on. I don't take much notice of my Hindu friend now. I was annoyed at him the other day for coming to ask me for the loan (?) of £5 to make a feast. I told him he must cut his coat according to his cloth; and as he was a poor lad, he must give a poor feast. The more you give these natives the more they want." . . .

"*February 17th.*— . . . The work at the hospital is now of the most interesting description. I mentioned in my last the case of the Swede. He is still in great distress, but seeking most earnestly, and we know what the issue must be. I was with him yesterday, and prayed with him; and it is really a privilege and a pleasure to see the wonderful effects of the grace of God in his case. I came across another case yesterday, which I hope will be interesting—a sailor lad, who was nearly lost, with all the crew, coming out from home. I have had precious opportunities lately of speaking for Christ, particularly to F., who, you will be delighted to hear, is under serious impressions. Oh pray that they may be lasting. I am not without hopes of 'interesting ——, whom

I have persuaded to begin *Foster's Essay* to Doddridge.'" . . .

Again, on 3d March, in a very hurried letter, he alludes once more to the case of the Swedish sailor:—

". . . I wish I had time to tell you of the Swede I mentioned in my last letter. Suffice it to say that, after great tribulation, he has at length found *peace*, and is now rejoicing in Christ. On Sunday week he was still in doubt, but your favourite verse, 'Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out,' was the means of establishing him! It is quite delightful to witness the poor man's exuberance of joy, after the bitter tears of penitence which a short time ago he shed. There can be no doubt of the sincerity of the work, and the best evidence of this, I think, is his concern for the souls of those around him. He goes about striving to show others their danger, and the man in the next cot is already deeply interested. So it is impossible to estimate the extent of good that may result from this man's conversion. I wish I felt more humble in being used by God in such a wonderful work; but I am much disposed to take the praise to myself. Is not this one case enough encouragement for me to work for a lifetime, although I should never see further symptoms of success?

"Yes, if all be well, I hope to leave this by

the steamer of 17th April (next month, only fancy!); and although I have not yet taken it in fully, the prospect being almost too ecstatic to be *believed*, I hope to present myself at No. 4, somewhere about the end of June, if not before, after having seen something of the Continent; going *viâ* Trieste, Como, Milan, etc. I wish some of you would come and join me at Alexandria, that we might go on together. At any rate, do write by the 18th April mail, and address me, 'Post-Office, Alexandria.' The joy of meeting around the family altar again *all* whom I left behind, and accompanying you to church on the Sunday, seems to me too great to be realized. And if such enjoyment be granted us, surely our hearts will overflow with gratitude, and our mouths with praise. I should like very much to make the acquaintance of Mr. W., and to go about with him to the hovels of the poor. I expect great pleasure in this way at home."

We close the account of the first period of Robert's life in India, by quoting the following letter from the friend with whom he was so intimately associated during these years, and which is appropriately inserted here, as it gives a slight sketch of his character and work at this time. From Mr. Larkins (then of the Bombay Civil Service) Robert received great encouragement and aid in his religious life, which he often gratefully acknowledged:—

"BRISTOL, *December* 26, 1864.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—I have received your letter this day, and am pleased that you have written to me, because I am able, from long acquaintance with your brother, to speak on matters that are interesting. The recollections of Robert Brown are very pleasant. We saw little of one another at his first coming out, although, being acquainted with his partner, I occasionally met him. I cannot trace the first commencement of Divine life in his soul. The letters of a beloved friend were, under the power of the Holy Spirit, the means of deciding him. After his conversion we were very intimate. After he became a Christian, he felt compelled to labour for Jesus. He proved that a Christian could attend to his lawful, ordinary calling, and in it serve the best of Masters. His leisure hours were sanctified to the service of God. His own soul, while learning the difficulties of self-denial, tasted the enjoyment of being occupied in winning souls; and thus duty became privilege; service, delight.

"He was gentle. His very gentleness won attention from his hearers, and his persuasive eloquence in telling 'the sweet story of old,' by the very simplicity of his statements, attracted them. I used to admire his way of teaching, and often thought how greatly God had blessed it; and almost envied his success. He enjoyed the communion of saints, and loved, with other Christians,

to read and meditate on the Word of God. He received views that were new to him with caution, and loved that which exalted the Saviour, brought glory to God, and honoured the Holy Spirit. He not only worked himself, proving that the Christian is responsible for the life which God gives him, but helped forward tract distribution, was a member of the Tract Society's Committee, the Bible Society's Committee, and a liberal supporter of those means which alleviate the sufferings of mankind, as well as those which make known to perishing sinners the salvation of God. He loved the house of God, acknowledged the use of means, and highly prized the privilege of making known to others the grace which had made him free. His labours were many. At home he raised the altar of devotion in the closet and in the family. Vessels were visited for the purpose of giving away tracts and speaking for Jesus. I do not remember any work that interested him more than the European hospital. It was probably his first sphere of direct labour. It took many a struggle to overcome the difficulty of going. After office hours in a tropical clime, one is inclined to seek relaxation in driving or other exercise, but dear Robert Brown was found generally thrice a week bending his steps to that abode where sickness and death meet the eye, telling, in all simplicity, the sweet story of God's love to poor sinners, thereby cheering many a heart, and winning souls to God. On

Sunday mornings, before breakfast, he used to visit a poor pensioner who resided at a place called Parelle, distant about five miles from his own dwelling. With this man, and with others who assembled, he read and prayed. The Pensioners' Home employed some of his leisure, and called forth his sympathies. He used also to visit frequently the Orphanage at Breach Candy.

"Active and benevolent, patient and pleasing, he could tenderly regard the failing of a brother, considering himself lest he might be tempted. His meekness was conspicuous.

"India has had her heroes; bloody wars have called forth ardent patriots; and Englishmen have won honours which belong to earth. Robert Brown has earned a different glory. It was his to take the sword of the Spirit. It was his to be a soldier of the Lord Jesus. Among the many who have witnessed for God in benighted India, with her multitudes of idols, he, among the number, will be found, at the coming of the Lord, receiving that 'well done,' which will be the best reward for every act of self-denial, and which marks the Master's approbation of victories gained through His power and grace. If labour in a friendly clime is trying from its varied circumstances and many difficulties, what must it be in a climate which prostrates and weakens the labourer? Yet, amidst all difficulties, he was found an example to all around him.

"Pleasant times we passed together. Loved, honoured, and respected, he has gone to be for ever with his Lord. He has gone, but his memory is fresh. His labour is not in vain. A cup of cold water shall not be forgotten: how much less the earnest efforts of the Indian labourer, constrained by the love of Jesus to toil in an unhealthy climate, labouring for souls, so that God in all things might be glorified. . . . —Yours very sincerely,

J. P. LARKINS."

CHAPTER IX.—1851, 1852.

HOMEWARDS—HOLY LAND.

FOR many long months Robert's visit to his native land had been eagerly anticipated by the family circle at home. Summer plans were all arranged with reference to his arrival, and his letters show how much the prospect filled his own heart with gladness. He sailed from Bombay April 17th, 1851; and from a few pencilled notes, jotted down in a little pocket-book on the way home, we transcribe the following:—

"18*th*.—Did not feel much regret on parting with my friends on board the steamer, as I hope to see them again soon. Was glad to have an opportunity of speaking to ——, and trust the word spoken in weakness may be brought home by the Spirit to his heart. When seated at tea, about eight o'clock, saw an enormous centipede, about six inches long, crawling very near where I thought of making my bed. At once abandoned all thoughts of sleeping in such a perilous neigh-

bourhood. Soon after, began a search for my bed, in which Dalpratt most kindly assisted me, and lent me his plaid and pillow. I cannot but feel extremely grateful for his very kind reception of me; really it would seem as if here, where I feared I should only meet men of the world, I am brought into contact with Christian brethren. Was tried by the fear of man when about to engage in my evening devotions, but remembered Daniel, how he could not be deterred from worshipping his God, although threatened with immediate death; was encouraged by his example to pray. How desperately wicked is this heart of mine! I am continually ashamed of Christ, although He has assured me that the everlasting arms are around me, and that even when I pass through the waters He will be with me."

"21*st*.—Rather unsettled to-day, but will try to continue looking unto Jesus, that amid my multitude of thoughts His comforts may delight my soul. Making little progress in the voyage, not averaging more than 150 miles a day."

"22*d*.—Was glad that I had an opportunity last night of speaking to the purser. He *would* hold that man is not responsible, since he cannot come to Christ unless he is called."

"28*th*.—Gave some tracts to the men yesterday, and talked with them. Was greatly helped, although I felt very backward in beginning. Felt very thankful this morning; have received much

kindness on board; wish I had the power of requiting it, and hope I shall, if I ever have a house of my own in Bombay. Delightful breeze to-day; hope to reach Aden in three or four hours."

"30*th*.—Reached Aden about 5 P.M. on the 28th, and was delighted to find the Calcutta boat had not arrived. . . . The arrangements on board are delightful, and everything seems plentiful. Fine breeze to-day in our favour, and many apparently agreeable people on board. Truly my cup continues to overflow; but, alas! how forgetful is my heart of the bounteous Giver of all."

Before reaching Suez, and while the steamer still toiled on her weary way through the burning heat of the Red Sea, Robert was seized with an attack of inflammation in the chest, to subdue which sharp and weakening remedies were at once applied. The most considerate kindness was manifested towards the invalid by every one on board, and he often spoke afterwards of the comfort he experienced, in particular, from the tender brotherly care of a Baptist minister, to whom he refers in his journal as having joined the Bombay passengers at Suez. This truly Christian stranger sat beside his berth day after day in the small close cabin, assiduously fanning him. Such an act of self-denying kindness can only be truly estimated by those who have themselves encoun-

tered the furnace-like atmosphere of the Red Sea, and who remember their sensations on being cooped up even for a short time in their hot cabins. On the third day of his illness, he notes:—

"*4th May.*—Another application of leeches and mustard blister. Lots of medicine, and vomiting, and feeding on slops. The Baptist missionary very kind in coming down to see me, and also the doctor and apothecary. I have quite lost this Sabbath; but how blessed it is to know that we have to deal with Him who remembers we are dust!"

He rallied after a few days, but was too much prostrated by the attack and consequent treatment to accompany the other passengers across the desert, and remained several days at Suez, until he gathered strength to proceed. This delay led to a still longer one; and instead of reaching home about the middle of May, he did not arrive until two months later. First at Suez, and then again at Cairo, Robert met the Rev. Dr. Aiton of Dolphinton, and agreed to accompany him on a short visit to the Holy Land. Doubtless there was more prudent consideration for his health in the hasty adoption of this route than one would gather from his letters.

The following extracts are from a letter commenced at Suez. The date of the second sheet,

"On the Nile," occasioned considerable surprise to those who thought he was wending his way home with all speed :—

"HOTEL, SUEZ, *May* 9, 1851.

". . . I only wish I could stretch my hand across this isthmus, and get that letter of yours which is waiting for me at the post-office in Alexandria, for the reading of it would indeed be a solace in this 'desert place;' but I must just exercise a little patience, and in the meantime begin an epistle to you. Well, my letter to my father would tell you of my having been taken ill on board the *Haddington*, and thus obliged to remain behind here till I gather strength for the journey to Cairo. Humanly speaking, this seems an unfortunate interruption in my journey homewards; but I feel very sure that it will be overruled for good. Is it not singular that, in writing to Mrs. B., I should have expressed a wish for a season of retirement, and almost immediately afterwards I should have been taken ill? I only fear that now, when such a favourable time has been granted to me, it will pass by unimproved; for how many excuses is the mind ready to make when conscience tells us we should set apart a season for prayer and study of the Word. I have striven, however, to-day to overcome these temptations, and have spent some pleasant, and I hope profitable, hours over St. Mark's gospel. You may

be sure that in my devotions my thoughts dwelt much on you all at home. But I am not telling you how I am getting on here. Why, the kindness of the landlord and landlady exceeds everything, and almost makes me feel uncomfortable. Mrs. Dempsie, in particular, strives in every way to minister to my wants; she seems quite above her station, has only just come out here, and she tells me has a sister married to a lawyer in Edinburgh. How much does her kindness contribute to my comfort here! for when one is sick there are many little acts of kindness which we feel and value then, but soon forget when we recover. But indeed I have been most kindly treated by all here, and I may say all the way from Bombay. I am now the only guest in this spacious mansion; the last, Dr. Aiton, minister of Dolphinton, who came to see his son off in the Calcutta steamer, left last night again for Cairo. Hearing that I was a Scotchman, he expressed a wish to see me, and we had a pleasant chat together last night. He is a very tall man, with a very bald head. He is going to make a short tour in the Holy Land, now that he has come thus far, but hopes to be back in his parish two or three months hence.

"10*th*.—My window commands a view of the Suez water, a long shallow sheet of water, intersected by several sandbanks, which prevent the large steamers from coming up near this. Suez

itself seems nothing but a collection of mud huts, and I don't think the climate has much to recommend it. Instead of those fine fresh sea-breezes that we used to have in Bombay, there is here a fiery hot wind called the campsing, which blows across the desert, seeming to carry a plague in its very path, so withering and oppressive does it feel. I daresay you can scarcely fancy a wind blowing *hot*, and I hope you may never have a taste of it; for even these eastern gales that sweep round the corner of your streets in the month of March, biting and miserable as they are, are far to be preferred.

"I am glad to say that I have succeeded in arranging to start this afternoon for Cairo in a van all to myself, in which I shall be able to make up a bed; and as I am so much better, I have no doubt of being able to bear the fatigue of the journey. I must now say good-bye, and hope to resume again at Cairo."

The second sheet of this letter is dated "On the Nile," and is headed by a sketch of one of the river boats, containing a tall figure in a prominent position, and in a very menacing attitude, purporting to be a faithful portrait of "R. B. threatening the refractory boatmen." He proceeds,—"Here we are on the Nile, in a craft somewhat similar to the above sketch; but I must tell you how and when we got here, and whither we are bound. To proceed in order, I left Suez on

the afternoon of the 10th, and though I felt the jolting a good deal at first, the mattress was such a delightfully soft one, that I managed to get through the journey without being the worse of it, and arrived in time for breakfast next morning. Nearly the first person I came across was Dr. Aiton, complaining most bitterly of the climate of Cairo, and declaring that he was determined to be out of it to-morrow, or he would soon be either a corpse or an Egyptian mummy! Before I had been many hours in Cairo, I began to feel the heat most suffocating, and came to the resolution of accompanying the Doctor to Damietta; and as he tells me he does not expect that his trip to the Holy Land will occupy him more than a fortnight, and this seems so good an opportunity of visiting those scenes, I think I cannot do better than embrace it."

"15*th*.—Still on the Nile, and very comfortable we make ourselves, though I cannot say we have all the luxuries that we had on board the Calcutta steamer. Sometimes we get a dinner and sometimes not, just stopping at the villages on the way down, and waylaying some unfortunate fowl, or a quantity of eggs, which serve us nicely. We have capital bread, and when we are thirsty we have nothing to do but to fill our jug from the river, which contains excellent water. We have not made very much progress since we started, as the wind has generally been against us, and the row-

ing is rather a tedious process, so I fear we shall not reach Damietta before to-morrow night. We have frequent *rows* with the crew, who will persist in wasting time when they go on shore; and yesterday the Doctor took the captain before the Bey, who threatened to bastinadoe him if he did not proceed at once. These Beys, or magistrates, have the power of life and death; so you may fancy the Arabs are in some little dread of them. We have a very good sort of man for a servant, a handsome Egyptian, who speaks English capitally. He rather took us by surprise the first night, by asking us if we were going 'to pray to the Lord, because, if so, he would join us,' which he afterwards did. We had some nice talk with him, from which it appeared that he is a Copt, but has been educated in the truths of the Christian religion, and knows the Bible well, having a clear view, particularly, of the nature of sin. But I must wind up; the Dr. is lying close alongside of me. Multitudes of flies are fastening on all parts of my countenance (the plague of Egypt), and Adie's thermometer stands at 93°!"

"16*th*.—Still wending our way slowly down the Nile, and if we were not rather pinched for time, we could scarcely regret the tardiness of our progress, for it is indeed a beautiful river, and we are constantly passing by some village, which, with its lofty minarets, forms a pleasing variety to the scene. The ground along the banks is beauti-

fully green and fertile; more so, I fancy, than any other country in the world. The weather to-day is delightfully cool and pleasant, and we are hoping to reach Damietta this afternoon; so the boatmen would make us believe, but we cannot place any reliance on *their* word."

They reached Damietta on the 17th, and without delay started for Jaffa, after dining with the English Consul—a repast which Robert characterizes as "a funny dinner; many dishes, and none of them very tempting except the pudding! He showed us all the mouthpieces of his pipes before dinner,—a magnificent collection, made of amber, and studded with diamonds. One alone he values at £150. A grand pipe seems to be the chief ambition of the people here, and they are continually smoking and drinking coffee."

After dinner they embarked, but were kept for several days tossing about in an open boat near the mouth of the river, and prevented by contrary winds, and a heavy rolling surf, from crossing the bar.

"I cannot say we are very comfortable, as there is nothing in the shape of a cabin in the boat, and we have just to lie on a quantity of rice-bags, rather an uneven bed. We have a piece of canvas spread over to keep us from the sun by day and the dew by night."

"21*st*.—Not been very well to-day, but I find that my sufferings bring me to Christ; so it is surely gracious of Him to send them."

On the 24th he was "greatly rejoiced to hear that Jaffa was in sight about noon. Soon afterwards I landed in the quarantine boat, but so prostrated that I was scarcely able to walk up the stairs. Am most thankful to get on shore again, although we have the prospect of being locked up in this prison for four or five days. It consists of a square of about twenty yards each way, with a row of rooms on three sides of it, just like a jail, where the condemned felons are seen prowling about in the afternoon to enjoy the sea-breeze. It is delightfully cool, just on the sea. The breakers are rolling in this morning with great violence, and the few ships in the offing are tossing about very pleasantly to *look at*. Jaffa seems a very pretty little town, built on a hill, just rising above the sea. It is interesting as being the place where Jonah embarked when he fled from the face of the Lord, and also where Peter dwelt in the house of Simon the tanner, and raised the dead Tabitha to life. Climate delightful; almost cold for an Indian."

A letter, written a few days after the above entry, gives a hasty sketch of their subsequent proceedings.

"JERUSALEM, *May* 31*st*.

". . . We remained in quarantine till Wednesday, when the doors were thrown open, and at about one o'clock we mounted our steeds, and set out for the Holy City. We had a long and tedious

journey that night, and over such a road, covered with huge stones, so that it seemed quite a miracle how the horses kept their feet. When we did halt we found that our resting-place was an old convent, with nothing but the bare walls standing. So we had just to make the best of it, and lay our beds down on the cold ground beside the horses. We were overcome with fatigue, and you may conceive our sensations on awaking next morning, sore and stiff, with the prospect of another ride of three hours before us. We set out shortly after four, and, after wending our way over a rough and generally uncultivated country, when rounding the brow of a hill, we gained our first glimpse of the minarets of the Holy City, and immediately afterwards Jerusalem itself stood before us in all its desolate grandeur. My first impression on beholding it was, that it had all the appearance of a city of the dead; no smoke was to be seen rising from the houses, nor sign of life visible. Then I was surprised at the small extent of the city, and the apparently perfect state of the battlements encircling it, which I expected would have been partly in ruins. We soon entered one of the gates, and found our way to Mrs. Simeon's hotel, where we are most comfortable. I cannot tell you how much we enjoy sitting down to a breakfast-*table*, with all its appurtenances, after the rough sort of life we have been leading for the last two or three weeks. After breakfast we went to the English

Church, where there was service, the day being Ascension Day; and afterwards took the opportunity of delivering our letters to the Bishop, who received us very kindly. In the evening we went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where a number of interesting spots were shown, such as our Lord's tomb, the place of His crucifixion, and many others; some of which, however, one could not help feeling rather sceptical about. The church is so magnificently adorned with paintings and lamps and candles, that it is almost impossible to consider the spots pointed out as identical with those mentioned in Scripture.

"Yesterday we went by a road that our Lord must have often trodden, down by the Valley of Jehoshaphat (which lies just below the eastern wall of the city), and across the brook Cedron up to the Mount of Olives. This was an interesting walk, for we felt no doubt that on that very road our Saviour's feet must have often pressed. The view of the city from the top of the mount is very fine, and a peep can also be had here of the Dead Sea, 'lying burnished like a mirror,' and the course of the Jordan, all at considerable distance. Here also there is a small temple, erected to show the spot from which our Lord ascended up to heaven, and a part of the rock is preserved having His footprint on it (one cannot help feeling sceptical about *this*). After sitting here for some little time, I retraced my steps down the hill, leaving Dr.

Aiton to extend his walk to Bethany. In wending my way through the town, I unfortunately strolled into the yard of the great Mosque of St. Omar, built just on the site of the ancient Temple. I was looking about admiring the extent of the place, when my long figure attracted the notice of some Mussulmans, and before I had time to retreat by a side-gate, I was saluted by a volley of stones, and dragged forcibly through the square up to the place of judgment, notwithstanding all my pantomimic efforts to protest my innocence. You may fancy the astonishment of the Turkish soldiery when the lanky Christian was dragged in, looking perhaps a little guilty, with a bough just plucked from Mount Olivet in his hand. However, I am glad to say, that, after waiting there some time, expecting my sentence, one of the officers took me into the guard-room, treated me to a cup of coffee, and dismissed me under care of his servant. I afterwards learned that I was most fortunate in getting off without any broken bones, for some time since, an officer who had gone inside the mosque, was set upon by the mob, dragged out by the hair of the head, and most shamefully maltreated. I can easily believe it, from the diabolical expression on the faces of the children even, who stoned me.

"To-day we rode to Bethlehem, and saw the spot where our Saviour was born, and the manger where He was laid, with several other places of

less interest. . . . I have given you a very brief outline of my proceedings here, which I might have reserved till we meet; but I fancied you would like to have a letter dated Jerusalem."

The travellers lingered until the 6th of June among those scenes which bring home with such vivid force the humanity of our Lord, making, in the interval, various short excursions in the neighbourhood.

They started for the Jordan soon after six on the morning of June 3d, "passed through Bethany; saw Lazarus' tomb; and, farther on, the place where Elijah is said to have been fed by the ravens. The road is of the most desolate character, but particularly as you approach the descent to the plains of the Jordan. No vegetation is to be seen; not a bird's note breaks on the ear; but desolation and death seem to reign on every side. The reflection of the sun from the white rocks made the heat fearful. After we got down to the plain, we had still a long ride before us, and did not reach the banks of the Jordan till three or four o'clock, both much exhausted. We eagerly drank large quantities from this far-famed river, which runs with great rapidity, and is remarkable for the beauty of the trees on its banks. After resting awhile, we set out for Jericho, now a poor-looking village of Arab huts, in the yard of one of which we slept."

They retraced their steps to Jaffa, and finally

reached Smyrna on the 18th, after pausing at Beyrout for several days.

"*Beyrout*, 11*th*.—Started to ascend Mount Lebanon about eight; beautiful ride up; villages; women with silver horns; forests of pines; and rich cultivation also. The Arabian poet truly says, that the mountain bears winter upon his head, spring on his shoulders, and autumn on his bosom, while summer lies sleeping at his feet."

"13*th*.—Started from Beyrout about ten. Called at Tripoli and Latakia, where we landed part of a harem that we had on board."

Then followed another maritime imprisonment of three or four days at Smyrna; and on the 22d Robert notes in his daily journal:—

"22*d*.—Got out of quarantine, much rejoiced. Beautiful sail down to the hotel. Went to church, and heard an excellent sermon from Psalm cxxxix., 'Search me, O God, and know my thoughts;'—a subject chosen as it were for me. Felt much interested, and some desire after Divine things. Returned to the hotel, read the Word, and spent some time in prayer, trying to bring my besetting sins before God. Spent a more profitable Sabbath than I have done since leaving Bombay, and trust the savour of it may last many days."

Three weeks more brought him again to his native shores. There is still a daily record kept of his wanderings, and of the impressions he received, until he reaches Basle; but we shall not

ask the reader to traverse ground he has probably trodden more than once before in other company. Of all the beautiful moving panoramas that passed before Robert's vision as he journeyed homewards, none fascinated him more than that presented by the lovely Italian Lake Como, whose scenery he describes as the finest he had ever beheld. And certainly he calls up before the mind's eye a sweet picture of hills, richly clothed with verdure, of white villages clustering at their feet, of "magnificent gardens," the air loaded with perfume, and the distant sound of church-bells borne across the water, while a bright and happy tint was shed over all the landscape, by the feeling that "he was enabled to look upwards to Him who was the Creator of it all."

CHAPTER X.—1851, 1852.

HOME.

At last he reached Edinburgh, as fresh in his home-feelings, and as affectionate in heart, as when he left us six years before. Unchanged, and yet how changed! The morning after his arrival, his father selected Psalm ciii. as an appropriate expression of family thanksgiving. When we rose from our knees, Robert said, "These verses are indeed the language of *my* heart. No words could be more applicable to my case: 'He forgiveth all my iniquities; he healeth all my diseases.'" It was a sunshiny Sabbath that first day at home; and as he accompanied the family group to church, he turned to his companion, and said, with an expression of deep, heart-felt joy: "Ah, this is what I have so often dreamed of, and longed for, in India!" His demeanour was peculiarly calm and chastened, and while cheerful and lively, he ever seemed "by recollection present with God." There was an under-current of the old wit and

humour, but this trait was wondrously mellowed and Christianized; while his great talent for mimicry and tendency to satire were wholly subdued.

Many social gatherings took place at this time, each claiming him as its guest and centre. This he felt to be hostile to his spiritual interests. "It will never do," he said; "I *must* have more time alone with God." After which he rose daily at six for reading and prayer. He found leisure even then, when so many demands were naturally made on his thoughts and attention, for paying visits to the poor, whose hearts he won at once by his gentle manner and loving words.

Then followed a family trip to London and the Great Exhibition; but wherever he was, whether forming one of the gay and busy multitude who thronged the world's fair, or joining in the quiet excursion to some suburban country sight, or listening with rapt and delighted attention to the persuasive eloquence of an earnest minister of Christ, the one subject was ever uppermost in his mind.

"Do you envy that crown?" he said to a friend, as they stood together in the Park, and watched the gorgeous pageantry of the procession, as the Queen went to prorogue Parliament. "Ah, no! some day, I hope, you and I shall wear a better diadem than that; even the crown of glory that fadeth not away."

And I cannot forget his indignant glance, and firm, sorrowful denial, when urged by a mistaken friend, "just for once to attend the opera, and enjoy the music, while he himself would be recognised by none, and so his example do no harm to others." Such was not the spirit of his religion. "The expulsive power of a new affection" had rendered him indifferent to those pleasures which once possessed so strong an attraction for him; nor was he careful to inquire how far he could possibly indulge in them, while still maintaining a Christian profession.

The latter months of this autumn were passed in Manchester, where he was engaged in mercantile pursuits, with the exception of a ten days' holiday, which was passed with his father in the island of Skye. The following extract, taken from one of his numerous Manchester letters, shows that he maintained the vitality and earnestness of his Christian faith and love with the same vigour and simplicity at home as abroad :—

"MANCHESTER, *September* 30.

"I was expecting a letter from you to-day, as you *know* you are to write oftener than I do to you; but none having appeared, I take it for granted that you were much better engaged on Saturday, taking an excursion, and making the most of your last day at the Bridge of Allan. . . . In one of your letters, you allude to the solemn

truth of the Holy Spirit being an inmate of our hearts; but how little do we realize this, and how often do we resist His gentle strivings, and thus tempt Him to withdraw from us! This is a sin I am often guilty of, and proves too plainly that my *heart* is not given up to God. I have been thinking of the *reasonableness* of an entire surrender, and made it a subject of prayer yesterday. Our reason tells us, that, being the creatures of God, and having all our powers from Him, we ought to use these for His glory, and take up any cross that He places in our way. We shall find it a hard service unless our obedience proceeds from evangelical, and not legal principles. I must digest that text thoroughly: 'Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your bodies and spirits, which are his.' Now, you must pray for me in this matter; and tell me particularly what are *your* wants, that I may mention them in prayer.

"But I must bring this rambling note to an end. When you get it you will be at G., and I need not say how I should like to be with you, and to see dear J. again. How refreshing would be the society of one who, like her, has had her thoughts lately so much directed heavenwards, and has had such experience of the love of Jesus. Pray give her and J—n my very kindest love, and assure them that I shall not forget them in my prayers." . . .

During the closing months of this year his younger sister came to Manchester, and spent a quiet happy time with him. The spectacle of his thorough consistent life read her a lesson not soon to be forgotten. Occupied as he was from morning till late in the afternoon, he seldom neglected to use the opportunities of Christian usefulness that lay in his path; and while "diligent in business," emphatically sought to "serve the Lord."

"Some one told me the other day, Brown, that you distribute tracts and religious books to your fellow-passengers in the railway," said a friend to him one day, with an amused expression. (He had known Robert in his wild Liverpool days, and was not aware of the great change in his life and character that had taken place since then.) "But," he added, "I said there must be some mistake, and that I knew *you* were the last man in the world to do such a thing." "It is quite true, M.," he answered, in his quiet way; "and what is more, I have a book for *you* in my pocket at this moment," as he pulled out a copy of Wilberforce's *Practical View of Christianity*, and presented it to his astonished friend.

And so it was that, in his frequent railway journeys to and from Liverpool, he made a point of giving away little books and tracts to all who would accept them. "It is the only time I may come across these people in this world," he used to say; "and when I meet them in eternity, I

may be thankful for having put forth even this feeble effort." And in one of his letters at this time he writes :—

"It seems out of place to carry about tracts and distribute them to all and sundry, or even to those you may meet in the railway train. Expediency whispers, 'Never mind, these people are strangers; you have nothing to do with them, and it would be presuming too much to bore them with a tract.' But when we come to stand before the judgment-seat of Christ shall we have cause to regret that we used this, the only opportunity perhaps we ever had of setting the truth before those of our fellow-men? Besides, are we not enjoined to be 'instant in season and out of season?'"

And in no case did the outgoings of this loving heart meet with cold repulse or angry rejoinder. Sometimes there might be an astonished look, and a start of surprise; generally there was at least a polite expression of gratitude on the part of the receiver, and now and then an interesting conversation followed. It would have been difficult to return a rude rebuff to the smile and kind word which always accompanied the little gift. One day he mentioned having met in the train a young man far gone in consumption, who had spoken to him of his dangerous state, and unfolded his inmost feelings. A week or two afterwards, as we entered one of the river-boats at Liverpool,

a stranger rushed up and seized him by the hand. A few earnest sentences passed between the two, and then they parted, never to meet again on this side eternity. It was the young invalid just referred to.

He often felt it a painful effort to overcome his natural shyness and sensitive dread of ridicule, so far as to accost strangers in this way, especially when from men of the world he could expect no sympathy, and might encounter only scorn. But he thought the path of duty clear, and would not turn aside from the trial. "Ah! we gain nothing," he one day said, "by neglecting to take up a cross that lies in our way. We may walk round and round it, but there is no peace till we lift it up; and then, oh how often what we dreaded as so weighty a burden turns out as light as air!" His sister always knew at morning worship when he was going to Liverpool, for on such occasions he prayed for strength and courage with more than usual earnestness. What simple, childlike petitions those used to be! what wrestling for particular blessings! what lowly, fervent breathings after higher strength than his own! Thus endued with the heavenly armour, this soldier of the cross went forth to the warfare of the day, to meet its business and its burdens, and to engage in its secularities with a heart set on things above.

He had some old friends of former days in Manchester, and used occasionally to dine and

spend an evening with them. Before going he would say, "Now, it is all very well to mingle in society, but remember, you must go *as a Christian*, and take your Master with you." Then he would speak of Wilberforce's plan of having "launchers," and form resolutions for giving conversation a profitable turn, and speaking a word in season, as opportunity offered.

He early made acquaintance with one of the excellent city missionaries in Manchester; and from this good man he learned the names and addresses of a few poor people, whom he visited from time to time. Pleasant memories rise in the mind of the writer of Saturday afternoon walks, which generally had for their object some such visit. There was one old woman whom we occasionally went to see, whose bright faith and simple confidence rendered her little chamber a very Bethel. She was a great favourite with Robert, who often went to see her, and used in after-times to quote her terse sentences and lively expressions of trust, encouraging himself by the remembrance of her vivid hope and deep, settled peace. Old Mrs. Taylor had met with a severe accident in youth, which caused her to lose her memory to a great extent, so that she could not recal long passages of Scripture in her lonely hours, while her weakness of eyesight deprived her of the power of reading. "But," she would say, "there is *one* promise I have clung to from the first, and

shall cling to until the end, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out.' Since He said that once, I *know* that He will receive even poor guilty me; and there is another sweet word I cannot forget, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'"

The Christmas of 1851 was spent with the home-circle in Edinburgh, and the opening hours of the new year were passed in the quiet solitude of his own chamber. He heard an earnest, faithful sermon from Dr. Tweedie, who preached in the morning of that New-Year's Day from the words, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." He then shut himself up in his own apartment until dinner-time, seeking anew to consecrate himself, his time, and all his talents, to the service of the Great King.

We insert a few extracts from his private journal, which he recommenced about this time:—

"20*th December—Home.*—Truly my cup overflows with blessings. Such joy I have not felt, I think, since I returned from India. Robust health, much kindness from friends, everything seeming to smile around me. I pray earnestly for faith to trace God's hand in all, for He is indeed the giver of every good gift; also for a simple dependence upon Jesus and His righteousness. But I am more in a praising than a praying frame, and desire to keep Psalm ciii. before my mind.

"*New-Year's Day*, 1852.—I find all my resolutions fail, and my prayers unavailing, because I do not unite with them *watchfulness;* but now, on the beginning of another year, I resolve to make a fresh effort, and pray first, that my faith in the finished work of Christ may be increased, and that I may rest solely on God's word, as Abraham did, believing that what He has promised—namely, eternal life—He is able to bestow. Prayer also for perfect submission to God's will, as I see, during the past year, how often my own has been crossed with advantage."

"*4th January* 1852, *North-Cliff.*—This is the happiest Sunday I have had for a long time. I have felt my soul more lifted up to God, and in some measure thankful for His long-suffering mercy in sparing me during the thirteen years that have passed since I was last here. What cause for thanksgiving have I, that I have been safely led through all the dangers and temptations of my Liverpool career, while five of those who were in the office with me are now in eternity. I miss many from the Ferry. The absence of the old frigate reminds me of Captain R., who is gone. The road to Inverkeithing recalls Aunt H. to my mind; the church, old Mr. Robinson. In short, every scene and every place teach the lesson that we are only passengers through this world. God grant that I may profit by it! Went down to-night to see old Charlie;

tried to speak to him of the need of preparation for death, so many of his shipmates having gone. He speaks as if he trusted in God, and I would fain hope he is sincere. Much kindness from the P.s; and indeed abundant cause for thanksgiving to-day."

"11*th January—Home.*—Another week of mercies has rolled over me. I cannot find words sufficient to record them all. . . I do think my prayer last week for simple faith has been answered."

A few more weeks of busy mercantile life in Manchester followed this pleasant home-break. From his lonely lodgings in that vast city he writes, 14th February:—

"I may not have time to write to you to-morrow, as I am going to Stafford for a few days; I must therefore write a few lines to-night, to tell you that I have renewed acquaintance with some of your old friends here. Last night I went to see Mrs. Taylor, whom I found at her tea, happy and cheerful as ever. Of course she asked for you, and really seems *fond* of us both, the dear old woman! I had much pleasant talk with her. The grand secret of her undisturbed peace seems to be that she takes God at His word, and allows no doubts to enter her mind. I was asking her about answers to prayer for the conversion of others, mentioning B.'s case. She feels quite satisfied that such prayers, offered in *faith*, must be answered, but in the Lord's own time."

Another rapid visit to Edinburgh, and the time of his second departure for India approached. This was delayed from one mail, in which his passage was secured, to the next, in consequence of a sharp attack of bronchitis, to which he thus refers in his diary :—

"21*st March*—*Home.*—Confined to bed for a week, and therefore prevented from going by yesterday's steamer. I cannot look on this otherwise than as a great proof of God's mercy, laying me up for a week without pain, that He might shower upon me additional blessings daily, by kindness from friends, letters, time for reading, etc. What cause have I for gratitude! particularly on account of H. and B. Prayer for them and for myself, that this week I may be enabled to keep in mind, and act on the text, 'Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price.'"

The next entry is dated

"28*th March.*—This is my last Sunday at home before returning to India; and on a retrospect of the many months that have passed since I came home, I feel how many opportunities of speaking to others I have lost, how much time I have mis-spent, how lamentably my heart has been estranged from God, while He has been showering upon me innumerable mercies. Truly it is only because He is God, and not man, that I am not consumed. I cast myself again on His mercy." . . .

Going into Robert's room one evening about

this time, I found him with his Bible, half-open, in his hand, evidently deeply pondering some solemn truth.

"Did that expression in Mark i. 13, ever strike you?" he said. "Did you ever meditate on that wonderful feature of the temptation, 'Was with the *wild beasts?*' Oh, the marvellous depths to which He condescended!"

And here I cannot help noticing what a thorough Bible-student he was. He seemed ever to drink direct from the fountain-head. He read few religious books; nor did he bring with him to the perusal of the Sacred Word preconceived notions and prejudices, but simply, and as a little child, he sat at the feet of Jesus, learning, as it were, from His own blessed lips, the doctrines and precepts of Holy Writ.

CHAPTER XI.—1852.

RETURN TO BOMBAY.

It was with feelings differing widely from his emotions on first going out to India that Robert once more prepared to leave his home. True, nature shrank from the pang of separation, but grace was there, stronger than nature, to comfort and uphold. Nor was he now going among strangers to new scenes and untried work; he was returning to a much-valued circle of friends, some of whom were knit to him by the closest ties, and the thought of meeting them again formed a sweet and powerful antidote to the pain of the farewell.

He left Edinburgh on the 28th March, and sailed from Southampton on the 1st April. From Liverpool he writes a hurried note to his father:—

"My heart is rather heavy to-night, as it has been all day; for it is a sore trial to part from those we most love on earth; but we should feel those separations less if we could look forward with the eye of faith to that period of reunion

when 'adieus and farewells will be a sound unknown.' God grant that none of us may be excluded from that blessed assembly!

"I shall not add more to-night, except the warmest expressions of my affection to Mrs. B. and every member of the family circle."

On the "way-out," his heart was unexpectedly cheered by the companionship of a Christian brother, who recognised in Robert's presence on board, as Robert did in his, an answer to prayer.

"EUXINE, *5th April* 1852.

"MY DEAREST . . . ,—Whilst we are rolling about in the Bay of Biscay, I try to compose myself to write a few lines to you, which I hope to send you from Gibraltar. I feel that you have been following me with your prayers since I left; and so far these have been answered as regards the weather, which has been as favourable as it could possibly be, and the health and comfort of your brother, which are all that could be desired. But there is one favour that has been granted, perhaps without your asking, and which I shall now tell you. On Saturday night, I seated myself at tea beside a gentleman with moustache, who was the first to begin the conversation (not being a Scotchman), and we gradually began to talk about Arbuthnot's house in Madras, when I thought, from the tone of his remarks, that he was not a man of the world. When he went on

to speak of the trial he had just come through, of parting with a wife and five children, I ventured to say that those separations should lead us to look forward to that meeting where there will be no more partings. He at once brightened up, and asked me, 'Then are you a competitor for the kingdom of heaven, and may I hail you as a Christian brother?' The stiffness of a stranger feeling at once vanished, and we talked for more than a couple of hours, when he came into my cabin, and we read and prayed together. We are great friends, of course; and this morning we have just been in my cabin (which, fortunately, I have all to myself), reading the 15th of John, and we both had a short prayer. My friend is a Captain Dobbie, in the Madras Army. He is evidently so far advanced in the Christian life that I hope to profit much from his society. He gave me a lesson in speaking to people, for he seems to think this no cross, and has such a frank, pleasant manner, that no one can easily take offence. I am in hopes that in a few days we may have two or three more to read with us. D. relieved me of a lot of my tracts yesterday, having found out one of the men on board who takes an interest in Divine things. Is it not wonderful how we have been thus brought together? I being kept back till this steamer, that I might meet with one who should lead me onward, at a time when I fear I have been falling back. He tol-

me that it had been made a subject of prayer before he left that he might meet with a Christian brother on board; and as he expected an answer to the prayer, he had been listening to the conversation around him at table, to see if he could detect anything *favourable* in it, but nothing appeared. I believe his faith was beginning to fail, when at length we were brought together. How wonderful are the ways of God! Truly the voyage out this time is pleasant, compared with what it was last, and everything seems to go well with me. Now, good-bye for to-day, and just allow me to take up *Chalmers's Life*, volume ii."

"*7th.*— . . . I continue to get on well with Captain Dobbie, with whom I have hours of daily talk over the Bible; and night and morning we meet to read and pray together. But the wonderful thing is, how his faithfulness has been rewarded. He had spoken to several on board, and proposed that we should meet for family worship in the morning. Yesterday about ten mustered, when he read a chapter and one of Bickersteth's prayers. This morning there were several additions to the number, and all the ladies except one. Is not this cause of great thankfulness?"

He writes to his father, 7th April:—

". . . I do not find the time pass at all heavily, for it is pleasantly occupied in reading Chalmers, writing, conversation, or pacing the deck for exer-

cise. The day indeed seems too short, and one can't find time for practising the concertina; or rather, I have too much regard for the feelings of my friends to torture them in this way. I should have to go *forward*, if I were to begin practising. We dine at four, with a tremendous appetite, as you may suppose; and in the evening Miss Lambert takes her seat at the piano, and enlivens us with all kinds of tunes, both grave and gay; and Captain Hook, of the Madras Cavalry, breathes forth stentorian notes to the air of 'The Land of the Stranger,' or 'Cushla Machree,' and the Captain strikes up 'With a wet sheet and a flowing sail;' which, of course, all meet with universal approval, for one is not disposed to be particular on board ship. Then about ten the ladies retire, and the gentlemen soon follow their example, unless they prefer going to bed in the dark, for the lights are put out about half-past ten—a good rule, as it prevents men sitting up to play cards or drink toddy."

A fortnight more, and Bombay once more rises before him—the magnificent harbour, the tall buildings, the motley crowd of natives in their strange and picturesque attire. The last year appears like a dream—already a haze envelopes the home and country he has left. As he enters the Shigram, he receives the wonted salaams from native servants and retainers, and drives through the crowded bazaar and the cocoa-nut

woods, meeting the cordial greeting of friend and acquaintance. And the next morning finds him in his old place in the office, as if he had never left it.

He seems to have carried back with him to India a buoyant spirit of thankfulness and praise, and for some time after his arrival his letters "sing of mercy" only. In the first, addressed to his father, he speaks of "the multitude of mercies" he is enjoying, and of his "desire to look up with adoring gratitude to God." He adds, "I have been very busy since I came back; but I really feel that I can rise with the occasion; and get through my work satisfactorily. I have never fancied an office life much, from not taking sufficient interest in the business; but I hope now to give my mind more to it, taking care, however, not to allow these things to absorb my thoughts. . . . The weather is hot; but I feel so strong and well, and am so busy that I have no time to think of it. The cordial welcome I have had from my friends here makes me feel quite at home again."

"BOMBAY, *May* 18.

"MY DEAREST . . . ,—I have a spare hour to-night before going to a meeting at Murray Mitchell's, which I gladly devote to you, as I may not have much leisure during the next three days. I wrote to you on the 11th, and have a sort of

longing desire to hear from you again; for it seems a long long time since I had that pleasure.

"Well, I have not yet had any cause to regret my return to the land of my adoption; which never before appeared so attractive to me. I cannot tell you how much my heart rejoices daily, and how multiplied my mercies are. Even in business, I seem to get on well; and with health, friends, and a contented mind, I feel that no one's lot can be more favoured than mine. —— and I have many talks together on religion; he is deeply in earnest, but, I fear, falls into the general mistake of souls first awakened, who think it necessary to feel deeply a sense of their sinfulness, before they can be qualified to appropriate the finished work of Christ. I tell him that if we feel sin at all, and come to Christ for pardon, we shall be received.

"I fancy our ladies' party passed off *assez bien* on Saturday, although I was rather in a fright at first; the pauses between the courses at dinner were also rather exasperating. We had plenty of music in the evening from Miss Lambert; having got a semi-grand piano for the occasion, which we have since purchased for £40, as we intend to give a series of such entertainments after the rains.

"I made a beginning of my Sunday work at Parelle last Sabbath; and the people were glad to see me. It was nothing of the cross I used to

feel it; and I hope this is wearing away in more things than in this case. I read part of 'Are you forgiven?' to them, and I think they were interested. They (the gardener and his wife) have lost one child and got another since I went home. But I must now close for to-night, as I want to go to the hospital before the meeting. There are one or two rather interesting cases there just now; but others the reverse—men who won't believe in a future state of punishment. Good-night."

"21*st*.—The old schemes seem to be thriving; and I continue my visits (*ex officio*) to the Pensioners, the Magdalene, and Orphanage. It is quite near me now, just round the corner there; and I was paying them a visit to-night, when I strolled through the garden and saw Bella Macartney, who has been laid up, poor girl, for some days. The bairns seemed glad to see me again." . . .

An attack of his old enemy shaded for a short time this unclouded sunshine, only to be recognised however as a blessing in disguise, for it is thus noticed in a letter to his father and in his private journal:—

"4*th June* 1852.— . . . We expect the rains will set in soon now, as it is hot, hot; and the exertion of pulling one's stockings on, in the morning, is feverish. However, I am thankful to say I am now very well; though the day after

the last mail left, I had an attack of something like my old friend. The doctor called it spasms. However, I thought it well to keep low, and lie on the sofa for ten days; but I am now at office again, working like a Briton. I am truly sensible how needful this chastisement was; for I feel myself becoming too much engrossed with the things of time and sense, and am sure it was sent in mercy to wean me from the world. How slow we are to receive such lessons though! and how often, when recovered from sickness, do we plunge again into our worldly pursuits, with the same ardour as ever! and thus the gracious chastisements of our Heavenly Father are altogether lost upon us."

And in his journal,—

"30*th May*.—I felt last Sunday that my lot was becoming too prosperous, and that very night God graciously laid on me His chastening hand, sending an attack of inflammation, which has kept me on the sofa all the week: Many, many mercies have been mingled with this chastisement; but I feel that it is not being sanctified to me: and I again pray for grace to overcome the love of the world, and to awaken in me that interest in Divine things which is so needful. There is a gracious promise to plead: 'Turn ye at my reproof; I will pour out my Spirit upon you.'"

TO HIS SISTER H.

"THE BREACH, 19*th July* 1852, 9.30 P.M.

"It is a curious fact, that *that* most valuable epistle of mine that was penned for the mail of the 25th June, and despatched by the steamer of the 26th, is at this moment quietly reposing either in the harbour or the post-office of Bombay. But lest you should think your brother oblivious or neglectful, he thinks it right to acquaint you with the fact of his having written as usual by that mail; and of the good steamer 'Ajadaha,' in which he came across from Aden, having run short of coals on her voyage across, having been ten days out, when she quietly returned to port. How you have managed to *exist* without my usual despatch, is a question which my mind cannot be at rest about until I hear from you; but I must comfort myself by reflecting, that intercourse with friends in the west country, and rural sights and scenes, will keep your mind from dwelling, as much as you would otherwise do, on your *expatriated* brother. I am likely to be very busy this week preparing for the mail, R. being away, and his work devolving upon me; and therefore seize half an hour to-night to have a chat with you. It's a very hot night, although we *are* in the rains; and I have just slipt away from the dining-room, where the Rev. Mr. Price (who is on a visit to us with

his lady) is holding a confab with Hunter about the religion of the natives. . . . This is a fine big room of mine, and *should* be cool, seeing it has five windows and as many doors—venetian windows that *fold* open, and you can just lift your leg over the window-sill (*you* might perhaps require a stool), and take a saunter on the verandah outside; or, if you are tired of that, a step brings you down to the garden, where you find yourself surrounded by flowers or shrubs of varied hues and fragrance. There's the Hibiscus, rich in its crimson petals; here's the oleander, known even to you folks in the northern latitudes. And mark that sturdy, substantial cactus, that an English florist would give almost his eyes to possess; and the jagged aloe, which men say only flowers once in a century—a fable fit only for those who live at *home*, who are weak enough to believe, with Shakspere, that the cameleon lives on air. See, there's one at your feet, in the act of digesting a large fly, which it has just swallowed. Is not this a lovely scene? how fresh the shrubs look after the rain! how the air is perfumed with the fragrant odour of those rosebuds, dewy as they are with 'Nature's tear-drops,' and peeping forth to welcome the rays of the morning sun, just beaming through the trees! Are your eyes yet weary of the scene? Then listen to the melody of those sweet-toned minstrels of the forest, which breaks upon the ear every now and then, amid the deep sonorous roar

of the surf, as it beats upon the rocky shore. In a few minutes the scene changes, the sky is overcast, the rain falls in torrents, the natives rush about in frenzy to close the windows, the garden walk where you stood just now is flooded. You see an umbrella, full set, standing apparently by its own unaided strength in the midst of the esplanade; and as you move along towards the fort, your eye lights upon a quantity of door mats moving in an erect posture about the rice-fields. You look a little closer, and you see that the said mats have small feet and ankles projecting from their skirts, and a diminutive head-piece to crown the whole."

"23*d*, 10 P.M.—Albeit this is the hardest week I have had for work since I came to the country, I am resolved to *find* time before I go to bed to finish my letter to you. Do you know, I really begin *to like* this constant employment, and am becoming *enamoured* of the desk—a thing I never hitherto was even reconciled to. There's a necessity for exertion now; and I have not time to dream as of old, seldom or never relapsing into my pristine state of *coma!* consequently I get through my work better, and have none of those fears of failure that were wont to haunt me. But there's a danger in all this, for engrossment in business draws away the heart from Divine things; and is it not strange to think, that just in proportion as I may have given my mind to my work during

the day, I seem to be indisposed for the hospital, or such labour afterwards? This proves that my motives can't be good, otherwise this earthly care would prove a heavenly discipline, and bring me nearer to God. Still you will sympathize with me, for you know this appeared to me the great difficulty at first, and has done all along, how a man can excel in his profession, can give his mind to it, and yet live near to God.

"I have commenced going again to the Friday night meetings, where I have been somewhat stirred up. Dear Bowen is always so good; the last night on 'Behold the Lamb of God!' He said it was necessary to be constantly keeping the eye fixed on Christ wherever we go, otherwise we become dull and heavy towards Him; and as necessary to keep His commandments, for a disobedient child does not like to look his father in the face." . . .

"BOMBAY, 21*st August*.

"MY DEAREST . . . ,—As I am left all alone to-night, I have thought that I might begin a letter to you, having a good deal to say of one kind and another, and if you have no decided objection to offer, I will commence on a large sheet. I am hoping that this next mail may bring me two of your valued letters; and in the meantime, having nothing to answer, I must even give you some thoughts of my own.

"I had a letter from dear Dobbie the other day,

conveying the glad news that all the officers in his regiment had agreed to his remaining, and that he expected to be a major in a few months. I don't know if I told you before, that finding the juniors were against his remaining, he had sent in his resignation; but I doubt not he has since that made this a subject of secret prayer, and has been heard and answered. We used to pray about *this* coming out, and I would take fresh encouragement from this circumstance, to bring such requests before God, who turneth the hearts of all as He pleaseth. I am pretty regular twice a week in visiting the hospital, which is not quite such a cross as it used to be, though still my heart does fail a little as I drive up to the gate. It would be nothing speaking to a single man privately, but to go into a ward full of people, all looking at you, is a trial to the flesh. I have not met lately with any very interesting case since I came back, but if I *never* meet with another, the Swede's alone would be sufficient encouragement.

"Bella Macartney will, I think, leave for Australia in the 'Runnymede,' in a week or two, as her health is not good, and she has the prospect of getting on there in service, which she might not do here so soon. She could not make up her mind at first to go, feeling averse to start without any of her companions; but she will be under charge of a matron on the voyage, and for some months after her arrival. I

have had three interviews with her since the thing was proposed, as she seems to regard me as a friend, and I naturally felt rather awkward when she asked me one night whether I would like her to go, because there is such a responsibility in sending the girl out of the country, if one thought it against her will. However, when I went to see her to-night (just over that rocky cliff there, close to our gate, commanding such a delightful view of the Parelle Hills and Love Grove), she seemed quite willing to go; and what is of far more consequence, she is now evidently under serious impressions, and seemed to listen with interest to what little advice I gave her. Mr. Candy is up at Poona for ten days, and Hunter and I are left alone; but we seem to be gay this week, and have only dined one night together alone. On Monday we had dear Bowen over, and a great treat it was. His conversation is not only spiritual but highly intellectual; and he startled us by some astronomical facts which he mentioned. He is so humble, and has imbibed so much of the spirit of Christ, that we admire him all the more; or rather, shall not this lead us to glorify his Master? H. was much taken with him, and seems to envy his indifference to the world."

We give a few short extracts from Robert's journal, which lies before the reader, a chart of his innermost thoughts and feelings, written apparently, with few exceptions, on successive

Sundays. Looking back from the stillness and seclusion of that quiet eminence, he reviewed and mourned over the omissions and sins of the busy week that had passed; and, glancing forward to the exigencies and difficulties of the season to come, he made them special subjects for prayer. It often happens that some perplexing business-matter, which, on one Sabbath, formed material for earnest petition, became the theme of a song of praise and thanksgiving on the next; prayer having been heard, and wisdom and guidance abundantly vouchsafed in the interval. One of his "rules" for daily conduct, inserted in this diary, and dated *May 9th*, 1852, was:—"To bring *little* things before God in prayer;" and this supplies us with the key to his consistent and conscientious walk.

"*June 20th (Sunday).*—My soul still cleaves to the dust, instead of having the affections set on things above. Prayer against this; and that I may maintain a devotional spirit throughout the day, by frequently using ejaculatory prayer. Thanksgiving for sending off 'Marion Macintyre;' and discovering a leak in the 'Anglesey;' arrival of 'Tinto;' fall of rain, etc.

"*11th July.*—A rather more satisfactory week perhaps; but still guilty of many sins. Prayer against these; and that I may be enabled to look forward to the thousand years of happiness which are promised to those who suffer for Christ. What

a motive for self-denial, and laying aside besetting sins! A good deal stirred up by reading Müller's Narrative of God's dealings with him, particularly his being in Jehoshaphat's strait: 'Neither knew we what to do; but our eyes were upon thee.' Oh for this faith!"

"18*th July*.—It seems to me that my eyes are too much fixed on self, and too little on Jesus, and that this is the reason why I make so little progress in the Christian life. Prayer, that I may be influenced more by *love, constrained* and brought under the power of the world to come. 'All things are delivered into Jesus by the Father.' May He therefore shed abroad a sense of His love in my heart, that I may serve Him more from evangelical and less from legal principles!"

"25*th July*.—After the hardest week of work, I believe, since I have been in India, I desire to bless God for His great mercies to me; the wisdom and ability for writing letters; bringing many little things to the mind that might have been forgotten. . . . Prayer for grace to watch against the first risings of evil tempers; for faith to believe simply on the word of Jesus: 'Ask, and ye shall receive;'—for faith to receive salvation freely as it is offered: 'By grace are ye saved.' 'He that believeth,' etc. Oh! why should I doubt the word of the God of truth, when I would not doubt a fellow-creature? 'Lord, I believe; help mine unbelief.' I do think

I have been more *free* this week; and I do not find that a diligent application to business has such an injurious effect on the spirit, although time *must* be given to religious exercises morning and evening.

"1*st August*.—Multiplied mercies during the past week; arrival of 'Adam Carr,' just in time to get charter; sale of spelter and copper; rain; health; much wisdom for business duties. Prayer for friends, and especially for J. and B."

"8*th August*.—Another week of numberless mercies, amongst the chief of which are: the getting off the 'Anglesey' (leak); wisdom on mail-day; good news by mail just arrived; money coming out; L.'s affair settled; grace to say a word to —— last night; and his good reception of tract this morning. Yet, how ungrateful and rebellious I have been! I find that worldly company is always a source of much temptation."

"15*th August*.—Another week of many mercies; getting 'Tinto' off; experience gained from her in the way of business; and also as regards my own heart."

"22*d August*.—My mercies have again been multiplied this week; and I know not when I have had a more happy day. In the morning, was much stirred up by reading 'Living or Dead?' at Parelle; and listening to Dr. Stevenson's sermon, 'So teach us to number our days,' etc.; and

in the hospital afterwards, much encouraged by seeing a boy I spoke to shed tears. Oh that these impressions may be lasting! Then good news from home, and Larkins, B., etc. Truly my cup runs over. Prayer that I may be able to stand fast in the doctrine of justification by faith, and particularly of Christ's being *substituted* for sinners; that I may come under the power of eternity; and be enabled to walk consistently."

The next notice refers to the loss of a dear relative in Scotland. Very often, during the period of Robert's former residence in Bombay, and before his visit home, his letters contained the name of this dear friend, to whom he used to send loving messages; and of whose home, he over and over again declared, that his thoughts often lingered there, with a peculiar, wistful yearning. He longed to see her again, to whom, in boyhood, his heart had clung with such warm affection, and who had entered with such merry zest into his youthful frolics. *Now*, he felt they would meet on higher ground; and have deeper, holier sympathies, bright hopes in common, and a sacred indissoluble tie of Christian fellowship.

At length they met; and Robert found her all he had so vividly remembered, and far more. Some happy days were spent together, both in Edinburgh, and at Mrs. B.'s home in the west of Scotland. Widely different their intercourse now from that of old. They parted as fellow-pilgrims

resuming the journey of life by different paths, leading to the same Eternal Home. For one, that home was nearer than any thought, nearer than she herself imagined when she uttered her parting words to him: "The time is short." Four months afterwards, and she quietly fell asleep in Jesus. The following mail carried out the heaviest tidings of all that reached him during his ten years' sojourn in Bombay. His letters and journal tell his grief over the loss of one, whom he mourned, in common with all who knew her.

"*Sunday, 5th Sept.*—The all-absorbing idea in my mind this afternoon, is the death of dear J., of which I received news to-day. At first, I *could* not realize it—so sudden and unexpected was the shock; but now I begin to feel it is all true; and that the dear sister, with whom I conversed so lately, and whom I heard of last mail, as sitting at the Lord's table with ——, has indeed passed into eternity! God grant that the solemn lesson, which such a visitation is intended to teach, may be deeply impressed on my mind! God has promised to give His Holy Spirit. Oh that He may bring eternity before me!"

"*26th September.*—This is one of the happiest weeks I have had for some time, I think, and my thoughts have been in some degree raised above the world; as well they may be, by ——'s narrative of J.'s death. The Holy Spirit has given me some love for souls this week, and I have been

abundantly rewarded by yielding to His suggestions, giving a tract to S. and *The Wells of Baca* to T. G. I would take encouragement from this to go forward, remembering that there is a reward attached to every work, and that 'he that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly.' Solemn thought! that, when I come to stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, and see what He has done for me, the eternity of bliss in store, and hear His accents of tenderness, 'I loved *you*, and gave myself for you,' I shall wonder how I could have been content to do so little for Him on earth; and then all opportunities of warning sinners will be gone for ever. My heart is a perfect hell of evil passions, but Jesus still says, 'If you will open the door, I will come in and dwell with you.'"

"10*th October*.—Went to the Magdalene this morning, and heard Mr. Nesbit on the knowledge of Christ—a sermon that seemed quite suited to my case, keeping before the mind the Saviour in all His relations, as King, Creator, Preserver, Redeemer—His love, riches, beauty, excellency. Ah! it is from continually looking inwards, instead of upwards to Him, that I enjoy so little peace. Much in prayer to-day, although with all the powers of hell apparently against me. 'I counsel thee to buy of *Me* gold tried in the fire,' etc. Sweet Christian communion last night with Mylne and Candy.

"24*th October*.—A dull, weary day; a good deal troubled with toothache and indigestion. Several attempts at prayer for a simple faith in the finished work of Christ, and the sanctified use of suffering. Much cause for thanksgiving this past week."

14*th November*.—Much in prayer to-day, particularly for friends—Larkins, Dobbie, Russells, etc.; also for myself, that I may have the spirit of adoption; the witness of the Spirit, that I am one of God's children; and if a child, then an heir. Wondrous grace! an attempt to realize what this privilege is, and prayer over Eph. i. 18. Glad to hear that F. seems inquiring. Gave him *Christ and the two Thieves*. Prayer about 'Duke of Argyle.' Much in doubt what rate to tender at; but warrant for prayer, 'If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God.'"

And on December 5th he writes:—"Another week of many mercies, especially prayer *in re* Duke of Argyle having been answered. Much wisdom for sending off mail.

"21*st November*.—I have found the advantage this week of carrying the 'Promises' about with me, and pleading that one: 'He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when He shall hear it, then He shall answer thee:' thus keeping my eye away from self to Christ. I am quite satisfied that it is by 'looking to Him' that I must grow in sanctification."

The death of the dear friend, to whom allusion has been made above, is thus referred to in his letters of that period:—

"BOMBAY, *9th September* 1852.

"MY DEAREST . . .,—Although I wrote you a long letter by last mail, I cannot resist sending a few lines now, to condole with you on the great loss we have sustained in the death of dear J. Deeply as we must all mourn on this sad occasion, I know not that any will feel the blow so much as you will, except of course poor ——, who will be almost inconsolable. Your attachment to J. was more like the love of a sister than a friend; but as you have been able to trace the hand of God lately in the tenderness of His dealings with you, you will not, I am sure, repine at the apparent severity of the stroke that has deprived us of one so fondly loved.

"Does it not seem as if He led you to G., just a few weeks ago, to take a farewell of J., and to give you one more opportunity of sitting side by side at His table to commemorate the Saviour's dying love? How affecting *now* to read your account of this scene! But it is even more sad to turn to her parting letter to me, where she writes: 'How quickly time passes! *We have much need to be up and doing.* I trust, dear Robert, we may yet spend many happy days here together;

but if not, what a blessed prospect we have of meeting in that bright world, away from all sin and temptation, and of spending an eternity with our Saviour! How affecting to think that the hand that penned these lines is now mouldering in the dust, and the spirit has actually passed into the state which it here describes!

"But let us not indulge ourselves in vain regrets, but rather listen to the lessons which her death is intended to teach. One of the chief points seems to me to be embodied in her own words: 'The time is short; we have much need to be up and doing.' Ah! have not these words a peculiar emphasis, spoken as they were from the confines of the other world? And to think that to *her* Time is no more; that all her opportunities of usefulness on earth are gone for ever; that she will never again visit the poor in the village, or teach that Sabbath-school, or listen to the preacher's voice in the L. church: for the record of her life on earth is closed; and the place which she left two months ago, clothed in all the richness of its summer foliage, shall know her no more for ever!

"Oh! let us pray earnestly that this sore affliction may be deeply sanctified to each of us, for it is assuredly the voice of God declaring, in most unmistakable language, 'Be ye also ready, for this is not your rest.'

"I long much for your next letters, to hear how you have been enabled to bear up under so heavy a stroke." . . .

"29*th October*, BOMBAY.

"As I have half an hour to spare before dinner, I think I may as well begin my talk with you; and according to custom in my epistolary, as well as commercial correspondence, I commence by acknowledging the last letter received, from which I was pleased to see that you had got back again to 'your ain fireside;' for, 'be it e'er so homely, there *is* no place like home.' (*Exile loquitur.*) Your experience in the last few weeks has indeed been strange, conversing, as it were, with the dying and the dead—brought to G. that you might take a fond farewell of dear J., and then called away to attend a death-bed scene, and have your mind more deeply impressed than ever with the truth of that passage in the Psalm: 'When I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, thy rod and staff will comfort me.' . . . I find I am continually departing from the doctrines of grace, ever seeking to mingle something of my own with Christ's finished work; striving to *merit* salvation, if not wholly, at least in part. Purves has a sermon exactly suited to my case, that I read the other day, showing that peace can only be *maintained* in the way it was first found, by looking unto Jesus. Will you make this the

burden of your prayers on my behalf, and tell me what I must specially pray for for you?

"I am sorry to hear that J. B. is again suffering from tic. How hard to believe that such racking pains as these are sent in love! At the time of suffering, we can scarcely realize it; but, when the pain is gone, are we not able to feel some gratitude that it has been sent? And if this is our experience *now*, when *faith* is exchanged for *sight* how clearly shall we be able to discern God's hand in all these dealings with us during our earthly pilgrimage. How does dear J. now look back on these things? Does not the bitterest drop in her cup, her father's death, appear one of the fondest expressions of her Saviour's love?

"I am particularly obliged to you for describing the scene and circumstances under which you wrote at Bankhead. Our father, immersed in accounts, with ejaculations of 'Touts! such a chattering!' in his vain attempts to cast up these lengthy columns, is a perfect picture; and I wish you would always give me a little sketch of this kind, that I may be transported to the scene, and read the letter, as it were, by your side. I am a very imaginative youth, you know; thirty years old on Tuesday, by the bye."

On December 1st he writes:—

"..... You will return with a mind solemnized in some degree by what you have seen during the

summer. I doubt not, dear J.'s death will be blessed to you. Can you fancy her revisiting this world again after what she has seen? Oh, with what zeal would she strive to glorify God! For some time after her death I felt somewhat lifted up, but soon fell into the old dull state again, although there is again some shaking of the dry bones, and more desire to look simply to Christ. I find the advantage of carrying Clark's *Promises* about with me, and taking them out occasionally during the day."

We close this chapter with a few extracts from letters written during this year to a dear friend and relative—specimens of his earnest, pleading style, when seeking to win a soul to Christ, and illustrating his deep longing for the spiritual welfare of those dear to him. The first is dated

"MANCHESTER, *February* 9.

"MY DEAR B.,—I daresay you think I have been very forgetful in not writing to you sooner; but ever since I left home I have been so occupied with business during the day, and *society* in the evening, that no time has been left for letter-writing. I only arrived here to-day; and this being my first night in my lonely lodging, I am employing it in writing to home friends, a class in which you occupy a very prominent place. You will give me credit for sincerity when I tell you, that

although I have not written to you since we parted, you have not been forgotten either in my thoughts or my prayers. How the pang of parting from you, my dear B., would be mitigated, if I knew that you had indeed committed your eternal interests into the hands of that gracious Saviour, to whom you might go at all times for the strength and comfort which He alone can give. And why should it not be so? You do not feel, perhaps, your need of Him; but plead His own promise: 'If ye, then, being evil,' etc.; and if there is any truth in God's Word, you will not plead in vain.

"But I fear to weary you with my sermons, which you will think I gave you enough of when I was with you. It would be a great gratification to me, however, if you would just write to me as you used to speak on the subject, and you may rest assured I shall not abuse your confidence."

"LIVERPOOL, *Tuesday Night.*

"MY DEAREST B.,—You see I am not very long in fulfilling the *half* promise I made of writing to you, if I had time, before leaving the country; but you will scarcely *yet* expect to hear much in the way of news; and you will readily believe also, that if I had such to give you, I have not much heart for the task to-night. No, no, these partings are sad things; and however lightly we may regard them beforehand, when we come to say

the farewell word, and fully realize that we have taken the last look of the friends we most love on earth for years, perhaps for ever, it is *then* that the heart truly knows its own bitterness, and no human friend can relieve us by sympathy. Truly my heart has been heavy; and the bitterest pang of all arises from the recollection of so many opportunities of doing good to others having been allowed to pass unimproved. I have no alternative but to cast myself on the unmerited mercy of the Saviour, whose 'blood cleanseth from all sin.' But why should I be so selfish as to inflict the account of my trials upon you? . . . Oh, most gladly would I do all in my power to relieve you, my dearest B.; and if my sympathy and daily prayers on your behalf can afford you any comfort, you may assure yourself of them. Let me again affectionately entreat you to carry your sorrows to that gracious Saviour who says to you, in accents of unutterable tenderness, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.' You are persuaded *now* that He is willing to comfort you; and, oh, let not any doubt as to His ability keep you away!

"But I shall not weary either you or myself to-night. I hope to write to you on the voyage out. You may feel sure that my thoughts will often recur to those happy hours I have spent in A— Street, which, perhaps, we may both look back upon with pleasure, when the present scene, with all its trials and separations, has passed

away, and we are admitted into the immediate presence of the King of kings."

"EUXINE STEAMER, OFF MALTA,
12*th April* 1852.

"MY DEAR B.,—I sent you a parting note from London the night before I left; and although you will no doubt have heard of me since through the good folks in No. 4, I think it as well to send you a few lines direct, which will form the commencement of our Indian correspondence. I hope that you have kept quite well since I left, and that you sometimes think of those subjects we used to talk over together. Indeed, I am *sure* that you do; and I would gladly hope that you continue earnest in seeking the 'one thing needful.' Oh, how sadly we dishonour God by doubting His Word, and refusing to accept the forgiveness which He so freely offers! It is so unlike what we would expect from a fellow-creature whom we had wronged, that we cannot understand it at first, until we look at the character of God as it is revealed in His Word (see Exodus xxxiv. 6, 7), or until we behold Him in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead, exhibiting this attribute of mercy while He dwelt on earth, by receiving *sinners* and eating with them.

"I long much to see you rejoicing in Him, and my prayers daily ascend on your behalf, for I feel confident that He who, I trust, has begun a good

work in you, will carry it on unto perfection. What I affectionately ask of you is, that when you are sorely tried, you will go to Jesus in prayer, and tell Him all your sorrow. And you will find that He has a heart to sympathize with you, and a hand to relieve you." . . .

"At Sea, *5th May* 1852.

"My dear B.,—I may not have much time to write to you after I get to Bombay, so I may as well begin a letter now, and add a line before the mail leaves. You will easily understand, however, that one is not very much disposed for letter-writing on board ship; and, accordingly, make due allowance for the want of connexion in my ideas. . . . I hope that you and M. C. are becoming greater friends than ever, and have many talks together on the subject of deepest interest to every one of us. You will feel backward at first in speaking to her; but after a while you will get over this, and enjoy real pleasure in Christian communion. I do trust that you have ere this found 'peace in believing;' or, if not, that you are earnest in seeking it. And, oh! remember that it is not by poring over our own hearts that we shall ever obtain peace, but simply by 'believing the record of God' (see 1. John v. 9, 10, 11), and 'looking unto Jesus;' and I think we have the greatest possible encouragement for doing so, when we see the tender compassion He

showed to the multitudes when He was on earth: 'I will not send them away fasting, lest they faint by the way.' He knew that these people would in a few days afterwards, cry out: 'Away with Him; crucify Him, crucify Him!' and yet He would not allow them to go away without their natural food, although they did not ask for it. And can we think it possible that He will deny us these spiritual blessings which He has *promised* to give? You may say, That all this is not for you; but remember that it is for 'whosoever' will take it; and you may lay hold on it with more certainty than if you were addressed by name in the Bible, for there might be others of the same name as yours, and it might apply to them. . . . You know not how tenderly He watches over and sympathizes with you; and how the heart of the Good Shepherd rejoices with the angels around His throne, that these very trials are leading you back to the fold, to be welcomed as freely as if you had never strayed."

"BOMBAY, *8th Sept.* 1852.

"MY DEAR B.,—The mail-day again approaches, and I again begin my monthly talk with you. Let me thank you for your most welcome letter of 17th July, which, like every one I have received from you, gave me very great pleasure. It is only natural they should do so, for, as I feel a

very deep interest in your welfare, I cannot be otherwise than gratified to hear of your steady perseverance in seeking the 'one thing needful.' Fain would I be the honoured instrument in God's hand, of speaking a word of comfort and encouragement to your soul. I hope, then, dear B., you will excuse my pressing upon you the advice that has been given me, and which I have offered to you before. 'Short—but oh how comprehensive!—namely, 'Look unto Jesus.' Turn your eyes away from self; pore not on your own frames and feelings; but fix your eye on the glorious object of faith—a crucified Saviour. You believe in His power and willingness to save sinners; but you do not feel as if this extended to you. Why not? Is not the call addressed to all, to every one that thirsteth; and you know you are among that class, for you feel yourself a sinner, and you desire an interest in the Saviour? We deprive ourselves of much peace from confounding the doctrines of justification and sanctification. The first is an act performed at once, while the other is a slow progressive work. We are justified at once when we believe in Jesus, although we are still, and must be till the day of our death, sinners. Think of this; and, oh! remember that the very fact of our being sinners, for whom Jesus died, is our only passport to the court of heaven; for the spirits of the redeemed there sing that new and glorious song: 'Thou

hast redeemed us with Thy blood, and made us kings and priests unto God.'" . . .

"BOMBAY, 10*th Oct.* 1852.

"MY DEAR B.,—I have been detained longer in the dining-room than usual to-night, talking over old office-days with R., but have still half-an-hour to spare, which I mean to devote to your service. I really must thank you for your regularity in writing to me, for I could scarcely have expected that you would write every month; but when you know how much delight your letters give me, I feel sure you will be induced to continue to send me a letter each mail. Your last letter of 17th August, I received with much pleasure. At the time of writing, your thoughts were naturally led into a sorrowful course, by the sudden removal of dear J.,—an event which should indeed awaken us to the necessity of being *ready*. . . . The history of her life on earth is closed, and she has now entered on her reward—a reward, however, which is all *of grace*. But I can fancy you saying, when you read this, 'That is all very well for her, but there is no such prospect for *me*. She trusted in her Saviour, and found peace and joy in believing; but these feelings are still strangers to my breast; mine are only struggles after salvation.' Yes, but you can remember a time, not many months ago, perhaps, when you knew nothing of these struggles; when you were

content to live as others around you, and saw no need of an interest in Christ, which you now so eagerly desire. These struggles are evidences of the Spirit's work. Happy souls where these first-fruits appear! He has begun a good work, and I am confident that He will carry it on. But you are still in doubt, and often perhaps in darkness, and long much for a *sense* of pardon. You have attained the first step towards conversion. You feel yourself a sinner; you now want to feel that your sins are pardoned. How is this to be obtained? Simply by 'looking unto Jesus;' by reading the narrative of His life on earth; by dwelling particularly on the closing scenes of that life; by steadily contemplating His death on the cross; looking away from *self* to Him; following Him to the realms of bliss, where, from amid the hallelujahs of the heavenly host, His accents of love to the sons of men still break upon the ear: 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me.'

"I beseech you, my dearest B., with all the tenderness of a brother's love, of one who would fain see you rejoicing in Jesus,—I beseech you, take such a promise as this to the throne of grace, and plead it there with the earnestness of a perishing sinner, whose only hope is in the blood

of Christ. Take no denial; wrestle with God as Jacob did; remind Him of His own promise. Think of His love in sending His Son to die for us; of His tenderness in telling us that 'as a father pitieth his children, so He pitieth those that fear him.' Dwell on the human nature of Christ; His sympathy for sinners; His being touched with a feeling of your infirmities; think of His own trials when on earth, and His forgetfulness of self in the midst of all, receiving all who came to Him, even anticipating their wants; and oh! remember that He is 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' Go to Him, I entreat you; and although you may have no heart to pray, *wait* on your bended knees, and the Spirit will help you. Pour out your sorrows into His sympathizing heart; tell Him you have no faith, but that you come to Him for it; that your soul seems cold and dead, but that He can speak the word, and you shall *live*. I am the more anxious to impress this upon you, because I know from bitter experience the evil effects of keeping away from Jesus; and as it is one of Satan's great artifices, while we are in the body, we shall ever be subject to this temptation. . . .

"Do you still hang back in doubt and unbelief, and have you also a feeling of *fear?* Why is it so? Of whom are you afraid? It is the Judge who invites you. He is on His throne of mercy

still, waiting to be gracious. Ah! has He not waited many years for us, and do we still linger? Shall we continue to grieve His compassionate heart by doubting His love? Away with such unbelief! close with the offers of His mercy: 'Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out.'"

CHAPTER XII.—1853.

"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS: SERVING THE LORD."

WE have still nearly four years of Indian correspondence remaining from which to select extracts. But it may be well, bearing in mind our design in our present undertaking, to take a glimpse of the character and conduct of the subject of this memoir from a strictly business point of view. We cannot cite witnesses better competent to form a correct judgment on this matter than his partners who dwelt under the same roof with him for many years in Bombay.

One of these, Robert Ryrie, Esq., writes:—

"21 PARK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE.

". . . If I felt I could do justice to any sketch or reminiscence of my long acquaintance with Robert, I would gladly make the attempt to help you a little with the memorial; but, with you, I think the best record of his life is to be derived from his letters; and a compilation of these will be full of interest to his friends and acquaint-

ances, as well as to many who knew him only by report.

"It is at Bombay, perhaps, that he was most generally known. It was there at all events that what you may well dwell upon as the great lesson of his life (that a man may be diligent in business while serving the Lord) was worked out.

"You ask me if I considered Robert a good man of business. Not only did I consider him a good man of business, but it is certain that he really was so. His application to business under all circumstances, and the labour he took upon himself was more than his health at times would justify; and this capacity for work, combined with his sound judgment and great temper and patience in dealing with those about him, and with the little annoyances that are incidental to the daily working of business in India, made him invaluable to those whose interests, bound up with his own, were left to his care.

"His wish to retire would have been a great disappointment to his partners, had not the state of his health rendered it impossible for him to remain with them. Instead, however, of accepting his resignation at once, as it was tendered by him, and as had been usual with them, they, by special agreement among themselves, made his retirement only partial, leaving it open to him to rejoin them if he wished, and if his health permitted, any time within two years from the date

of his resignation. This fact is perhaps the strongest testimony you could have of the value set upon him as a partner by the other members of the firm." . . .

We quote also a few sentences of a letter from James Hunter, Esq. :—

"GOBNOOR, *Nov.* 30, 1862.

". . . I do not think that, as a man of business, your brother was surpassed by any one in Bombay, in clear-headedness, diligence, and industry. He *always* did his work well. And as to a partner, one could not have had a more upright, honourable, or agreeable man to work with. He and I always got on most pleasantly together. As to his Christian walk, he was certainly most consistent, and a bright example. I never saw any littleness, or self-display or selfishness about him. He was a happy and cheerful Christian, notwithstanding that he sometimes laboured under bodily depression, and an extreme nervous shyness. I know no one for whose memory and example I have a more sincere respect and regard." . . .

We now transcribe portions of Robert's correspondence, written, as in former years, during fragments of time snatched from his busy life, and with a rapidly flowing pen :—

"BOMBAY, 25*th January* 1853.

"MY DEAREST . . . ,—You know the prejudices of caste are strong here. Well, we lately turned

off the office tiffin boy, owing to the large quantity of soda water unaccounted for (but doubtless stolen and sold), and not intending to get any other in his place, we requested one of the Sepoys (chaps that go messages) to bring the tiffin up to the office and put it on the table; but nothing would prevail on them to do this. To carry a basket which contained beef or mutton was the essence of pollution; and they would rather lose their place than become defiled. So the coachman, a man of a lower caste, has to do this degrading office; and the other day, when he was away, Messrs. Hunter, Brown, and Ryrie, had to put the tiffin on the table themselves, showing that the prejudices of caste are not strong enough with *them* to overcome the love of tiffin.

"We had a nice party on Monday evening. I had some interesting talk with Mylne, chiefly about prayer. He says, 'If I am a child of God, I have a right to take every finger ache (the smallest thing) to Him;' and spoke of the importance of doing everything with a reference to the will of God; also of realizing our adoption, and need, at the same time, of constantly applying the blood of Christ to the conscience. On these two last points I am sadly backward, but particularly the latter; consequently, I am often burdened with a sense of sin, which should not be, if all the guilt has actually been washed away. By constantly looking unto Jesus, however, I hope to attain this;

for I am sure we have declarations enough in the Bible to prove that God wants us to have a full sense of forgiveness, and to feel assured that all our sins are completely put away. It is a great thing to practise faith on the simple words of God, because there is a day not far off, dear, when we shall probably lose all our evidences entering the dark valley; and if we can only then fold up in our bosom some promise that we have lived upon, and *proved* in our journey through the wilderness, we shall be able to cling with a firmer grasp to the rod and staff of the promises when we are about to cross the swelling of Jordan. I can easily fancy dear Evans, who was so nervous on his deathbed, that he could not bear the sound of any one's voice, having his bed-curtains hung round with Scripture texts, so that whichever way he turned, he might be reminded that his heavenly Father had not forgotten him." . . .

Among the many friends he so easily attached to himself through life, none held a higher place in his estimation than the devoted missionary referred to in the following letter. As he still lives and labours in Bombay, we forbear to indulge in well-merited eulogium, simply remarking that Mr. Bowen is an American missionary who has literally given up *all* for Christ. His labours among the heathen are abundant, and they are emphatically labours of love, unrequited and unacknowledged

by any earthly society, since he prefers to give his services without fee or reward, living upon a few rupees a month, and thereby removing one argument from the mouth of the heathen, who are slow to allow the disinterestedness of their religious teachers. Robert owed much, as he frequently acknowledged, to the high standard and deep spiritual views of this Christian brother, whose appreciation of his character, on the other hand, was also very high. In a letter received since his death, Mr. Bowen writes, "I have known many good men in Bombay, but none like him:"—

"BOMBAY, 22*d February* 1853.

". . . I shall begin by telling you that we had Bowen dining with us last night, and I only wish some reporter had been behind the scene, to take a note of his 'droppings,' for I feel sure they were far more precious than the worthy Mr. W.'s. Let me try and recall one or two of his remarks, as they float on the surface of my memory. . . .

"I think I have before told you of Bowen's advice in studying Scripture,—to take a verse or two at a time, and ponder them, returning to the expressions again and again, when they are driven out of the mind. And in regard to the sufferings of our Lord, B. remarked that the account of them is wonderfully detailed—every little particular dwelt upon. He instanced the verse, 'And they took him and scourged him,' as affording abundant

food for meditation,—the glory of the person thus roughly seized, then the ignominy and disgrace of the punishment, and the suffering of it. Let us try this plan, dear, and give up the old one of reading a chapter or so in the mornings. We shall get more *food*, I am sure, by taking a verse and carrying it about with us during the day. Another remark of Bowen's was that the thing that gives dignity to one's existence, is the knowledge that so great and glorious a being as God is interested in us, and to such a marvellous extent that He never leaves us for a moment, but gives us every breath that we draw, keeping us as the apple of His eye. What unbelief ever to doubt His love, when He has given such assurances of it! and given us, besides, the greatest pledge Omnipotence could offer that He loves us better than we do ourselves.

"Oh! I wish you had been with us last night. You would have been elevated when listening to Bowen discoursing on these wondrous themes,—a meek, lowly, despised man; but oh, how happy! living in that miserable hut in the Bazaar, holding converse with his God. Hunter is greatly enamoured of him, the more so because he is very musical. Last night, before going away, he played an accompaniment on the piano to Hunter's violoncello, 'Weep not for Sorrow.' You need not be surprised if you hear of both of us taking up our quarters with Bowen in the Bazaar at Rs.10

a month! I wonder what —— would say; we must try and see more of the dear man, for his society is most improving, and I know not when I have *relished* an evening so much. Still, we must watch against *creature*-worship, and bear in mind that Bowen, and C., and M., and N., are only reflectors, in a most imperfect degree, of the glory of Christ. They are but candles: He is the sun. Let us seek more acquaintance with Him, and in close and intimate communion, make known *all* our requests by prayer and thanksgiving. What encouragement have we to do so! He says to us, 'The companions hearken to thy voice; cause *me* to hear it;' and again, 'Let me hear thy voice, for *sweet is thy voice.*' Wondrous words! but the Song abounds with such, and I am only now beginning to find it out. Let us drink deep into the spirit of this love-song, and ever listen to the Bridegroom's voice, opening the interview, 'Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away;' 'These things have I spoken unto you, *that your joy may be full;*' and again, 'Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name; ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.'

"Poor C. H.'s case is a very sad one. It is part of the 'tribulation' she must pass through, for it must be bitter experience indeed to see those she loves hurrying to destruction. Here, though, she can surely realize the sympathy of Jesus. Pray give her my very kind love, and ask

her to study Rom. viii. 32. She will now get some new light on that passage. We have all some cross to bear, some trial to suffer. Mine is an evil heart, which has been making some fearful discoveries lately of its depravity. . . .

"You have chosen a good motto to commence the year with, and one that used to be a good deal before my mind. Now, I look more to the words of Jesus Himself: 'Let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice.' 'Eat, O friends, drink *abundantly*, O beloved.' As M'Cheyne says, 'We can't put greater dishonour on the master of a feast, when a grand banquet is spread before us, than being content with a few crumbs under the table; yet is not this the way we treat the Saviour? Oh! how much we lose by not asking. Let us take God at His word more than we have hitherto done.'

"I must now be looking out for something to read to the Parelle people to-morrow morning. I am thankful to say I have been somewhat stirred up of late, and have had some real delight in prayer and study of the Bible, particularly the Song of Solomon. I would fain *sit* under the shadow of Christ, and find His fruit sweet to my taste, having the banner of love spread over me, and drinking out of His fulness. I seem never to have *drunk* yet. True, I have *come;* but He says, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and *drink*.' Oh! let us obey the invitation, and enter

into very close fellowship with Jesus. He invites us, assuring us that 'we are in the clefts of the rock.' We should not be much troubled with doubts, if we were on such terms as these with the Judge."

Astronomy became at this time a favourite study, and was converted into a golden ladder to raise his soul from the contemplation of Nature's wonders to Nature's God. As he studied, new and enlarged views of the Creator's power and goodness arose in his mind, and filled his heart with joy and gratitude, viewing all as he did through the medium of redemption, and as the workmanship of Immanuel.

"BOMBAY, 22*d March* 1853.

"MY DEAREST . . . ,—I doubt not that a smile passed over your placid visage when you learned from my last letter that I had decided on studying astronomy. On the following day a book was procured, and the study has since been pursued with much interest. The work I have commenced is Dick's *Solar System*, — a book suited to the capacity of one who is ignorant of the first principles of the science. I earnestly recommend you to get a copy also, for you will find it most interesting. We shall be the better able to understand those passages in the Word that describe God as 'hanging the earth upon nothing,' and all nations in His sight being 'as the small dust of

the balance,'—figures that we are apt to consider as hyperbolical until we are able to *realize* this truth. I desire ever to keep in mind that Christ has created all these worlds; for without Him was not anything made that was made. How it exalts the privilege of prayer when we think of the great and glorious Being we are invited to commune with! We can make no mistake in coming to *Him* at all times. The fountain of living waters never can become dry. Patriarchs, prophets, and apostles have all quenched their thirst there. 'Out of His fulness,' says John, 'have all we received, and grace for grace.' Don't let us be content with small things, but desire earnestly the best gifts; launch (like Henry Martyn) into eternity, and even 'sit down in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.'

"We had Bowen with us again last night; but he was unwell, and did not come out quite so much as usual. One *fact* though I gathered from him, which is, that a piece of earth has been found in Berlin (part of a peculiar kind of soil, I suppose), in *one inch* of which, it was ascertained, there were forty millions of insects! Just take that in, my dear, and the time that would be occupied in counting these, and say is not this as great a proof of God's wisdom and power as those stars that light up the firmament of heaven? Yes; the telescope and miscroscope both discover to us the wonderful works of God; and we may well say

with the Psalmist, 'Who by searching can find Him out?' These are but 'a part of His ways.' There is something very encouraging though, I think, in looking at these *minutiæ* of His works; for if these creatures of an hour are the objects of His care, is it likely that His own immortal beings, for whom the sun daily shines, and for whose comfort and enjoyment all inanimate nature was created, will be forgotten by Him? And if we go from creation to redemption, how infinitely more valuable does the soul appear when Deity came down to die for it? But I must now say good-night, as I am going to the hospital. The other night I met a man there who showed some interest in religion, but generally I have cause to say, 'Who hath believed our report?' I hope to take you up again before the mail leaves." . . .

"*23d April* 1853.

". . . There was some little interest shown by one or two of the men at the hospital on the Saturday; and I do believe that one reason why there is not more is, that I do not pray over the matter sufficiently. It is no easy matter when a man's head has been choked full of business all day, to lay it aside for spiritual duties, like speaking to others; but 'My grace is sufficient for you.'

"H. and I were at Dr. Stevenson's the other night, getting a lesson in astronomy, and a peep at the moon through a fine glass that he has. We

were rather late of going, and received *a check* on entering, the worthy man remarking, that it was never too late to *see the stars!* We had a tolerably good view of the moon, which was rather more than half full, and some good remarks from the Doctor afterwards on the subject of *light*, which is a great difficulty with H. He asks, How is it that at night we do not see the sun's light shining in the atmosphere above?—of course, the earth obscures part of it; but then it is but a small part that is covered by the earth's shadow. Why don't we see the light beyond? The answer is, that you are not conscious of light at all, unless it strikes some object, and the rays are reflected back to your eye, which seems plain enough; but H. is not quite clear about it yet; and you would have laughed if you had seen the Doctor the other night telling H. to go out in the garden, while he held the lamp behind him at the door, and then asking him if he saw its light. The illustration would have been more satisfactory if there had not been brilliant moonlight at the time.

"We carried off some celestial maps to assist us in our studies." . . .

With regard to this subject he writes again on "*May 20th* . . . I am glad to say that Dr. Stevenson has agreed to lend us that famous telescope, from which we expect great enjoyment; and on my way home to-night I intend to call in the shigram, and carry the thing off bodily. It is a

very powerful reflector, 300 or 400 times, I believe; so you need not be surprised if we come upon some new stars in our survey of the heavens; for the 'Brown star,' or 'Hunter's planet,' would sound very well. Jupiter is very grand just now, with his moons, and is also in a very favourable state for being seen to advantage."

"21*st*.—The focus was at length found last night after about two hours' search; and we did get a view both of the moon, and Jupiter and his satellites. I expected they would have been larger; but they are just like stars around a small-sized moon. On the fixed stars the glass makes little impression. It is still 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star,' and we may add, 'how I wonder what you are!' Are these worlds inhabited; and, if so, have they rebelled, like us, against their Creator? We fancy not. They may have witnessed our rebellion, and the infinite sacrifice made by Him who saved us, for we know that God's chief purpose all along has been *self-manifestation*, and without this display of love, His character would never have been known in this or other worlds.

"Did I tell you that a city mission has been commenced here on a very small scale? It is under the secretaryship of your humble servant, and it is to be hoped it will prosper. As a beginning, we have employed R. for Rs.30 a month, just to go about and visit those who are not in the habit of attending public worship; but by and

bye we hope to get another man for the harbour, to visit the ships and give tracts to the sailors." . . .

His next letter speaks encouragingly of the infant mission, then just struggling into life:—

"The city mission seems to get on very well; and R. has had much encouragement at the hospital, where the men listen to him attentively, as they seem to do also to dear Bowen; but this is scarcely the field for a city missionary, who should rather *rout* out those who have no opportunities of hearing the Gospel, which the men at the hospital have. We are to have a meeting of the Committee at Murray Mitchell's to-morrow morning, when the secretary *should* have a set of rules prepared for the mission, which, however, are not forthcoming. I don't know what to write, and must trust to some of the members suggesting something. I hope the worthy Dr. S. will be there. 'I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Mitchell,' I would not bother with any rules just now, until the thing is fairly set agoing; and, in the meantime, Mr. Brown, you had better resume your seat, and hold your tongue.' Carried unanimously. Is it not satisfactory to see the Free and Established ministers co-operating in a good work like this?

"We had a sad occurrence yesterday (Sunday) afternoon, in our compound or lawn. The boys were coming across to H.'s school, when one of them got bitten by a cobra. We gave him brandy

and eau-de-luce, and kept him in motion as much as possible; but the poison had already entered the system, and he died a few hours afterwards. The other day there were five snakes found a few yards from my bedroom window, enough to make one shudder. The poor boy was the only son of his mother, and she is a widow, like the woman of Nain. You may imagine her feelings on returning home last night to find her son in the agonies of death. She lives just on the other side of the road. I went over to see her this morning; there was much lamentation in her hut, and no wonder, for it is a very distressing case. Another melancholy case is the death of that poor man in hospital, whom, I think, I mentioned to you in my last. He was so low for some days before he died, that it was a burden to him almost to listen to any one; and as to his state of mind, I know not what to say. I have to write to his mother this mail, to break the sad news to her, and send her some money that he left with me. . . .

"I have been trying for the last three or four weeks to walk with God, by lifting up my heart in prayer, as each hour strikes. And in my efforts at communion, I have indeed been led to feel at what a lamentable distance I walk from the source of all good; and the need of trusting, not to any frames and feelings, which are worthless, but to the simple promise spoken by Him who cannot lie."

Many busy merchants sympathize with him in the sense of annoyance and worry wrought in the mind, by unlooked-for and unwelcome interruptions during business-hours. The grace of God enabled Robert to receive this "earthly care" as "heavenly discipline."

"*October* 26*th*.—I have a few minutes before going to bed, which I devote to you, dear. Rather busy have I been for the mail to-day, but I got through better than usual, being less *comatose*—I mean, that the mind operated with less difficulty than usual. What annoys one so much is, when you go into the office with the *resolve* to write letters, to be constantly interrupted, and thus the day is frittered away. Yet, are not all these interruptions God's appointment, and part of our discipline in the school of Christ? We must all have trials in some shape or another. One man is tried with poverty, another with bodily pain, a third with mental depression, a fourth with those little crosses I have referred to; but each of these lessons is the one best suited for the scholar, that is to say, it crosses his will most; if it did not, where would be the discipline? It is because we do not realize this world as a school that we are continually being cast down. We should like holiday-time here; but none of God's people get it, for this is not their portion or their rest. Now, I have a kind of feeling that when I

get up to the hills, I shall have less of the cross; but it will probably prove a delusion, because I carry *myself* with me; and if there be no cross, no discipline there, it will be lost time in the light of eternity. . . . The great thing, I think, is, to be always cheerful: 'Rejoice in the Lord alway;' and, at the same time, to unite with that a sober, serious deportment. If we really believed God's word, we could not fail to be serious; and that seriousness would stir up our gay friends to inquire; particularly if it were combined with a word spoken in season, with a heart overflowing with love. Whereas, if we laugh and joke with them, and imbibe (insensibly) their spirit, it is no wonder if they remain in their state of carnal security, and turn round to us with the inquiry, 'What do ye more than others?' We may be regular and *devout* in closet duties; but the world sees nothing of these, and judges of our state, and of *religion*, by the spirit we exhibit in their company."

In the course of this autumn, Robert made an excursion to Mahabaleshwar, from which both soul and body derived strengthening and refreshment. In the good providence of God, he was brought into contact with one far advanced in the Divine life, a living epistle of Jesus Christ, whose high and holy converse imparted somewhat of an Emmaus character to their walks and rides.

"MAHABALESHWAR, *November* 18, 1853.

". . . I proceed now to introduce you to Mr. M. You ask me who he is: he was formerly in the army, but retired from conscientious scruples some sixteen or eighteen years ago, when he also gave up his major's pension for the same reason. This will give you some insight into the character of the man. Well, he remained at home after his retirement fourteen years or more—during which time, I believe, his chief occupation was the study of the Bible; and you will readily believe from this, that he is 'mighty in the Scriptures.' He is also a man possessed of very superior natural abilities, and is now engaged in compiling a dictionary in the native language for Government—a most laborious and engrossing employment, as you may fancy; but to a mind like his, enjoying such communion with God, any occupation is dignified and ennobled, being engaged in with a desire to promote His glory. I went to call on Mr. M. soon after coming up; and alluded to the difficulty of having a prayer-meeting here this season, as no clergyman would take part in it. He said it was a great mistake people made, fancying that a clergyman was necessary at such meetings; and that it was one great reason why they got so little profit by attending them, because they looked so much to the minister, and so little to God. Every Christian is a living man; and each should feel his individual respon-

sibility in coming to make the meeting profitable, otherwise the Spirit is grieved, and they themselves go away unfed. In regard to prayer, he says, there are four conditions of it:—*First*, petition; *second*, waiting; *third*, watching; and, *fourth*, working; because God may have some work for us to do before He grants us our request.

"I was complaining of the difficulty I found in bringing eternity before me, or living as if I realized that I was just about to enter on an endless existence. Mr. M. says, we should not perplex ourselves too much about this. The great thing is, to walk with God. Laying hold of His strength, we shall be able to live above the world, though, at the same time, we must discharge our present duties with all diligence."

A few thoughts from this year's diary will serve to conclude the chapter:—

"*Sunday, 20th March* 1853.—Another happy day; prayer over the first chapter of John, and especially, that I may have a deep impression of eternal realities. All fulness dwells in Jesus, and out of that St. John received; therefore I can make no mistake in drawing from the same fountain. Captain Campbell and M'Carty have left us this week; and, I trust, our intercourse (particularly with the latter) has been sanctified. Fervent prayer for Mrs. R. to-day."

"*Sunday, 3d April.*—Have been trying more

this week to bring business matters before God; such as selling spelter, difficulty what to do with cotton orders, and shipping linseed; buying jesamum, and arranging for tonnage; whether to draw bills or not; and the answers I have had (in two cases at least) encourage me to persevere in this plan;—according to the scriptural warrant, 'In all thy ways acknowledge God;' and, 'In everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, make your requests known unto God.' Enabled to do something this week for God, in the way of speaking to the C.s; a line to S. on poor Watkin's death. Prayer over this to-day, that these repeated warnings, Mrs. T. G.'s death, Mrs. W.'s, and now the Doctor's, may not be lost upon me. Prayer for the poor widow and Mrs. R. Oh that she especially might listen to God's warning voice!"

"*Sunday, 10th April.*—Tried again this week the plan of bringing business matters before God; heard in regard to letting the 'Gladiator.' Hope I shall be so also in regard to cargo for Hamburg; ship from Calcutta for jesamum; drawing bills, etc. Interesting case in hospital, apprentice from the 'Hibernica,' who really seems interested in religion. God grant that the impression may prove lasting."

"*Sunday, 22d May.*—A very happy day. Was enabled in some measure to realize a sense of pardon—or of God's willingness to pardon—from

Psalm lxxxvi. 17, in connexion with Numbers xiv. 18. Prayer for right views of God's character; and over John viii. 1-11; also for poor M. L., in whom I feel much interested. Many mercies to record this week (though at one time my spirit was somewhat 'overwhelmed within me'); among them are, answers in regard to dispute about 'cochineal,' and tin plates for 'Gladiator,' in both of which my expectations have been exceeded."

"*26th June* 1853.—More peace to-day, and a sweet view of Jesus on the throne of heaven—even amid the hallelujahs of angels—never forgetting those for whom He died, because they are engraven on the palms of His hands. Prayer to-day for sense of sonship; right views of God's character, and of the nearness of eternity to each one of us."

"*September* 27.—Busy day for the mail, and wonderfully helped with my letters."

"*October* 17.—Much temptation to-day, and irritated more than once; looking away from Jesus; tried also by the fear of man, which, of course, proved groundless."

"18*th*.—More peace to-day, but still not walking in the liberty of a child of God, who stands in the righteousness of Immanuel. Much helped at the hospital to-night in giving Ryle's tracts, and talking to some of the men. Some thoughts of eternity afterwards."

"*November* 7, *Mahabaleshwar*.—Much exercised to-day; and God seemingly hiding His face. Still looking to Jesus, and pleading His promises, and striving to get near the cross. I am sure true peace is to be found there, when Jesus says to the soul, 'I am thy salvation.'"

"17*th*.—More time over the Bible and in prayer to-day, Isaiah xl. The burden of my prayers now is chiefly, that I may find God the source of my joy; that in all circumstances I may be able to rejoice in Jesus, because He has all power to make me happy always. It is most important, therefore, that I should seek to have communion with Him in every duty. Rode to Elphinstone Point: grand view.

"*December* 6*th*.—A happy season of communion. My heart was drawn out in some measure on behalf of F. and B.; this resulted from dining out last night. May I never mingle with the world, save as a redeemed child of God, and (marvellous privilege!) a fellow-worker with Him."

CHAPTER XIII.—1854.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

THE last two or three years of his residence in Bombay were characterized by the same steady attention to business, and unflagging diligence in running the Christian race. As senior foreign partner in the flourishing mercantile house with which he was connected, he proved himself thoroughly worthy of the high trust reposed in him by those at home, and neglected no means within his power of advancing their interests. While at the same time the key to his state of mind and feeling with regard to these matters may be found in expressions he uses in a letter to his father at this time:—"Many thanks for your congratulations on the result of our last year's business. We must seek more grace to be kept from being too much engrossed with these things, for prosperity is always dangerous. The grand truth, which I would wish to keep in mind is, that I am the *property* of God; 'not my own, but bought with a price,' which

would act as a wonderful safeguard in all circumstances.

"I think I have sometimes something of the apostle's experience when he said, 'I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ.'"

The following passage occurs in another letter to his father, dated October 1854:—

". . . I rather envy you those large gatherings of friends at the Brae. Perhaps my time may come some day. In the meantime, I am contented and happy here, my health excellent, my home comfortable, my business prospering; so that I may truly say, my cup overflows. But I strive not to fasten my affections on anything *here*, but look forward to that glorious day when long-separated friends will meet, and, free from sin, sorrow, and temptation, spend an eternity of bliss with their Saviour."

No doubt he sometimes missed the sunshine, as one may discover from such an allusion as the following, where he is speaking of a Christian friend: "—— seems in a perpetual sunshine, which *I* can hardly understand in this wilderness world." Much of the depression under which he occasionally laboured proceeded from physical causes, as well as from the finely strung and peculiarly sensitive temperament which he possessed. Some of the expressions he uses in his journal and letters, must be attributed to the

self-depreciating habit of his mind, which frequently led him to write bitter things against himself. Above all, his convictions of sin were intense, and when he looked at the great Model which formed his standard of Christian excellence, and set his own attainments and character side by side with it, what wonder that he felt utter abasement of spirit at his shortcomings and failures? Had he followed more persistently the motto that was so precious to his soul, of "looking unto Jesus," at all seasons, and under all circumstances, this sense of deficiency and unfaithfulness would have been lost in the blessed consciousness of righteousness and acceptance in the Beloved. But one thing may be said, he ever struggled after this, never resting satisfied without the assurance of the Saviour's smile, and never losing sight of his own personal interest in His finished work.

And so calm and equable was his outward demeanour—the stream of his Christian life seemed to flow so peacefully—that friends and acquaintances knew nothing of the inward conflict, and only admired the light that shone so vividly before their eyes. One of them happening to visit Scotland about this time, a Christian lady in the course of conversation spoke to him of Robert, in whom she felt interested for his father's sake. Having both of them attended the same church, on the following Sunday afternoon, and heard a

sermon on the words (Rom. i. 8), "Called to be *saints*," setting forth in graphic language the character of those to whom so high a title properly belongs, Captain M. said to his friend as they met at the door after service, "You asked me the other day to tell you something of Brown's life and character. You have heard them faithfully portrayed in that sermon—*he is just like that.*"

Such testimonies might be multiplied a hundredfold, not only from those who moved in his own sphere, and came in daily contact with him in business, but from the natives themselves. No better judges than *they* of a man's Christianity. His servant remarked one day to a Christian nurse, "My master *very* good man, before he go to office in the morning, he praying; he come back from office, he upon his knees again. *Often* in the day he pray to his God."

All this time the increase of business responsibility and duty was not suffered to interfere with his work at the hospital and in other directions. We find him writing on

"21*st January* 1854.

"I don't often meet with much encouragement at the hospital, but last night I came across a sailor who was just on his way out, and whom I drew into conversation by offering him Ryle's tract, *Only one way*. He listened attentively for some

time, and at last was affected, even to tears. I would hope this was the Spirit's work. I went back expecting to meet him to-night, but he was not there. But why is it that we distribute so many tracts, and pay so many visits to sick people, and yet they remain utterly unimpressed? There must be something wrong here, and I cannot help thinking the great defect is a want of *faith* on our part. We don't go forward as ambassadors for Christ, beseeching men, in His stead, to be reconciled to God. We don't realize our union with the Saviour in this great work of bringing in the lost sheep to His fold; if we indeed felt that we were engaged in *His* work, we should go forward in full assurance that blessing would attend our labours.

"I like much your descriptions of Mr. M.'s sermons; his views of Divine truth seem deep and experimental. I wish I had heard that one on Luke xxiv., though I daresay that on Daniel would have been more improving, whose character is a very wonderful one. I wish I could bear such a one, that worldly people might say, if they like, 'Oh, he is a saint, a psalm-singer, a new light, and so forth: but we can find no other fault in him; he is not a fool in business, and in all the relations of life there's nothing to lay hold on. "We shall find no occasion against this man, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God."' Ah! who is sufficient for this?

Every day I seem to make fresh discoveries of my vileness, and am continually crying out in spirit, if not in words, 'O wretched man! who shall deliver me?' and then to think that one must yet see more of the hell within, that the grace of Jesus may be the more magnified! For my comfort, I must try to take your advice, and look more to His righteousness *for* us, viewing Him as a complete surety. . . . .

"But I must away to bed, for I should be up at six. This has been a week of hard lessons, but to-morrow (Sabbath) doubtless I shall be able to say, 'Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.'"

"22*d February* 1854.

". . . At the hospital last week there was a sad case of a man who died, I fear, quite unprepared. Indeed, he was raving when I saw him, just half an hour before his death, and I did not even speak to him. It seemed so hopeless. There is a boy there, however, who lay in the next cot to him, who seemed somewhat impressed by the solemn scene; for the next night, when I went to speak to him, he wept much. I hope this arose not from *nature* alone, but that *grace* had a share in it. I go almost every night to see him, and feel much yearning of soul over the youth. He is only sixteen, with such a nice frank manner that I took a fancy to him the first night we met. I would

fain hope the Spirit of God is dealing with him. Oh that it might be so! Let me enlist your prayers on his behalf. His name is Bentley, and he is connected with the Indian Navy, and now in hospital, having had his finger torn off by some machinery a short time since. There is another who seems in a very hopeful state; and as his outward man fails, his inward man seems to be renewed day by day. His is just a case where simple *looking* is much needed, for he has little strength; and some of God's words whispered in his ear, such as, 'He knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust,' seem to afford him much comfort."

"BOMBAY, 23*d April* 1854.

"MY DEAREST . . . ,—Albeit the mail is not in yet, and I am consequently letterless, I take advantage of a spare half-hour this Saturday afternoon to commence my epistle to you. To-morrow is the Doctor's last Sunday. We had a meeting the other day to consider the best way of showing our esteem for the worthy man, and it was resolved to found a scholarship in the General Assembly's institution bearing his name. I had a motion to second on the occasion, and you can fancy my nervousness on getting up and hearing the sound of my own voice; and the gloomy forebodings which overhung my path for twenty-four hours previously. I think I must send you a

report of the meeting, although there was not much *eloquence* on the occasion. Dr. S. will be a great loss, not only to the congregation, but to the island. He is a man of a truly catholic spirit, and these are rare.

"I am sorry to say too, that we are going to lose the R.s, our next door neighbours, who leave also by the next steamer, chiefly on account of *her* health. I do not think I can part with one in whom I have all along felt so deep an interest, without great regret. I have been stirred up to pray more for her than any one else, perhaps, out of the circle of my own relatives; and this is to me a proof that God must have some gracious designs. She has had many trials, the last, parting with one of her boys; but it needed another stroke, and now she is obliged to go home herself. I had a very kind note from her the other day, returning two of Ryle's tracts, and expressing a hope that 'my many kindnesses in sending her such valuable writings would not be altogether lost' upon her.

"Before taking up your letter, I have one or two things to tell you. The first is unpleasant news, inasmuch as it concerns me personally, and *closely*. On Sunday night, my bedroom was entered by a thief or thieves, who did feloniously, I might say *burglariously* (for they gained admittance by knocking a hole in my bath-room door), walk off with the contents of my wardrobe;

including some excellent coats, one of them quite new, and sundry other articles of various hues and colours, the admiration of all beholders. They were bold men, these thieves; for only fancy, they actually took a pair of scissors from my dressing-room table, and cut a hole in my mosquito curtains, just to see if I was quite sound, before they walked off bodily with the booty. It is an annoying thing, though the pecuniary loss is not more, I suppose, than £40 or £50; but it shakes one's confidence when men knock holes in a door to gain admittance. *Of course,* none of the stolen property has been found; but as we strongly suspect the servants know something about it, we purpose making a clean sweep of the establishment. So much for that!

"*April 27th.*—The Dr. gave us his parting address on Sunday morning, and an excellent sermon it was; indeed I felt quite overcome; and albeit unused to the melting mood, the tears did steal down my cheek. No wonder, when I think that my first religious impressions were confirmed, if not received, under his ministry; and many a time since, have I been comforted by the free gospel which he has preached. Some of his best sermons have been on: 'To-day if you will hear His voice,' and 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted;' a most striking appeal after his son's dangerous illness. I feel that I shall miss his preaching much.

"Last night we took a parting dinner with the

R.s. I should like to have had a season of prayer before going; but there was not time, so I could only look up for God's blessing and presence. You may fancy I was well pleased on entering, to find Mr. Nesbit there, one of the Free Church missionaries, who lives very much *above*. Poor Mrs. R. is very weak, and reclined on her couch while we were at dinner. As I did not get near her, I was afraid I should have to come away without having any talk with her. But she most considerately rose, and took a chair by my side; when we had a very nice chat together. She spoke with much feeling, and when I alluded to her many trials, could not refrain from tears. She felt satisfied, she said, that there was no happiness but in religion; and I could not keep from saying how often I had been stirred up to pray for her, and that these prayers were now being answered in the trials she had lately had. Her understanding is convinced, I think she believes with the head; but has not, I fear, received the Saviour into her heart. Still, I believe *He will knock* till He gains admittance, for surely He would not have stirred me up to pray for her as He has done, if He did not mean to bring her to Himself. I can scarcely tell you how much I long after her soul, and this little interview with her seems quite to have softened me the last two days. She said she wished to hear from me when at home; and I think I shall not be slow in availing myself of the

privilege of writing. . . . And now, my dear, I must say good-night. I will say, in conclusion, that what we must strive after most is, to realize the presence of Jesus in our daily walk, and to be able to 'set Him continually at our right hand, so that we may never be moved.' With much love to all," etc.

"BREACH CANDY, 19*th May* 1854.

"I have just escaped from the dining-room—where Ryrie and a friend of his in the Engineers (arrived to-day) have been blowing a cloud—to the upper regions here—to Mr. Candy's old room, that I may have a short talk with you. That glass of iced water has a little revived me; but still it is very hot, and my ideas are likely to be even more vague than usual.

". . . . Certainly, it does appear to me that we lead *miserable* lives, compared with what we ought to do. How does the matter stand? Am I a believer in Christ? have I come to Him? and do I trust in Him alone for salvation? If I do, then at every moment of my life, there is the love of an infinite God beaming upon my soul. Do we realize this? No; we may occasionally have glimpses of God's love; but I fear our walk is too much one of doubt and unbelief, and we say in our hearts, if not with our lips: 'My God hath forsaken me, and my God hath forgotten me.' There is scarcely anything in which I find my-

self so deficient as in anticipating the inheritance reserved for us. What is the remedy for this? Just the same as for all other spiritual maladies, 'looking unto Jesus;' and this, I think, includes studying or considering Him in His various relations, as Intercessor, High-Priest, Saviour, all in all."

"*20th*, 9 A.M.—While R. is completing his toilet, I have time to add a few lines. Up early this morning—5.20, and working at the mail letters; slightly *comatose*, it is true, and several dead halts were of course come to. Still it is needful to do something here at home, for the endless interruptions in the office with callers, and one thing and another, prevent me from making any headway in letter-writing. My temper is often tried in this way. I start in the morning with the intention of getting through a certain amount of work, and find in the afternoon that I have been quite foiled; but it is good discipline, for we ought always to make our plans in subservience to God's, and it is by His permission and appointment that these things happen. This is admirably brought out in *Earthly Care*, and we would do well to make that little book our daily study; as C. H. used to do.

"Last night (Sunday) I went to the Free Church, where we had an excellent sermon from Mr. Nesbit. He dwelt a good deal on pleading with God his own promises in prayer: 'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it;' 'Remember this word unto

thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.' If we do so we shall be able to say, 'Thou hast heard thy servant according to thy word.' I was trying yesterday to pray over Ephesians iv., which does indeed treat of high things, the privileges of the believer; but, alas! when one goes into the world again on the Monday, how soon these things are forgotten! But it will not always be so; when faith is exchanged for sight, we shall be satisfied.

"Many longings of soul have I had over ——, and even while I write my eyes moisten. I have been so much stirred up lately to pray for her; her case *forcing* itself on me, as it were, or rather, I should say, is pressed on me by the Holy Spirit. I hope to write to her by the bi-monthly, as she seems willing to receive my letters. . . .

"No letter yet from Mrs. R., but she must have had enough to do with her sick child. You would hear that she lost one on her way home. I am persuaded my prayers in her case will be answered. The Spirit has not been working with me for the last two years on her behalf for nothing. When God intends to grant a blessing, He stirs up His people to pray for it; and when He means to withhold it, He shuts them up from prayer. See Moses: 'Let me alone.'" . . .

In perusing the pages of his diary, one thought has often recurred: the remarkable perseverance

with which he brought the same names, time after time, before the throne of grace. The subjects of these earnest petitions little knew the fervour with which their cause was pleaded before God. After meeting him at a dinner-party, or business engagement, they might have experienced a thrill of amazement and holy emotion, could they have overheard the importunate intercession with which their names were being uttered before the mercy-seat. Very wide is the circle embraced by his Christian love; few seem to have come into contact with him without reaping this highest kind of benefit at his hands.

"BOMBAY, *October* 1854, 7.15 P.M.

"... I resume, for a little before dinner, having driven out from office with the ——s, who kindly called for me. And that new *cane-bodied* carriage being a sociable, there's plenty of room for three or four. It's Hunter's property though; so spare that reproof that was rising to your lips! At family worship this morning, I tried to launch into eternity, so as, if possible, to arrest the ——s and all of us, with the solemnities of the judgment-day, but I could scarcely get through, my voice faltered so much; the subject was so unspeakably solemn, that I felt quite overcome. Oh! if we believe the Bible, which declares that the unconverted are condemned already, or, in other words, that they are now hurrying away to lie

down in everlasting burnings, is it possible that we can be too earnest in pleading with God for them? No wonder that men live on in sin when Christians treat the truths of God as if they were fables. Let us awake, dear ——, from this state of lethargy, and by meditation on those parts of the Word that open up to us the realities of heaven and hell; and by constant prayer, seek to get our minds deeply impressed by things unseen. I have been occupying my mind a good deal lately with these subjects, and think we are warranted in expecting *deep, realizing* views of eternity in answer to prayer, for it is said, 'The Spirit searcheth all things, even the deep things of God;' and again, 'He will show you things to come.' But there's the announcement for dinner, so I must away.

"Tell me what you think of what I have written above, and if it be not the secret of powerful preaching, as well as holy living, to have the mind deeply impressed with a sense of the importance of eternity, only to be obtained by constant meditation and prayer. I certainly have been much more stirred up of late, and had great enlargement in prayer, sometimes feeling as if I were what every believer should be, 'a well of living water' (John vii. 38). I must be on my guard against spiritual pride, which is very apt to overtake one in such a frame as this. It was just after Paul had been carried up to the third heavens that he had a thorn

in the flesh. We know little of our own hearts yet, or of the wiles of the Wicked One, so we have great need to *watch* and be sober.

"The enclosed note from Mr. Nesbit I received the other day in answer to an inquiry I made, 'Why Christians in the present day meet with so little persecution?' My mind had been led to the subject from a little experience of trial I had had the day before, in which I was wonderfully brought through; and I can't help feeling thankful to God that I have been placed in such circumstances, for it has been the means of bringing me to think of the subject; of getting this note, accompanied by a wonderful sermon from Mr. Nesbit on 'Forsake all;' of having a nice exposition from him at breakfast on Monday, and, I hope, a nice walk with him on the Vellard next week. All this, you see, in consequence of the little trial endured for the Saviour. But I must away. Excuse both matter and manner of writing. I was doubtful whether I would take up my pen at all, being wearied to-night."

In August he made a short excursion into the interior, proceeding as far as Aurungabad, and visiting the famed caves of Ellora. This proved to be his last holiday, and his last absence from Bombay. Circumstances prevented his leaving his post during the next two years, and then he quitted India for good.

"SEROOR, *August* 1854.

"MY DEAREST . . .,—You would learn from my letter to my father, by this mail, that I had made out my trip to the Deccan, and was then sojourning in the hospitable house of Major Candy at Poona. Nice, kind people they are, the lady overflowing with consideration for all one's little wants.

"I left them on Monday morning for this place in a vehicle bearing the classical name of a *nibs* —an affair something like a baker's cart on two wheels drawn by one horse. The first animal, after having gone about a quarter of a mile, manifested a very strong *geological* turn of mind, and, without any previous notice, his head was seen resting on the road making a close inspection of the stones. We had to get out of course. After a little struggling he was again harnessed, and the driver having assured us that the beast was in the habit of embracing his mother earth, we proceeded on our journey without any further interruption. On the road between this and Poona there is little worthy of note. The country of the Deccan is generally very flat, but every now and then you pass some old Mahratta village, with its lofty minarets, majestic though in ruins, presenting a pleasing contrast to the generally monotonous character of the scenery. I got here about seven (having been about eight hours doing the forty

miles), and met with a very kind reception from M. and his wife, who have got a delightful house and garden, and a family of four children. The climate is delightful, very much resembling the English summer. The verandah is lined with nice plants and shrubs, sending forth such pleasant odours, and the birds are singing so merrily, and the sun is shining so brightly, that altogether one could not wish for greater external enjoyment. Three of the bairns are just now standing at my open door; and one of them, without any previous provocation on my part, except a hint that his papa was in the next room, has just raised a series of most unearthly yells, which I have been obliged to submit to quietly, for his parents tell me the young gentleman has a peculiar temper of his own. If I had attempted to remonstrate, the yells might have been protracted for an indefinite period. I am not sorry that the trio have taken themselves off, though voices are heard in the distance. . . . I rather like the seclusion of this place, the only people in the place besides natives being three or four officers of the Irregular Horse. Such a contrast to Poona or Bombay, where the chariots and prancing steeds roll along. I mean that the chariots roll, not the steeds, although ours did yesterday morning."

"AHMEDNUGGUR, *7th August*.— . . . Having got so far on my journey, I think it would be a pity not to go on to Aurungabad, to see the far-

famed caves of Ellora. After due cogitation, I have resolved to start to-morrow (D.V.) in a palanquin, which is the safest mode of travelling at this season, for were one to go in a bullock-cart, there would be a risk of being stuck in the mud for some days if the rains came down, and seven pairs of bullocks would be required to get one out again. This difficulty will, I trust, be obviated by taking a palanquin, although it will not be pleasant to have my long legs cramped up in one of these coffins for twenty hours or more, the distance being seventy miles."

"AURUNGABAD, 10*th*.—I got here safely yesterday morning before breakfast, having been only about twenty hours on the road, which is very fair work at this season when the ground is heavy in some parts. I am the guest of Dr. Bradley, who offered to give me quarters when I met him at Poona last month. A most kind and hospitable host he is, full of information, a literary and scientific character, the best man I could have to escort me to the caves; for he knows them thoroughly, and has written on them. The society here is not large, and there are at present only four ladies in the place, on whom we called yesterday, as that seems to be the custom for strangers. . . . This morning we went to see one of the great sights of the place, the tomb of Aurungzebe's wife, a most beautiful building of marble, in exact imitation of the Taj at Delhi,

only on a smaller scale. It is situated in an immense garden, and raised on a kind of plateau, at each corner of which there is a lofty minaret, one of which we ascended; but the great beauty of the tomb, which I suppose is about sixty feet high, is the exquisite carving of the doors and railings. I only wish I could sketch, that I might give you an exact representation of this wonderful structure; but as I can't, I won't weary myself and you with a lengthy description. To-morrow we propose going out to see the Ellora caves, about fourteen miles off, and when I get back I must attempt some account of them, but will pause for to-day, for you will easily believe I am not much in the humour for writing up here."

"14*th*.—Well, I have seen the far-famed caves of Ellora; and I will say that they far surpass my highest expectations. They are about fourteen miles from this; and the road lies through a very pretty part of the country. Everything looks fresh and green after the rain. We started soon after 5 A.M., on horseback; and got up to the Tomb, which is now converted into a bungalow, in time for breakfast. After that we sallied down to the hill, to have a look at the caves, the first we came to being the Kylas Cave. Words fail me in attempting to describe this magnificent structure. Conceive an excavation into the rock of 400 feet, and in this area a pagoda 100 feet high, of a sugar-loaf form, surrounded by five

chapels, the whole covered with sculptures, within and without, wonderfully elaborate, while the pillars and columns are most beautifully carved. Even in the present day, this alone would be considered a wonderful work of art; but when we remember that there are about two dozen caves, large and small, that they were constructed 900 years ago, and cut out of the solid rock, one is lost in admiration, and almost inclined to doubt so stupendous a fact. Fancy St. John's Chapel at the end of Princes Street, cut out of the Castle rock; and when you have realized that phenomenon, you will be able to form some idea of the Ellora Caves. They far surpass any work of art I have ever seen; and I have wandered in the mazes of the Milan Cathedral, and the Church of St. Mark's at Venice.

"We had rather a hot walk up and down to these caves; and were not a little thankful to find ourselves in our tomb again, beside a good dinner; for Dr. Bradley had made ample provision for the trip. He described the caves thoroughly, telling me what all the gigantic figures (some fourteen feet) are intended to represent; but, of course, I took in little of all this. We slept in the Tomb, and started early next morning on our return, taking a different route from the one we came. The scenery in some parts is beautiful," etc. . . .

"I leave for Nuggur to-morrow morning; and

notwithstanding the kindness I have met with, and the various attractions of the place, I shall not be sorry to leave it. My visit, somehow, has not been a happy one. I have been in heaviness through manifold temptations, and my faith has been much tried—a good part of the 69th Psalm being applicable to me. I strive, however, to look continually to Jesus, and as He is full of grace, as well as truth, my prayer will be heard and answered, although not perhaps in the way I expect. That text, applied by the Spirit, affords a world of consolation. 'The servant is not above his Master, nor the disciple above his Lord.' How reasonable!" . . .

"BOMBAY, 28*th August*.—You see I did not fulfil my intention of writing from Poona, being averse to the use of the pen up there, and here I am once again, most thankful to find myself back by the 'sad sea-waves' after my travels up country. H. and R. were glad to see me, I think; and the very dogs gave me a hearty welcome, so that I only wanted my mail letters to make my happiness complete; and sure enough, these were at once put into my hand—a goodly budget. . . . I like always your quotations from Mr M., which convey precious truth; and I would make his prayer mine daily: 'That I may so know Christ, and so use Him, that He may be "all in all" to me.' I can say in all sincerity that I have learned something of His riches while I have been away,

and something of self also—a painful lesson, but profitable. The truth particularly brought before my mind of late, has been the intercession of Christ. Knowing that in Him dwells all fulness, I had been looking to Him, my soul following hard after Him. But it was not till my return to Poona last week that I saw my mistake in overlooking His relation to me as my Intercessor with the Father; that the Father is the source of all love and grace; and that it pleased Him that in Jesus all fulness should dwell. . . .

"Now, dear, I was hard at work at half-past six this morning; and it is now half-past ten P.M. I have given you quantity, if not quality, this mail.—Believe me," etc. etc.

"BREACH CANDY, *Nov.* 25, 1854.

". . . .—I may tell you that I have been taking the said book (Miss Newton on the Song of Solomon) into the office lately; and feasting upon it in the intervals of business. We must try and get up to those heavenly places, where the author must have sat, and where she now sits for ever. It is strange that you should allude to this in your letter, speaking of that text: 'Be ye followers,' etc.; because I have lately been trying a little to people the future state with those bright spirits that we know have gone before—Abraham, Moses, Job, Daniel, David, Paul, John, or, in later times, Wilberforce, M'Cheyne, Hewitson, Bicker-

steth, the author of 'Solomon's Song,' dear G. J., and a host of others. Now, we belong to the same family as all these; and the only difference is, that we are on the battle-field, and they are crowned. Who ever got to heaven without suffering? All the crowned heads there have borne the cross. The King of Saints bore the heaviest of all, for there was 'no sorrow like unto His sorrow.' Oh! let us, dear ——, strive, by meditation and prayer, to realize our true position, as members of the same family with those around the throne, who have, every one of them, come through much tribulation.

"I am glad you liked my letter from the Deccan; truly, I was passing through deep waters then, and not all the sights in the universe could have soothed my desolate heart; for my soul was following hard after Him in whom dwelleth all fulness of joy. There was a more decided turning of the face Zionwards; during that time, I think; and hence all the powers of hell were arrayed against me. It was a season of deep trial; but afterward, I hope, it worked the fruit of righteousness. On my return to Poona, when listening to a sermon on 'The Lord is my portion, saith my soul,' the light shone again. These are hard trials; but oh! if they only bring us nearer to Christ, let us not complain. Latterly, my temptations have been quite of a different kind—great enlargement in prayer,

much emotion, launching into eternity; thus I was becoming puffed up with spiritual pride, till within the last few days, when the hell within was again opened up to my view, and in some degree checked my vaunting spirit. The thoughts are the things we must watch over—'casting down imaginations,' and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ. This is very high, but what we must aspire to, if we would get near the Saviour."

In the spring of this year, 1854, he increased the annual sum sent home for charities to £200. In the following note, written in June, he thus alludes to his project of maintaining an additional city missionary in Edinburgh:—

"BOMBAY, *June 28th*, 9½ P.M.

"MY DEAR . . . ,—I write you an extra line to thank you for your welcome letter of 17th May, and to tell you that the same mail brought me one from Mr. Trench, expressing the gratification the Directors of the City Mission felt on hearing that I intended supporting an agent. He promises to write again with full particulars, when my agent is at work. Meantime, should you happen to see Mr. Trench, will you thank him for his letter; and when the promised particulars arrive, I may do myself the pleasure of responding. I trust good may follow from all this. As

to the remainder of the money sent from Liverpool, I must just leave you to do as you think best with it. You know there are many schemes in want of support—soup-kitchens, perhaps, houses of refuge, etc., etc.; but you cannot do better than ask for guidance in this little matter. 'Of Thine own do we give Thee;' how wilt Thou have it employed?' Dr. Veitch's school seems an excellent scheme, and you can give either £10 or £15, as you think best." . . .

DIARY—1854.

"*Sunday, 29th January.*—A week of much trial—greatly pressed in business, and sorely tried in office. Even to-day, could not altogether shake off business thoughts; wearied both in mind and body. Still, enabled to pray with some earnestness for deep views of eternity, that I may not thus walk in a vain show, and look at time as if it were eternity, transposing the true order of things. Poor Captain Morris's death, and Mr. Cook's sermon this morning, seem *calls* to consider this subject. Prayer answered this week about tonnage for seed."

"*Sunday, 19th February.*—This week has been marked by that sad death in the hospital, in the conductor's ward, and the deep impression made by it on that dear boy who lies in the next cot. Oh that his tears may indeed flow again, as he contemplates how much he has sinned against

his Saviour! Blessed Jesus, make him one of the jewels in Thy crown! Another call to-day to prepare for eternity in the sudden removal of Mrs. Jameson. How unlooked for! We were asked to dine there last Thursday, and to-day she lies a corpse."

"*Sunday, 12th March.*—I do think that this week I have been somewhat more free, acting more from love. Enabled to write to B., H., and to speak to C. Altogether a week of mercies, specially getting the *Janet Wilson* and *Queenstown* away yesterday. Some joy over Hosea xi. and 2d Ephesians this morning. Wonderful that God should betroth me unto Him for ever, and that He should quicken me when dead in sin."

"*Sunday, 16th April.*—I desire to record God's special goodness to me yesterday in letting the *Typhoon*, which caused me a good deal of anxiety in the early part of the day; but, as often happens, my fears were disappointed, and my expectations exceeded—getting room in the ship for linseed, and in *Maria Gray* also. Oh that I might learn from this in all my ways to acknowledge God, trusting that He will direct my path. Psalm cxxxviii. was very sweet to me to-day, and Hosea xiv.; also part of John vi. J. (of 4th Regiment) out here to-day; had some serious talk with him."

"*April 30th.*—A week of many mercies, especially having some nice talk with Mrs. —— on Monday night. My soul has been much drawn

out after her this week, and it would seem as if my frequent prayers for her were now being answered. Blessed Jesus, do Thou bring her to Thyself!"

"*May* 28*th.*—Special mercies yesterday in getting away the *Result* and *Typhoon.* Although I went away heavy in the morning, returned at night rejoicing. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.' Remember especially what success I have had all along with the *Result*, from the day of her arrival. O Lord, do Thou give her a speedy voyage, and manifest Thyself to many souls on board!"

"*June* 4*th.*—Many mercies again this week, especially on Wednesday, when pressed with China and English mails. Brought back in the evening rejoicing. Prayer to-day, especially to Jesus, as He who came not to bruise the broken reed, but to bind up the broken-hearted. Sweet view of Him saying those words, 'If any man thirst,' etc.; *standing* and crying; and then again, standing and crying from heaven, 'Behold, I *stand* at the door and knock.' I need not be surprised, for the people wondered at the gracious words that flowed from his lips, and even the officers *could* not take Him."

"30*th July.*—This has been a week of many temptations, and many struggles to get near to Jesus. One of my great mistakes seems to be looking at the workings of faith instead of the

Object of it. Had some comforting views of Jesus too, as having inexhaustible treasures, unsearchable riches, and all for me."

"1*st October*.—Very many mercies again this week, but a most solemn warning in poor Wm. Fleming's death. Oh that it may be blest to me and all, especially his brother. Enabled to do something for God this week—tracts to Captain R., books for Mrs. ——; stirred up to more earnestness in God's cause. Began the Parelle meeting again this morning; much moved on the way there by the thought that the time is short."

"20*th Oct*.—Stayed at home to-day. Dewallee.[1] Prayer, especially over Heb. xi. 25, 26, against the fear of man, having been tried yesterday by M'E., but wonderfully carried through, and enabled to rejoice. Blessed Jesus, strengthen me, that I may bear reproach, if need be, for Thee, as Thou didst for me. Multiplied mercies again this week, especially yesterday, when all things prospered. Abbott dined here last night, and accompanies us on the pic-nic to-day."

"*Oct.* 22*d*.—Sermon from Mr. Cook this morning, on Titus ii. 13, on the Lord's coming; mind again exercised on this subject. Jesus has *all power;* oh, may He then lift my heart to that glorious event!"

"29*th October*.—Sermon again this morning on the second advent, as the great motive to Christian

[1] A Hindu festival and holiday.

living. Much interested, affected even to tears. 'Knowing the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men.' Praying over the subject to-day. Do Thou, O blessed Jesus, open my eyes to the realities of heaven and hell, and the awful danger of the unconverted, that I may be stirred up to seek their salvation!"

"*5th November.*—Much struck this week by the severe hurricane that visited the island on Thursday morning—a manifest judgment of God. Got Bowen to write a tract on it, which I am distributing. Led to-day to consider the subject of God's judgments; prayed over Jer. v., and wept a good deal while praying for a blessing on the tract. Oh that many may be arrested by it! Let me consider how much will be expected from me in the way of example, from having taken upon myself to distribute this tract. Lord, give me grace to walk as one of Thy children, blameless and harmless, realizing the high dignity to which Thou callest me as one of Thy witnesses."

"*Nov. 19th.*—Another week of mercies—enabled to do something for God. Mind a good deal occupied with heavenly things, no doubt in answer to last Sunday's prayer. Much struck last night on going to the hospital to hear of the death of the two men in the long ward who lay side by side. What a warning to all! Lord, may some profit by it, and may I myself, by being more diligent, seeing the time is so short. Interesting

case in hospital of a backslider. Praying to-day over part of Rev. v.—the song of the redeemed around the throne. Much stirred up in prayer this morning with H. and B. Gave Mrs. B. 'Wilberforce' and 'James,' which she took very kindly. They leave to-morrow."

"*Dec.* 10*th.*—Communion Sabbath, rendered memorable by R., F., and S. coming to the Lord's table. Oh, blessed Jesus! do Thou give them and me grace to keep our vows. C. was excellent to-day—one or two of his texts struck me particularly: 'Fear not, I am with thee;' 'I am crucified with Christ;' 'To him that overcometh.'

"Prayer during the week on an important subject. I believe to-day that my request will be granted. This time next week, if I am spared, I shall be able to form some opinion. In any-case, let me rest on Rom. viii. 32."

"31*st December.*—Multiplied mercies again this week, especially in business; getting on with the *Wellington*, and tonnage for seed. Many fears disappointed. Oh, my Saviour! what time I am afraid, let me trust in Thee. Very happy last night and this morning; but happiness marred by harbouring sinful tempers during dinner."

CHAPTER XIV.—1855-56.

LETTERS.

THE subjoined extracts are selected from letters written between the beginning of the year 1855 and the autumn of 1856, when Robert left India for good. For more than a year after the date of the last entry from his journal, everything prospered with him; no trace of disease or symptom of weakness gave warning of the long period of wasting-sickness that lay beyond, and his Christian life developed in force and fervour. His application to business during the greater part of this time was increasingly assiduous, and his office labours were augmented by the absence in England of his junior partner. For two years he never left Bombay for a single day; and, imperceptibly but surely, the enervating influence of climate, combined with close attention to business, told on his constitution. In letters written in 1856, he alludes to his need of change; but in after years, when speaking of his illness, he never once assigned any predisposing cause,

characteristically looking above and beyond all second causes, and receiving it simply and directly from the hand of God. His "schemes" were in no case neglected, although the leisure and strength to attend to them were hard to find; the Parelle meeting continued from week to week; a class in the school was taught Sunday after Sunday. The Pensioners' Home and the Orphanage were regularly visited; the same deep and lively interest was maintained in all the religious and charitable societies to the end. Having put his hand to the plough, there was no looking back. With the quiet, earnest strength of living faith, and the unflagging perseverance, inspired by personal love to a personal Redeemer, he moved steadily forward, abounding more and more in the work of the Lord.

From his letters and diary we learn that he went frequently into general society at this time; and from the short notices connected with the names of friends, especially in the journal, we discover to what good account he strove to turn his intimacies and friendships.

"BOMBAY, 23*d January* 1855.

"MY DEAREST . . . ,—Having been somewhat comatose all day, and the hour of five having now arrived, I must try and cheer myself by beginning a letter to you in reply to your last, which reached me on Sunday. . . . These are very interesting

extracts you give me from Mr. —'s sermons, and the illustration he gives showing how possible it is to love an unseen Saviour is very good. Still, ——, it is poor love to what we shall feel when we see Him face to face. Here we have only glimpses. We can't *stand beholding* like these people at the Cross, nor keep our eyes *fastened* on Him like those in the Synagogue; but when we behold His glory hereafter, seeing Him as He is, what will our emotions be? I sometimes long for that time, for I find it a wilderness world, the conflict is so incessant. No sooner do my eyes open on the morning light than the struggle begins, to terminate only when the trials of the day are over, and I lay me down to rest. All this, though painful to the flesh, is good, for it has the effect of weaning me from the world, and I think also of keeping me nearer to Jesus. There is one cure, I know, in all times of depression, and that is a realizing view of Christ as the Man of Sorrows during His life on earth—a tempted, suffering, sorrowful Man. If we kept Him before the mind we should be ashamed to complain; we should say 'Amen' to His own words, 'The servant is not above his Master,'—a fact which we every day and every hour practically deny.

"That concluding part of 1st Ephesians should be our daily prayer; but it is not prayer only, but meditation on things unseen, which must be used. I sometimes think there's much unbelief in this

constant praying. We should leave our petitions with God in the morning, and go forth to our duties, looking out for an answer, watching thereunto with all perseverance, and realizing His presence during the day. It is a childlike confidence in God that I would recommend.

"*Mail Eve*, 10 P.M.—Yes! our friends are leaving us one by one. The M.s sailed on the 16th in the *Hurricane*, and they are to call on you when they get home. Then Burn Murdoch has also left us, and is just about to sail for the Crimea with his regiment—the 10th Hussars. He has to-day presented us all with such nice books as parting-gifts—*me* with *Friends in Council* and *Companions of my Solitude*; Mrs. H. with a splendid copy of Cowper, H. with Milton, and R. with Kirke White; so our drawing-room table looks quite gay. It is pleasant to think that all our friends, as they leave, express themselves grateful, and say what I believe is true, that they have spent a happy time with us. Not that *I* have contributed much to this, but the Millers and Murray Mitchells, and Colvin and Hunters, all get on so well together. C. says they are two of the happiest months he ever spent. He was coming out at breakfast this morning with sundry nice little speeches, but I told him we could not have these disjointed sentences, and that he must get up on his legs and address the meeting."

" BOMBAY, 1855.

" MY DEAREST . . . ,—The Hunters are out at Mrs. Leith's prayer-meeting to-night, and as R. has betaken himself to the sofa, I make my escape from the dining-room that I may have half an hour's chat with you before going to bed. And I begin by thanking you for your most welcome letter of 16th February, which reached me two days ago along with one from B. and L. These shall be responded to in due course, if they are not consigned to that pigeon-hole in the office, where so many of my private letters find their way now-a-days. . . . When I see from your last that your thoughts so often tend in this direction, and that you seek to realize your Indian brother going his daily round, I *must* continue to keep you informed of his proceedings. He generally rises about six or half-past six, sometimes later, dresses in a hurried manner, rushes forth for a ride, the order having been previously given—'Ghora tayar karo' *(get the steed ready)*; a good hard trot up Malabar Hill, ecstatic view there of Backbay and the boats at anchor, and the rippling waves glittering in the morning sunbeams; a turn of the road is made, and down we come on the other side of the hill, the Breach-side, where Miss Pope and Professor Harkness, and Mr. Cook and sundry others reside. The road here winds along by the sea, which almost laves it when the tide

is up. Here we trot on for a mile or so, when the road again turns up, and, after a fine canter, the prancing steed deposits his rider at Prospect Lodge. Then a large breakfast-cup of tea is eagerly imbibed, accompanied by a *wedge* or two of dry bread, succeeded by another cup, the graceful Ganymede *Dadjee*, with sparkling turban, ever anticipating his master's wishes. Then there is reading, generally the Bible and prayer, for I find this usually brings me near the breakfast hour without giving time for other reading. We always have prayers before breakfast. We just read part of a chapter, make remarks on it, and then H. takes the prayer. Then we breakfast, and immediately thereafter drive into office, where we *bide* till half-past five or six, and then come home to dinner about half-past seven. Afterwards, if we are alone, have conversation or music, and separate about ten. So much for the day, which I daresay you are as much tired of as I am sometimes, so I shall now pass on to your letter. . . .

"Often of late have I been wearied with the conflict and longing for *home*. I do, indeed, find this a wilderness-world, and the constant inward cross weighs me down; but it is through much tribulation that we must enter the kingdom. The great thing is, to live hour by hour upon Him, for if we did this, we should really enjoy a sort of heaven on earth, having constant communion with God in our most common duties. I find I am

always prone to look for this chiefly in prayer, leaving God, as it were, in the closet, instead of walking with Him throughout the duties of the day. It's all unbelief, for has He not said, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee?' It seems to me that one of the greatest means of growth is meditation, not praying so much, for there is often much legality, ay, and unbelief in that; but *looking*, trying the *objective*; taking such a text as 'Christ is all in all,' and keeping it before the mind; and when you have realized something of His glorious character, then lift up your heart to Him in prayer. Tell me what you think of this, because I believe it is the *truth*; and although I don't mean to say we should neglect prayer, I still say there is often much unbelief in this constant ask, asking; and legalism, too, which there is not in *looking*. Do you see my drift?" . . .

The next letter contains a few details concerning the short illness and sudden death of the Rev. Mr. Nesbit, Free Church Missionary in Bombay, one whose praise was in all the churches, for the singular devotedness and holy consistency of his life and labours. Robert esteemed this friend very highly; and often mentions him in his correspondence, frequently using the expression in connexion with Mr. Nesbit's spiritual attainments, which we have already quoted: "Mr. Nesbit lives

very much above." The esteem and affection were reciprocal. Shortly before the death of this eminent servant of Christ, his wife wrote to a friend in Scotland: "My husband says Mr. Brown is the best man in Bombay." The circumstance of the two friends belonging to different sections of the Church of Christ in nowise affected their friendship. While Robert continued a member of the Established Church of Scotland during his residence in Bombay, and regularly attended the ministration of the Word and Sacraments there, he numbered among his best and most highly-valued friends, such men as Dr. Murray Mitchell and Mr. Nesbit. He never, so far as I know, studied the subject of church government, and made a point of attending the preaching which he felt to be most profitable to his own soul, with little regard to denominational distinctions. Thus it happened that during the last two years of his life, he had a sitting in Free St. Luke's, Edinburgh, where he enjoyed the faithful preaching of the Rev. Moody Stuart; and on two occasions he partook of the Holy Communion in that Church.

"*Oct.* 27.—We had a meeting of the City Mission here, two days ago, to consider about getting another agent. Bowen, Mr. Candy, and Mr. Nesbit were present; and the latter gave us afterwards a beautiful exposition and prayer. He was in his usual robust state of health; and we were just

remarking how well he kept; but we were then speaking to a *dying* man, for he was carried off this morning by cholera, after only a few hours' illness. It is altogether a most striking death; and a loud call to us all not to put off anything to the last. What a blow to his poor widow and her sister, and to the mission, and to the Church, and to the Christian community here, for he was known and respected and loved by all! His was a beautifully consistent character, unmarred by any of those blemishes that we see often in the most advanced Christians, though, I doubt not, before the pure eye of God, he felt himself altogether unworthy. The funeral is to be to-morrow morning at six; afterwards I may say something more on this sad subject. . . . By the way, I may as well tell you, that I have taken a class at the Sunday school, consisting of seven girls, from the Orphanage; and I hope the little work may have God's blessing, and be profitable both to them and myself."

"28*th*, 10 P.M.—Mr. Nesbit's funeral was very numerously attended this morning. We had first an English service at the Mission House, and then a native one (for there were many natives present). We then moved on to the churchyard. I felt overcome once or twice at seeing people of *all* denominations there, High and Low Church, Free and Established, worldly men and religious men, all met to pay the last tribute to one who, all were constrained

to admit, adorned the doctrine of his God and Saviour. I was selected as one of the pall-bearers, although I don't know why, for the departed must have had many more intimate friends than me there. But I was glad of the honour, and willingly undertook it. I hear to-day that he was taken ill at half-past three yesterday morning, and died at half-past ten. He scarcely spoke, being in such suffering, but commended his poor wife to God. Dr. L. attended him; but with all his skill, and he is one of the most eminent men in the island, he could not check the progress of the disease. He then wrote a line to Dr. Wilson, saying that poor Mr. Nesbit was very ill, and suggesting that his friends should assemble to pray for him. This notice was circulated just two or three hours before he died. Mrs. Hunter went over to see Mrs. L. to-night, and she was telling her how much the Doctor felt the shock, and that yesterday, when she went in to inquire how Mr. Nesbit was, he burst into tears, and said there was no hope. Excuse all these little details; but I can scarcely yet realize that he has gone, having seen him so strong and well three days ago. The funeral sermons will, I suppose, be preached to-morrow, which I intend to go and hear, partly from respect to the deceased, and partly that the great subjects of death, judgment, and eternity may be brought before my mind; for how difficult it is to keep these in view, when pressed with mail and other work! This, however,

is part of the discipline of earth; when we join yonder ransomed throng above, we shall enjoy a perpetual Sabbath, resting not day nor night in singing the praises of God and the Lamb.

"You may be interested to hear that I have sent *that* turbaned attendant of mine to school, the Free Church Institution, where the man will hear the Gospel, and get secular instruction too. He is very intelligent, and likes his lessons, which is more than his master ever did. . . . But I must away and see the men at the hospital, though I hope to take you up again after dinner.

"29*th*.—I wrote a rambling kind of note to Aunt H. last night, trying to direct her thoughts to '*The Coming*,' which my own mind has been trying to realize a little lately, and I am satisfied that it ought to be the great hope of the Church; but surely there is no truth more difficult to keep before the mind than this. And the reason is plain: Satan here puts forth all his power; he knows that if we were 'looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God,' we should sit very loose to the things of a passing world, 'buying as though we bought not,' knowing that the fashion thereof soon passes away. I have been trying to think more of things unseen, and praying more on this subject, and I believe my prayer is being answered, but not in the way I expected; for truly my experience lately has been very trying, and I have been at the *Psalms*."

"30*th*.—You see I did not get far last night, for it is sleepy work writing after dinner in this hot climate, and few attempt it. I was saying that I have been trying to think more of the Lord's coming of late, and find some parts of Rev. xxi. very precious. There is something tangible here that the mind can fasten on. Let it be this earth, restored or not, oh, is it not delightful to know that *there*, there will be no more sin! Satan will be bound—no more temptation—none of this ceaseless conflict which wears out one's very existence here, and renders earth a wilderness. But the chief and grand attraction of that land will be the unveiled presence of Deity. Yes; those eyes that often may be dimmed with tears here, will actually gaze on the face of God,—verse 4th, chapter xxii. Surely this will be the consummation of all bliss, seeing the countenance of Him before whom the heaven and earth will have passed away—the Being of beings—Source of all power, wisdom, beauty, and excellence—the Being who clothed the earth with all its loveliness, and called yonder sun into being, and studded the heavens with those numberless other worlds that sparkle like jewels in the firmament! Oh, to see Christ will be indeed the perfection of bliss; and how will every created object fade away when we gaze on the face of Immanuel! Let us try then to keep the 'blessed hope' before our mind; it certainly *was* the hope of the Church

in the days of the apostles and the early Christians, and it is the great event that our Lord Himself solemnly warns us to prepare for: 'What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch'—for what? 'for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.'" . . .

"The meeting at Parelle prospers; there were three men of the 14th Dragoons, and another stranger, at the last. . . . We went to hear Dr. Duff last night, and I will not say more than that it was, I think, the most wonderful sermon I ever heard: 'What must I do to be saved?' I trust the Spirit of God may bring home his solemn appeals to many souls. It really was electrifying, the bursts of eloquence reminding one of what we could suppose Whitfield's preaching to have been—such vivid views of the truth! He seemed almost to *see* the cross of Calvary and the throne of glory before his eyes."

Robert was not to leave India, and to turn his back for ever upon those oft-visited hospital wards, without receiving from the gracious Master whom he served, one more visible token of approval, in the hopeful conversion of a sinner to God. Doubtless many, of whose turning to the Lord no tidings reached him on earth, will rise at the great day to form his radiant crown of rejoicing. Can we doubt that He who has said, "My word shall not return unto me void," would bless the simple plan of "taking the words of

Jesus Himself, and leaving *them* with the sick man;" so that, in many a case, when the invalid sailor or soldier had left the hospital, and had resumed duty, the sweet message spoken by the Christian stranger at his bedside would echo in his ear, through the din and tumult of camp-life, or above the roaring of wind and sea? "The day shall declare it." But we quote now from a very hastily-written letter an encouraging incident that came under Robert's notice during these last months of his sojourn in India.

"31*st Oct.*—. . . I must not omit to tell you that I met with an interesting case in the hospital lately. A Scotch sailor who had been there for months, but never seemed under any conviction of sin, though he took tracts and read them, one night, about three weeks ago, seemed much in earnest. When I prayed with him, he was in deep distress, bitterly lamenting the hardness of his heart, and desiring earnestly to turn to God. After prayer, he felt relieved both in mind and body. I have continued to visit him almost every night since, and have found him in the enjoyment of perfect peace; saying he was not afraid to die; that 'a man who has God for his Father, and Jesus for his Saviour, has nothing to fear.' It was manifest that the man was converted; but the suddenness of the change was wonderful. Colvin went to see him, and had no doubt of his being a believer. He used to lie awake much at

night, but was 'real comfortable,' his mind being filled with thoughts of God. He said that one night he had such a delightful dream; he thought that Christ Himself was seated beside him. The last night I saw him, he said he thought he saw the people in heaven sitting in their white robes. We had prayer together as usual, for he always liked me to pray with him after *that* night; and when I went back next evening, I found his bed empty. He had died that morning in great peace, and I doubt not has now taken his place among those he saw by faith a few nights before, clothed in white, with palms in their hands. This case ought to be sufficient encouragement indeed for me to labour on in the hospital; for it is an impressive thought, that an immortal soul, even *one*, is of more value than all these myriads of bright worlds that bespangle yonder sky."

In his diary of the same date, he alludes to this man's case:—

"Remarkable case this week of a man's conversion in hospital. The praise is due to Thee alone, O Jesus; for without Thy Spirit prompting me, I never should have spoken to him, nor would the word have been blessed. The change seemed almost immediate; ever since our prayer on Tuesday night, he appears a new man. May I take encouragement from this to pray without ceasing!"

A few brief passages from the diary, which closes before the end of the year 1855, and from his correspondence in 1856, up to the time of his departure from Bombay, will bring to a conclusion the *active* part of his life. After this time, the busy merchant retires from the arena of commerce. The pilgrimage is henceforth marked by weary steps and slow, — the devoted, working Christian labourer must be content to "stand and wait;" and in long years of physical weakness and suffering to glorify the Master by gentle, patient submission to His will.

"*February* 4, 1855.—Inward corruption seems to rage constantly now, but it has been the means to-day of making me consider the doctrine of my completeness in Christ, over which I have been praying. He is my Surety. He has died for me, and now lives for me. Oh, let me realize my union with Him as my Covenant-head!"

"18*th March*.—A week of much trial, particularly in regard to P. C., and *Arundel* and *Empress*, arrived; and great difficulty with mail-letters, yet prayer answered in all instances. Thus I trust my faith may be strengthened. Much in prayer to-day for the Spirit to show me Jesus as my Surety, my Saviour, my all-in-all. Prayer for home friends."

"6*th May*.—Many mercies again this week, especially in regard to the *Marie Mathilde*; signing bills of lading, and success in buying seed

also. Oh that I may be encouraged by all this to cast my care upon Jesus as my Friend!"

"13*th May*.—A week of multiplied mercies, but I desire especially to record God's goodness to me in the matter of the *Empress*. How my heart failed me on her arrival! and how wonderfully I have got through her loading! and favour has been given me with Captain W. Yet, after all this, I was ashamed to give him 'Wilberforce.' My experience with her is another proof that all things work for my good. Prayer to-day especially on the intercession of Christ. 'I have graven thee on the palms of my hands.' Reading Genesis also."

"10*th June*.—Communion Sunday; and a very happy day it has been with me. At the table, enabled in some measure to realize my union with Jesus; indeed, this is the great truth I wish to learn to-day, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none,' etc. Excellent discourse from C. on 'Arise and eat, for the journey is too great for thee.'

"I desire this week to record particularly God's mercies in bringing me to the close of the hot weather in health and strength," etc. etc.

"1*st July*.—Trying to-day to recall some of God's mercies during the year just closed. *Empress*, *Samuel* (illegible), *Sagof*, *Marie Mathilde*, and other ships. General success in business, and health of body. Many spiritual blessings;

some progress, I trust, in holiness. To-day, praying specially for deep views of eternity. 'The worm that never dies;' wrath of God abiding on sinners. Cursed sin raged to-night in my heart; but unto whom can I look, O Jesus, but to Thee?"

"*5th August.*—Prayer to-day over 1st Ephesians and 1st Peter, and enabled in some measure to rise to heavenly objects. Much aided by the Spirit in speaking to the school-children, and impressed with the danger of delay in Divine things. Proverbs i. O Lord, raise me to sit with Thee in heavenly places."

In his first letter of this year, 1856, he alludes to the visit of some friends at Prospect Lodge, and thus acknowledges his feelings of reserve and shyness in conducting family worship before them. From the calm dignity and solemnity of his manner, no one would have suspected the sense of awkwardness under which he laboured; but it was, nevertheless, a feeling that haunted him to the last.

". . . It was a great cross having family prayers with them. It would have been nothing reading a chapter and prayer; but we try to make a few remarks on what we read, and to pray without a book, which of course adds to the feeling of awkwardness—a very sinful feeling it is though, proceeding from want of faith; for if I saw the Saviour before me, all this false shame

would at once vanish, and it should make no difference that He is now at the right hand of God. We must 'endure as seeing him who is invisible."

He continues, speaking of a friend who had lately been passing through a furnace of trial:—

"Please give my Christian love and kindest regards to Miss.——, whose trials have indeed been severe; but tell her not to mourn over her dear ——, for she will soon join her amongst that shining company who are now singing the Song of Moses and the Lamb before the throne on high. Let us often take our place there; and looking through that door in heaven which is opened to us (Revelation iv. 1), let us behold the radiant countenance of Him who sits enthroned there, and listen to the loving accents of His voice saying to us, 'I will give to him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.' It's no wonder that we lead such low carnal lives, when our thoughts and affections are so little *set* on heavenly objects. Let us try Wilberforce's plan of peopling heaven with living realities—living men that we have known and loved when on earth—and it will assist us greatly in giving *substance* to these objects of faith. But let us never forget that every eye in heaven is turned towards the Lamb that was slain, and every knee there bows in lowly reverence before His throne.

"The Sunday-school gets on pretty well. I

have had an addition lately in the shape of a young lady with long ringlets and white kid gloves, who rather throws the *orphans* into the shade, she being an outsider. Yesterday I took the B.s to hear C., whom they liked very much; and he *was* good yesterday. The lady joins readily in religious conversation, of which we had a good deal afterwards, Murray Mitchell taking a prominent part. I must say he recommends religion, by not pressing it too much in *talk*, but showing it in the *life*.

"I carry on the work at Parelle and the hospital, and find the first a means of comfort to my own soul. I believe it is not a vain work for the others either. There's a man in the hospital just now in a consumption, a Norwegian, who shows some interest in the subject; but another, with the same disease, refuses to pray, because he thinks he is not good enough. Alas! just an excuse, though a plausible one, no doubt." . . .

On April 25th, he writes again:—"I had a nice meeting yesterday at Parelle, quite a crowd of people. I was wonderfully helped, and my own soul much refreshed by the service." . . .

This must have been among the last of those meetings which had been kept up with such regularity for seven or eight years. In 1859, when his younger sister visited this lovely spot, which Robert had frequently described as an Eden of natural beauty, she was received with enthusiasm by the

old gardener (in whose house the meetings had been held) as the near relative of one to whom, under God, he owed the salvation of his soul. It was affecting to listen to the expressions of attachment that fell from his lips as he talked of the days gone by, and of the friend whom on earth he should never meet again.

Before closing this chapter, one or two letters from friends who knew Robert intimately during his stay in India, may be appropriately inserted. The first is from a brother-merchant, whose acquaintance with him commenced in the days of boyhood, and whose friendship accompanied him to the end of his life.

FROM ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, ESQ.

"41, THREADNEEDLE STREET,
January 26, 1865.

"MY DEAR MADAM,— . . . I now send you the only letters from your brother which I have been able to find, and would ask you to make use of them only so far as to illustrate the deep earnestness and real worth of his character.

"He and I were class-fellows for some years at the Edinburgh Academy. We afterwards met in Liverpool, where we had both gone for mercantile training. Again, after two or three years, we were thrown together in Bombay. It was in this latter place that I knew him most intimately,

and learnt to value him as one of the best men I have ever known.

"When in Liverpool, and for some time in Bombay, there was no evidence of his having had any serious religious impressions; he threw himself heartily into his business duties, and as heartily into ordinary amusements in leisure hours. There was in him a good deal of fun, and a keen sense of the ridiculous, which rendered him a very agreeable companion; at the same time that he occasionally tried the temper of his friends by his inability to resist a joke at their expense. No one had a quicker perception of the genuine or superficial in a man's character, and he always seemed drawn to unsophisticated natures.

"It was when in full health, and immersed in business pursuits, that he came to think of religion, and every one was soon struck with the change which took place in him. There was a great increase of natural cheerfulness; an easy, earnest way of introducing the subject of religion whenever he had the opportunity; no dogmatism, but a quiet impressiveness in talking of the happiness which he himself experienced in having been brought to know Christ. There was *no* flagging in his attention to business avocations, but a failing interest in the acquisition of wealth, even viewed as the measure of success. I left Bombay some years before he did; but he was an intimate friend there of two young brothers, the

death of the younger of whom, after your brother had also returned to England, was the occasion of one of his letters to me. . . .—I remain, dear Madam, yours very truly,

"A. H. CAMPBELL."

Dr. Murray Mitchell, the distinguished Indian missionary, writes :—

"BROUGHTY FERRY, 19*th August* 1865.

". . . You ask me if I have any memoranda of my intercourse with your brother. I wish I could persuade myself that what I can supply will be of any service to you. I decidedly think you do well in drawing up a Memoir of him. His character deserves to be fully delineated; and to none, I believe, were his mind and heart more thoroughly opened than to yourself. My acquaintance with Mr. Brown commenced in 1848, by my having to acknowledge, as Secretary of the Bombay Tract and Book Society, a generous contribution from him to the funds of the Society. This was wholly unsolicited. Your brother then was, and continued to be, 'a cheerful giver,' contributing liberally to religious and philanthropic objects, and at the same time very unostentatiously, and often, as I have reason to think, anonymously.

"I recollect, when I first became acquainted with him, I was chiefly struck with the very deep impression which the idea of Eternity had made

upon his mind. 'Do we really believe,' he would ask, 'that everlasting happiness or everlasting misery awaits ourselves and the men with whom we associate? Are ministers of the Gospel—are any Christians—faithful to their Master, when they fail to warn the unconverted daily of their awful danger?' The impression which the weight of this great thought had made upon his mind seemed never to depart. More than perhaps any other man I have ever met, Mr. Brown responded to the solemn utterances of the well-known German hymn,—

'O Ewigkeit, Du Donnerwort'—
Eternity! thou thunder-word!

The deep solemnity of heart with which he contemplated the everlasting issues of this fleeting life was the more noticeable, because it was evident that naturally he was a man of very lively temperament, full of pleasantry and humour, and not wanting in the occasional sparkle of genuine wit. Traces of these things remained; and until the pressure of increasing illness fixed every thought on that Eternity whose solemn realities were now soon to be unveiled before him, the happy playfulness of his character was still visible—chastened but not extinguished.

"When I first knew him, there was a measure of unhappiness in his mind as if he only saw that peace was to be found in Christ, without having himself fully obtained that peace. But as he

advanced, his faith, more simply, more fully, rested on the all-sufficiency of Christ and the great atoning sacrifice, and his heart attained to more and more of serenity and joy. To the day when he left India, a deep sense of personal unworthiness possessed him; but it was humility not despondency. No one could have called Robert Brown a gloomy man. On the contrary, he was habitually cheerful. Shadows occasionally rested on his soul, but not often; and generally his countenance was lighted up with a mild sunny brightness. * * *

"The following circumstance, if small, is yet characteristic, and therefore worth notice. In reading the life, I think, of Wilberforce, Mr. Brown was interested in seeing how that good man endeavoured, when he mixed in society, to make the conversation flow in proper channels; how, in particular, he used to prepare what he called 'launchers,'—subjects to which attention might be called. 'Let us do as Wilberforce did,' said he more than once, when I was living at his house; and we agreed to come to each other's support when the topic so 'launched' should be stranded or otherwise come to grief. On the whole, Mr. Brown, if I remember, found this formal preparation rather more difficult than he had expected; but his anxiety continued as strong as ever that conversation should be kept from everything frivolous or foolish. And yet, as I have

already mentioned, he was anything but an enemy to innocent relaxation.

"I have a lively recollection of some visits which I paid with him on Sabbath mornings to persons living in distant parts of the island of Bombay, who found it difficult or impossible to attend public worship. He did so to give them that religious instruction which they greatly needed. This involved occasional exertion; and it made, I fear, the Sunday much less of a Sabbath than his health required. For he was hard at work all the week; and I recollect having to expostulate with him during one very trying season, when his health was manifestly giving way, because, after toiling all the day in the office, he worked hard at home for two or three successive evenings up to a very late hour, previous to the departure of every fortnightly mail to Europe. He was deeply conscientious; and he deemed it his duty to toil on, lest the interests of the house with which he was connected should in any way suffer.

"He was also a man of very high, and pure, and honourable feeling; possessed, far more than most, even of a delicate and refined sense of honour. And hence, being as incapable of anything mean as of anything wrong, in his dealings with his fellow-men, he was held in the highest esteem by all who knew him,—a man most simple and unpretending, wholly incapable of parade;

yet unmistakably and devotedly a Christian, and one who 'adorned in all things the doctrine of his God and Saviour.' Of course, I do not think he was faultless; but yet, well as I knew him, were I asked to tell what actually were his faults, I should find the answer far from easy.

"His tastes in reading led him, and I think did so more and more, to simple statements of gospel truth, expositions of the Word of God, and especially to anything that helped him to realize more vividly the living personal Redeemer. I do not remember any words that seem more exactly to describe his habitual state of feeling, and the attitude of his soul, than those which tell us how the Thessalonian Christians turned from idols 'to serve the living and true God; and to wait for his Son from heaven, even Jesus, who delivereth us from the wrath to come.'

"May the Lord help you in the work you have undertaken! It will be a labour of love—in some respects one of sorrow—but yet of sacred joy.—Believe me," etc.,

"J. MURRAY MITCHELL."

One who knew him well, and who has taken a high position in the mercantile community to which Robert belonged, speaks of him thus:—

"CARFIN, *July* 23, 1866.

"... It was my privilege to enjoy his friendship for several years before he left Bombay, and

I had frequent occasions of communication with him in and out of business. It is rare, indeed, that gifts such as he possessed are found united in the same person. Who that ever was brought in contact with him did not recognise at once the amiable accomplished gentleman, so winningly courteous to all who approached him; the able, upright, and honourable merchant, so just and fair in all his dealings with the world; and withal the earnest devoted Christian, ever ready with kind heart and liberal hand to relieve distress or promote any good work? His name and his deeds commanded the respect and esteem of all who knew him; and his departure from India caused a blank in our little circle which could not be readily filled up. . . .—Yours," etc.

"GAVIN STEEL."

CHAPTER XV.—1856, 1857.

DEPARTURE FROM INDIA.—MADEIRA.

THE summer of 1856 found the home circle looking forward to another visit from the absent one. Before the time came, however, he was prostrated by a severe bilious attack, followed by inflammation in the chest. From this he never completely recovered. The first notice of his indisposition occurs at the close of a letter, the preceding pages of which were written in his usual health and spirits.

"*May 27th.*—It is well that I overtook so much of my letter to you last week, for I have since had rather a sharp bilious attack, which has confined me to bed and greatly reduced my strength. You will not expect much from me then. I am very kindly tended by Hunter, Murray Mitchell, and the faithfull Dajee, who is quite a second *Nightingale* by a sickbed; and although I am sadly forgetful and unconscious of the tender care which the Saviour exercises over me, I desire to take

comfort in the thought that I *cannot* be forgotten of Him; and that as He Himself has come through the same experience, He is most fully qualified both to sympathize with and to support me under this gentle chastisement. I hope to tell you next mail that I am moving about again."

His next letter was dated from Poona, where the doctor had ordered him for a change of climate; but he speaks of himself as "still very weak, and equal to very little exertion."

One of the results of this illness was the loss of his voice, which he never regained. In a letter to his father, dated August 9th, he tells of improvement in his health, and says,—

"My voice has not returned yet. I *thought* I had it two days ago, but since then it has been almost entirely extinguished. (What would —— do under such an affliction?)"

On partial recovery, Robert resumed his labours at the office, and would in all probability have died at his post, had not a peremptory summons home reached him from his father, who began to have painful misgivings about the state of his health. He left Bombay in October 1856, by the next mail after receiving that letter.

"BOMBAY, 2*d Oct.* 1856.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—It is done! I come home by this steamer. A dutiful son must obey his father's mandate, and indeed I am only following

the doctor's advice. . . . You must not suppose from this, however, that I am any worse; it is only *weakness* that I suffer from, but it seems an object to get away before the October heat sets in, which might throw me further back, and make my recovery a more tedious matter. However, our life and death are in God's hand. May He grant us all the sanctified use of this gentle visitation, which surely He is now doing, as your kind concern for my welfare has been the means of bringing you all nearer to the throne of grace. Adieu for the present! I propose (D.V.) taking the Marseilles route, and should be with you about a week after this."

And so he bade adieu for ever to the shores of India, carrying with him the deep heartfelt affection and fervent good wishes and prayers of many there. "I give you this text," said a devoted female missionary, who, a few months afterwards, fell a victim at Sealkote, in the terrible Indian mutiny, "'Underneath are the everlasting arms.'" And as her husband[1] accompanied Robert to his carriage, and wrung his hand at parting, he exclaimed, "I cannot do better than echo my wife's words, "'May there be underneath you the everlasting arms!'"

It was early in the bleak month of November that he reached England, a trying season for any frame accustomed to the burning skies of India,

[1] Rev. Thomas Hunter.

doubly so to the shattered constitution of our invalid. On his arrival in London he writes to his elder sister:—

"EUSTON HOTEL, *4th Nov.* 1856.

"DEAREST A.—I just write a line to say that I hope to reach my native town and the *paternal halls* on Thursday night, leaving this to-morrow morning, and spending a day at Liverpool on my way north. My dear friend, Mr. Ewart, came up last night, and his kindness and tender concern for my health are excessive. . . .

"You may easily suppose how delighted I shall be to see you all again; and I hope to find dear H. as contented and happy as ever, though his general health, I fear, has not improved since I left. However, health is by no means essential to happiness, though it is often thought so. It is merely a channel for communicating it, which may be altogether removed, yet the heart may be happy still; yes, happier than ever, for the removal of the channel or the stream that flows through it may bring us nearer to God, who is the Fountain of all blessedness. I have seen Dr. Martin, who is rather averse to my going north at this season. But to be within twelve hours' journey of my friends without seeing them, is a thing that I *could* not stand."

The same party that greeted his arrival in 1851, assembled again to await his return home; this

time, however, with great anxiety as to the real state of his health. Many a surmise had been started as to the progress his illness had made; and we had endeavoured to prepare ourselves for a great change in his appearance. But when we saw his emaciated form, the hectic flush on his cheek, and heard his hollow cough, we felt that the sad reality far surpassed our gravest anticipations. He looked very ill, and was really worse the first few days, having caught a fresh accession of cold during his hurried journey through France. An eminent physician was summoned, who, after careful examination, confirmed our sorrowful forebodings, by pronouncing one lung affected, the disease being then in an active state. This opinion, which sounded like a death-knell, came with no unwelcome message to the invalid. His sister, on entering his room after she had learnt the worst, was amazed at his cheerfulness. She thought he had been kept in ignorance of the true state of the case. "Did you hear the doctor's opinion?" she asked. "Oh yes," he said calmly, "there is mischief going on in this lung;" and then turned quietly to some other subject. Later on that sad November Sabbath, he spoke of his great peace of mind. "Do you know what it is to have fearful temptations thrust into your heart —assaults of the Evil One? Some time ago I was much harassed in this way, but for months past I have felt nothing of the kind, nothing but *peace*:

'He stayeth his rough wind in the day of his east wind.'"

"Where do you intend to spend the winter months?" some one asked. "I have *no plans*. I wish to have no will of my own." How often he repeated those words, "No plans now!" as a warning against forming earthly projects too securely, or building too firmly here below.

Three weeks of inclement winter weather followed his arrival; and then, as he had rallied considerably, having thrown off the feverish bronchial attack under which he laboured at first, a visit to London was determined upon, in order to consult the eminent chest-doctor, Dr. Williams, and to be guided afterwards by his advice with regard to winter quarters. One cold frosty morning towards the end of November, the party set out, accomplishing the journey without additional injury to the invalid. He writes of this time:—

"I asked Williams what he thought of my case, telling him I was not afraid to hear the truth." And his opinion was only more unfavourable than had been expected in this respect, that the heart was declared to be affected as well as the lungs. "No half-measures will do; you must try Madeira at once;" and so Madeira was fixed upon as the place of his temporary banishment. Cholera had been raging in that island during the autumn

months of 1856, committing fearful ravages among the population, and the knowledge of this fact had deterred the usual number of English invalids from visiting it. But as the disease had totally disappeared by December, arrangements were speedily made; and on the 9th of that month, accompanied by his eldest brother and a sister, he embarked at Southampton on board the *Avon*, one of the Brazilian steam-packets which at that time touched at Madeira on their passage to and from the Brazils. A tempestuous voyage followed; the vessel encountered a terrific gale in the Bay of Biscay, but she gallantly weathered the storm, under the blessing of Him, who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand.

He writes to his father in a letter posted at Lisbon :—

"I need not attempt to give you any idea of what kind of sea rolls in the Bay of Biscay with a gale of wind from the south-west. On Saturday it blew a hurricane for three hours. The huge Atlantic billows every now and then struck the ship, causing her timbers to creak and tremble to their very foundations; this was followed by the crash of crockery, and accompanied by the howling of the wind, and the constant bumping of the rudder; but, thank God, the gale soon moderated, and all feeling of danger was removed, though *that* at one time was by no means groundless. . .

Meanwhile, let me 'count up my mercies,' for I am sure no one has greater cause; and among them, let me reckon this little illness, which surely has already been productive of *some* good, since it has called forth the affections of my friends and relatives; and may I not add, led them to express their interest for me at the throne of grace?"

On the evening of the 19th, the *Avon* anchored in Funchal Bay. Much interest had been excited on board by the sight of the thin worn countenance and tall wasted frame of the invalid, who passed much of his time on deck after a warm latitude had been reached, and whose gentle patient manner and winning smile, as usual, gained all hearts, although the loss of voice precluded conversation. Many of those who saw him land at Madeira bade him good-bye with a sorrowful heart, for they thought that lonely spot would be his grave.

It was indeed a wonderful change to be transported, in the course of a week, from the depths of a bitterly cold English winter to the genial warmth and brilliant sunshine of that glorious climate,—one week to be cowering over the fire in London, or gazing out of the window upon snow-covered streets and shivering passengers; the next, to find one's-self among fruits and flowers, surrounded by the most exquisite scenery, the lovely blue waters of the Bay dancing and

sparkling before our windows, the magnificent mountain-peaks rising in the background, a thousand fragrant perfumes stealing through the open venetians, and filling the spacious rooms with delicious odours. Bright, beautiful island, consecrated by hallowed associations and enduring memories! The few months spent there seemed like a holiday time; boating, riding, wandering about, formed the principal occupations of the day. The doctor's orders were that Robert should be as much as possible in the open air, so that he usually spent two or three of the morning hours sailing about the lovely Bay of Funchal, dined in the middle of the day, like the rest of the Madeira world, and rode in the afternoon, when the heat was less intense.

"FUNCHAL, *December* 20, 1856.

"MY DEAREST A.,—We have just heard that that steamer lying in the Bay is to take a mail to England at one o'clock, so I grasp the opportunity to send you a few lines. I can do little more, however, than give you my *first* impressions of Madeira, for we only arrived last night; and as the sun had set, we had no opportunity of feasting our eyes on those 'vine-robed hills of health,' so famed in song; and this morning we were rather late in rising, so I have not yet explored any of the beauties of the island. I am thankful to say, however, that we have got into most clean

and comfortable quarters in Reed's Hotel; have excellent bedrooms, and a sitting-room looking out upon the Bay, with convolvuluses peeping in at the open windows, and geraniums and other flowers blooming in tropical luxuriance in the garden below; and all this accompanied with such a delightful temperature, the thermometer marking 65 in this room—rather a contrast to what we had it in Humphrey's this day fortnight." . . .

"FUNCHAL, *January* 14.

"MY DEAREST FATHER,— . . . In regard to the climate and our comforts here, nearly a month's experience has only tended to confirm what we first wrote. The climate is really delightful. James has just this moment taken up your thermometer, and reported the heat at 68 (at 10 P.M.), and it is within three or four degrees of this throughout the day; so that it is difficult to realize that we are now in the midst of winter. The great beauty of the place is, that you can be out and breathe pure fresh air at all hours without any wraps. Indeed, it is rather hot in the sun during the day, at least J. finds it so; but I like sitting out in it. I generally rise so as to have half-an-hour's walk on Praca (a level piece of ground) before breakfast, a meal to which we all do ample justice. Then we occupy ourselves in reading, or *sewing*, or enjoying the fresh air, till half-past two, when we

dine; and in the afternoon take a ride, getting in about six, when it grows dark. In the evenings we read, talk, play a little, or write letters, retiring about half-past nine or ten o'clock. Yesterday, we all went out boating along the coast, which is very fine, and J. tried his hand at fishing; but I am glad we had not to depend for our dinner on what he caught, which amounted to two or three very diminutive animals about the size of *poddlies*. Indeed, the fish here are not worth much, but the butcher's meat is very good; and such lots of vegetables!—green peas, cauliflower, and French beans, even at this season. But I must not make ——'s mouth water by enumerating them all, nor yet the fruits, of which there is a good variety. . . . I feel a marked change in my strength lately, from breathing so much of the pure sea air here; my chest is certainly rising, and getting stronger; and, although I cannot manage a hill yet very well, this will no doubt come in time. My appetite is very good, and I hope I am picking up a little flesh, having gained a pound and a half the last month. Altogether, I have much cause for thankfulness to God; and although it is a trial to be thus laid aside from active duty, I desire to receive this as a mark of His favour, designed to wean my affections from the world, and fix them on Himself, the source of all blessedness."

"*6th April* 1857.

". . . . As regards my own health, you will be glad to hear that Dr. Lund's report is decidedly more favourable. When he saw me last week, he said I was going on so well that he need not return for a long time. He thinks also that the summer at home will brace me up, but it will not do to go north all at once. I must hover about in the south of England till the end of May probably, when the weather in Scotland will have become bearable for delicate plants. . . . . has been rewarded for coming here in other ways, I believe; and amongst these I may mention the privilege of becoming acquainted with such a character as Sophie Gray, whose cheerful endurance of eleven years' suffering may well rebuke one's impatience under a far lighter trial. And what is the secret of her cheerfulness? Just that she is able to believe God's love; that she can look up to Him as her Heavenly Father; and she knows that very soon she will exchange a world of sorrow and suffering for one of perfect and *endless* enjoyment. May you and I, dear A., have this 'precious faith,' and then we shall have the same cheerful spirit. And now I think I must be saying good-night, as it is near eleven o'clock; it takes me a long time to write a letter, or do anything, now-a-days."

The hospitality of the English residents in Madeira is proverbial; and the little party expe-

rienced much kindness at their hands, the more, perhaps, because of the small number of invalids in Madeira that season. Amongst these, not the least remembered is the "Sophie Gray" already referred to. She felt and expressed the strongest regard for the temporal and spiritual welfare of many to whom personally she was a stranger; and varied and winning were the little devices she adopted for doing them good. A short pencilled note, a gift of rare and beautiful flowers or fruit, the loan of a book—such were among the means she would employ for showing her kindly feeling towards a fellow-invalid, or benefiting one she longed to attract to Christ. Sometimes the dealings of God with His chosen ones are a mystery to us, and our poor human hearts search in vain for the "wherefore" of painful discipline and heavy crosses laid on those who seem already meet for the kingdom. But as, from that chamber of pain and sickness, the light of Christian faith and patience and joy streamed so brilliantly (for the tale of that suffering life lived joyfully for Christ's sake was well known to all who resided there), who could feel that there was any darkness in a dispensation which so manifestly brought glory to God? Robert was well acquainted with her brother in Bombay; from the first this formed a strong link between the two invalids, and although Sophie saw very few strangers, she made an exception in his favour, so that he visited her regu-

larly during his sojourn in Funchal. In common with all who came in contact with him, she was deeply impressed. "I never before saw any one of so gentle a spirit," she said; "in word and appearance so *like* a Christian." He knelt by her couch; and in his low, feeble accents, commended this cross-bearing disciple to the special care of the sympathizing Saviour, and spoke words of consoling and strengthening import. Long afterwards, some of these simple utterances lingered in her memory. "I wish I could feel and act," she wrote, "as if I remembered (as your brother one day expressed it), that Jesus is in the very room beside me."

She lingered for three years after he left. Through many an hour of physical weariness and acute suffering she strove to repress impatient longings to reach her heavenly home. And then she passed away.

The memory of the visit to Madeira is also closely linked with that of a young clergyman, who, with Sophie Gray and many another, now lies hundreds of miles away from his native land in the lovely cemetery of Funchal. Soon after our arrival in Madeira, we ascertained that there was a Presbyterian service every Sunday, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Brown, a young minister of the Free Church of Scotland, then residing in the island for his health. Next Sunday we found our way to the little place of worship; and

there, week after week, we enjoyed the privilege of listening to the Gospel message, simply, earnestly, and eloquently proclaimed in the room where Hewitson had preached years before. After service that first Sabbath, my brother introduced himself to Mr. Brown. Their acquaintance soon ripened into friendship. Mr. Brown spent one or two evenings of every week with us, and occasionally joined us in boating or riding expeditions, when the rich stores of his highly-cultivated mind were fully unfolded. Twice we enjoyed the privilege of partaking of the Holy Communion in that "upper room." On both occasions the text of his sermon was: "The love of Christ that passeth knowledge;" the same words forming the subject of his table-services. Those made a deep impression upon Robert, and often in after years he referred to expressions and ideas contained in them. In one of his last feebly pencilled notes he says: "Brown of Madeira *now* knows what that love is which passeth knowledge." He died October 1857, with the words upon his lips, and in his heart: "My feet are on the Rock, Christ crucified."

CHAPTER XVI.—1857-1861.

LATER YEARS OF HIS LIFE.

ROBERT bade farewell to the shores of Madeira May 6th, 1857, and reached Southampton after a calm and prosperous voyage of a week's length. The opinion of Dr. Williams coincided with that of Dr. Lund in Madeira, that the disease in his lungs was arrested for the present; but agreed in urging the utmost caution, and in forbidding his immediate return to Scotland, so that he remained at Cheltenham for several weeks after his return, pleasantly renewing old acquaintance with Indian friends resident there. He went back to Scotland in June, and spent the summer with his friends. The winter and summer of 1858 were also passed in his native land. On the whole, he did not lose ground, but there was no material improvement in his health; he suffered from occasional attacks of bronchitis; he never regained his voice, and his debility was very apparent; while a sense of oppression and pain in the lung never allowed him to forget its diseased state.

Few incidents of his quiet undemonstrative life remain to be recorded. After his return from Madeira, and with the habitual feeling of uneasiness from which he suffered, I do not think he ever cherished the hope of regaining his former vigour, or of rising above the condition of an invalid during the rest of his life. With patient cheerfulness, he accepted the vocation of suffering to which the Master had called him. It was no light cross that he was appointed to carry. To be laid aside in the prime of manhood, and in the midst of worldly prosperity; to be incapacitated by weakness from physical and almost mental exertion; to have to struggle against an unceasing sense of languor and depression incident to the disease; this was no slight trial to bear. Yet I am well assured that those who knew him *best* during those last suffering years, will bear me out in making the assertion, that never did an expression of discontent escape his lips, nor the faintest semblance of impatience cloud his spirit. And so fearful was he of falling into an invalid's tendency, that of being too much occupied with his own ailments, that it was often difficult to draw from him any particulars as to his state of health, or to procure for an anxious inquiry any but the shortest and simplest reply. Many a time it was more by inference and indirect allusion that we were made acquainted with any access of suffering, or learned that some new symptom had appeared in his case.

His very manner and countenance were in themselves a speaking lesson, and an eloquent testimony to others of the peace and serenity imparted by his Saviour's presence. I do not need to recall this trait to his friends who were so well accustomed to meet the winning smile, the kindly glance, the lovely expression of hallowed tranquillity which lighted up every feature. *They* will feel that no description can exaggerate or even portray the reality. Strangers were speedily impressed by his appearance. One who had casually met him writes: "His very face was a kind of gospel in itself; so much of meekness and heavenly-mindedness seemed to shine in it." And another who knew him more intimately says, "He had quite a *heavenly* look about him. We have often remarked this."

And what shall we say of the sympathy which seemed to gather intensity from his own deep experience of personal trial, of the refined womanly tenderness that identified itself with every care and sorrow brought under its notice, and which so visibly suffered in the sufferings of others, that we were often fain to conceal pain that his sensitive spirit might be saved a pang? Truly he comforted many a heart with the comfort wherewith he himself was comforted of God. How can we make strangers understand the marvellous facility with which he entered into the joys and sorrows of others, the vivid interest he took in the little

daily concerns of his friends, leading them on by that hearty, ready sympathy, to unfold to his ear what many would have disregarded as mere trifles? Alluding to this feature in his character, a friend, who had frequent opportunities of meeting him, writes, "He was so gentle and tender and considerate. I once sat next him with my hand blistered for rheumatism, and he was much occupied about this trifle, and anxious to relieve me, although himself suffering at the time from constant pain and weakness. This was why everybody loved him so much," etc.

There was a *completeness* in his Christian character which is attained by few; and different graces attracted the admiration of friends and acquaintances, according as circumstances and opportunities called them forth. Thus, it was repeatedly remarked by some who were unable to appreciate the higher traits of spirituality and heavenly mindedness: "You never hear Robert say a word against any one." A very intimate friend after his death said, "The features in his character that impressed *me* most forcibly were his truthfulness and his humility."

"I think," writes another, "his very great humility was the most striking of all his graces. He never talked to me as if he knew he was above me in spiritual things, though he was immeasurably so." On many minds it was the impression of the whole life, and no isolated virtue or grace,

that caused a "tender reverence" to characterize the affection with which he was regarded.

In the autumn of 1858, he proceeded to Malvern for the purpose of undergoing a course of water-treatment under the professional care of Dr. Gully. When he left this beautiful watering-place in spring, he had certainly not made any progress in health; and soon after his return to Edinburgh, he was laid up with a severe attack of bronchitis.

From a mass of letters placed at our disposal by various friends, and written during the last years of his life, we select a few extracts, which, while they tend to illustrate his character, may perhaps meet the eye, and cheer the heart of some disciple in the school of trial, or, under the blessing of God, prove a guiding word in a season of perplexity and doubt. The following are addressed to a friend in whose spiritual welfare he felt a deep interest:—

"TUDOR HOUSE, MALVERN,
November 24, 1858.

"MY DEAR T.,—It was indeed pleasant for me to find a letter from you on my table on Saturday morning, for I was not quite sure how you would receive my *sermon*; but as you have taken it in such a kind spirit, and asked me to write again, I gladly embrace the opportunity of sending you a few lines. Your difficulty in writing on the subject of religion, and your want of

interest in it, I can thoroughly understand; and you are only expressing the language of the Bible when you say that your heart, which bounds within you at some comparatively trivial occurrence, seems deaf and stony when the invitations of the Gospel are addressed to it. 'This people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed.' But oh! it is a blessed thing when we have made this discovery, for surely the first step towards a cure is to become acquainted with our disease, because till then, we shall never apply to the Physician of souls. And it is to such that God's promise is addressed, that He 'will take away the stony heart, and give them a heart of flesh.' This is what is required; for you say most truly, that although you have all the inclination to follow my advice, yet you have not the power, for something stronger than yourself holds you back. Ah, yes! the great Enemy of souls has fast hold of you; and when you would give your thoughts to religion, or approach God in prayer, he will put all sorts of evil thoughts into your mind, suggesting that it is vain for one like you to pray. But, I beseech you, in all affection, my dear friend, not to listen to these evil suggestions. By all the miseries of the lost, and all the endless bliss of the redeemed; by all the peace and comfort you hope to experience in a dying hour, and when you come to stand before the judgment-seat of Christ,

I implore you to apply *now*, when God's Spirit may be striving with you, to that loving Saviour who came into the world on purpose to save sinners, and never yet cast out any that came to Him. This may be the turning-point of your history. I beseech you not to delay till a more convenient season, for *that* will probably never come; and if it does, you will only have to mourn over so many more opportunities neglected, and so much more time spent at a distance from God. As an encouragement to apply now to Christ, I would ask you to read the 15th chapter of St. Luke, which has been the means of bringing back many a wanderer. God grant it may be so in your case!

"I really must ask you to exercise some forbearance while you read this long homily, for it may, I fear, weary your patience. It is very kind of you to allow me to write to you at all on such topics; and I should indeed consider it a high privilege if any word of mine were to be the means of bringing you to reflect seriously on this subject of overwhelming interest."

"ROSLIN HOUSE, MALVERN,
11*th January* 1859.

"MY DEAR T.,—As it is now a week since I had the pleasure of receiving your last welcome letter, I fear you may be thinking that it has got into wrong hands; but to tell you the truth, the delay has arisen from a feeling of inability to send

a suitable reply to it. However, I cannot longer delay; and as you have written in such a frank, open manner, I hope you will not object to my following your example, and receive anything that I may say in the same spirit by which it is dictated. If you will allow me, then, to venture an opinion, I would say that the scheme of life which you propose to yourself, though having many good elements in it, is not suited to the *matter-of-fact* daily routine of this rough world, and is, I fear, wanting in the grand motive of love to God. You are convinced in your judgment that a religious life is the only happy one, but you are deterred from entering on it because of the sacrifices it involves in the surrender of your earthly hopes; but when saying so, are you not looking to the cross only, and forgetting the crown that lies beyond? For even if our whole life here were a period of unmitigated suffering, it would be the soundest wisdom for us to submit cheerfully, if we knew that we should be amply compensated in the life to come; and who can doubt that, who compares the few fleeting years of Time with the endless ages of Eternity?

"I was older than you are, my dear T., when God first led me to think seriously of these things, and I remember it was the consideration of Eternity that took hold of my mind. The thought of living *for ever* in a world beyond the grave, and the infatuation of leaving to the last hours of life

the preparation for that world, when I might be called away at any moment to give in my account, were brought to my mind with overwhelming power. Thus was I led to seek in earnest for God's pardoning mercy, so freely offered to all, and I did not seek in vain.

"But from what I have written on the other side, I fear you may be led to think that some great work is necessary in order to our being reconciled to God; that you must set about making some sacrifice which you have hitherto neglected. Such is not the gospel scheme. In it God comes to you with a message, and you are called on to give credit to it. He plies you with overtures, and you are asked to receive them. 'Receive what?' you may ask. Only the simple statement that He sent His Son into the world to save sinners, and He tells you to receive Him as your Saviour.

"The offer of salvation is made to *you* freely; and even while you read these lines, if you believe in Christ as your Saviour, that moment you pass from being a child of wrath into a state of reconciliation with God, who then becomes your loving Father, and promises that He will bless you in this world, and receive you into eternal glory hereafter." . . .

We are tempted to take one more extract of a later date from this correspondence, for the sake of a thought which it contains:—

"HASTINGS, 13*th March* 1862.

"MY DEAR T.,—. . . Those cartes really form very nice mementoes of one's friends, who, I fear, are not always in mind when out of sight; for that important object No. 1 seems too often in the foreground of one's thoughts, and excludes even one's nearest relatives. I was reading a notice in a diary some time ago, where the writer mentioned that he had been excluding himself almost entirely from his prayers, and filling them with the wants of others: and he goes on to say that he never had such views of Christ's love for his people, and of his willingness to heal their backslidings. No doubt in the very act of praying for others, our thoughts are drawn off that weary object 'self,' and even that is a benefit. And it may be that, while thus engaged, the Spirit of infinite love may reveal to us the great object of all, even our Lord Himself, who truly was our example in this, as in every other duty." . . .

The above is written in the old free bold penmanship. Shortly after it was despatched, a stroke of illness came that deprived his arm of much of its power, and rendered the effort to pen even a brief note, an arduous and uphill task. It is affecting to read the short and almost illegible letters that still found their way to this correspondent, and to trace in the feeble, tremulous hand, the touching evidences of his unfailing interest. "I hope, dear friend, that you are returning to God through

the blood of the cross, not speaking or thinking about it, but *doing* it:" or again, "Much as I enjoyed my visit to R., it was chiefly valuable in bringing you and A. more prominently before my mind, and in reviving the interest which I feel in you both. It may not be much worth having, and yet it is worth *something*, as it brings me daily into contact with Omnipotence on your behalf."

In October 1859, he visited Ireland, and entered with lively interest into the scenes of the religious revival of that year. The bitter cold of that inclement season, and perhaps a little imprudent exposure, brought on another of those severe attacks of bronchitis, from which he was never free for many months together. He was treated with the truest kindness and consideration by the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Macnaughton, whose guest he was. When able to travel he returned to Edinburgh, where he spent that winter and the next.

Writing about this time to his old friend, Mr. C., he says, ". . . Since you are so kind as to inquire specially after my health, I may tell you that no later than yesterday, I had my chest sounded by the doctor, as I feared that the other lung was beginning to give way, but he reports that one sound and the other just in the same state as before; that is, the disease is not in an active state; but I have little hope of ever being fit for work

again. I desire to believe, however, that all things work together for my good; but, my dear C., do not suppose that I am able to maintain a spirit of submission at all times, for, on the contrary, my rebellious heart is ever prone to murmur; and if there be any difference between us, it is solely owing to the grace of God. Your position, however, is perhaps the more dangerous from being more prosperous; and yet, a warning comes to you from your dear brother's deathbed, imploring you not to leave the great business of preparation to that hour. Ah, my dear friend, it has been truly said, that 'hell is paved with good intentions!' . . . I need not add more, except that I hope sometimes to offer a prayer on your behalf, that you may be enabled to choose Christ as your portion, and then the riches and honours and pleasures of the world will lose their attractive influence over you."

The small remnant of his remaining strength was used in the service of that Master to whom, in days of health, every talent had been unreservedly devoted. Many in his circumstances would have been satisfied to rest now, without putting forth any active personal effort to win souls to Christ. But in spite of debility, breathlessness, and want of voice, he sought out and visited regularly some of the poor and sick in Edinburgh. And oh! with what sweet irresistible force did the whisper of consolation and the

message of peace fall upon the ear of the mourner, when spoken by one so visibly a fellow-sufferer! We know that in several instances he received signal encouragement in his work of faith and labour of love. The following note is addressed to a poor needle-woman in Edinburgh, and illustrates his kindly remembrance of humble friends:—

"MALVERN, *9th February* 1859.

"MY DEAR A.,—My sister and I would like to know how you have been standing the winter, and if your cough is any better. You should take great care of yourself, and not work more than you can help, for stooping so much must be bad for your chest. In the midst of all your troubles, however, I believe you enjoy the presence of the Saviour, and can say in all sincerity, 'My beloved is mine, and I am his.' And if we have Him for our friend, we may rest assured that all things, pain and sickness, sleepless nights, and wearisome days, are working together for our good; and in a very little while we shall have passed through all these, and entered on that 'better land' where there will be 'no more sickness, neither sorrow nor sighing, and the Saviour Himself will wipe away all tears from our eyes.' . . . Begging you to accept of the enclosed, with my best wishes.—Believe me," etc.

The attractiveness of his character, the *loveableness* that rendered him an object of such deep

affection to the inner circle of his friends, extended its influence also over a wide circle in humble life; so that the tidings of his death filled many a lowly dwelling with mourning, and drew forth warm expressions of sorrowing love.

The following chapter (for which I am indebted to a dear friend and relative) will furnish an illustration of his success in the work of the Lord.

CHAPTER XVII.—1860.

"FAINT, YET PURSUING."

In the autumn of 1860, my nephew, Robert Brown, came to pay us a visit. Although more than usually feeble, and oppressed with the "sad languors" consequent on his bodily condition, yet never did he appear more animated by the Spirit of Christ, nor more intent on His service, than during those few weeks of unrestrained Christian intercourse, when the things of "the kingdom" became almost the only subject of conversation. "Surely this is heaven begun!" said one of the little company then met together; and truly we felt that the Saviour was often present, talking with us, and opening to us the Scriptures. It was a time on which memory loves to dwell, and it will doubtless remain with us as a theme of praise and thanksgiving, when the communions of earth, with their manifold alloys of infirmity and shortcoming, shall have been exchanged for the perfect and uninterrupted fellowship of the saints in glory.

While his home was 'the closet,' in blessed communion with his Saviour and his God, he was ever ready for active employment in the service of his Divine Master; but of late years his increasing debility had deepened the reserve, and intensified the sensitiveness of his natural character, rendering it difficult for him to approach the ungodly in their strongholds of unbelief and worldliness. The glow of his spiritual affections was chilled, and their outgoings restrained, by contact with those to whom the subject was distasteful, and who evinced their indifference by the coldness with which any allusion to it was received; yet not the less fervent were his pleadings with God in their behalf, nor the less earnest his anxiety that all men should be saved.

To all who had ears to hear he loved to commend the Saviour, and as there had been recently a religious awakening in our neighbourhood, he expressed his desire to visit any of the young persons who had been brought to the knowledge of the truth, or those in any circumstances of trouble or anxiety about their souls, whom he might possibly help by advice or encouragement. He was directed, among others, to one of the latter class, an aged pilgrim, who had long been walking in spiritual darkness. He visited her constantly; he read and conversed with her, endeavouring, by every method of argument and persuasion, to draw

her thoughts from herself to the all-sufficient Saviour. Although his efforts and prayers failed to bring her to the light, they were not wholly fruitless, for many a time she speaks with emotion of his earnest soothing words, which often fell like a sunbeam on her heart—though, alas! the clouds returned to settle over her spirit, never perhaps to be dispelled "till the day break and the shadows flee away," and the morning of that long, long day without clouds or night dawn.

Although the subject of this memoir had not the satisfaction of receiving an answer to his prayers and endeavours in behalf of this poor woman, the Lord was pleased to honour in a remarkable manner his work in the case of another person to whom his attention was especially directed; this person, though respectable in character, and without reproach as to conduct, had as yet been "a stranger to grace and to God," but at the revival prayer-meetings which had been held some time previously in the village, she had been observed as a regular attendant. As her time was fully occupied at home, it was evident that she must have often broken through hindrances to attend the meetings, and her fixed attention, and thoughtful, anxious, and melancholy expression of countenance during the various addresses, seemed to indicate a soul under deep concern, but without comfort, peace, or joy.

The story of her conversion to God, and the means which He was pleased to employ for that end, are best described in her own words:—

"In my early years I was a thoughtless and a giddy girl, never thinking of my precious soul; if ever I thought of prayer, it was in seasons of trial or disappointments. I would continue so for a short time, and then it would pass away like the morning cloud and the early dew, and continued to be so till, at the death of my dear father, I became more deeply impressed and really concerned about my immortal soul. Oh, I thought, what must I do to be saved! I would read my Bible more, and I would pray more, and the Lord would have mercy on me! I went to prayer-meetings and to the Bible class, trying by all means to make my filthy rags fit to appear before a *just and a holy God.* Alas! I was constantly reminded of my sinfulness by the Holy Spirit bringing home those awful truths to my conscience: 'Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law to do them.' And also, 'Whoso committeth one sin is guilty of all.' These truths weighed so heavy on my mind, I was perfectly bowed down; my health gave way under it; my pillow was wet with weeping in the night. I began to feel there was no help in myself. This state of mind continued for two years, till the Lord, in His great mercy, was pleased to send His

servant, Mr. Brown. On his first visit he had little opportunity of speaking to me, but he left a tract: its title was *Believe and Live.* This I read with great earnestness and prayer. The Lord showed me then that I was an unbeliever, and that I was trusting to my own work. I read it again and again. Light began to dawn on my soul; but it was only light to show my sinful self. My misery increased. I read my Bible, and poured out my heart to God, but found no peace. I was wretched and miserable; my soul crying out for some one to unburden itself of its load. Mr. Brown called again. I could not speak of my state of mind to him for fear that he would be shocked at my sinfulness. He directed me to seek the Pearl of great price. He left a little book, its title, *Go and tell Jesus.* The passage was on John's disciples telling Jesus about the death of their master. The Holy Spirit enabled me to do this. I told Jesus all things, in hopes He would forgive me, and have mercy on me. When Mr. Brown called again he brought a little book, and sat down, and read about God's justice being satisfied, the law was satisfied, and Christ was satisfied. 'Are *you* satisfied? '*It is finished*' fell from his lips, piercing my inmost soul. That was an arrow sent by God through His servant to my heart. The scales fell from sightless eyes, when I saw Jesus bleeding and dying on the cross for ME; for my sins pronouncing these words, '*It*

is finished,' with His dying breath. My soul was stripped of its filthy rags. I saw I had nothing to do but to believe what Jesus had done for me. When Mr. Brown went out, I knelt in prayer and praise to God. Those precious words made me rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. My lips trembled, my whole body shook with joy; the light of truth flashed upon my mind; all old things had passed away, and all things became new. Then Satan was busy with me, to keep me from telling what the Lord had done for my soul. I struggled hard to find suitable words to express my joy in finding Jesus as my substitute and my righteousness. When Mr. Brown came again—it was his last visit—I gave him to understand that he had been the means in God's hand in bringing me to Jesus. Oh the joy that spread over his calm countenance! He then knelt down with me in praise and thanksgiving to God for condescending to use means to save a perishing sinner. He told me that he had been heavy in heart, as he was so weak in health, and able to do so little for Jesus; and by this, Jesus had turned his sorrow into joy. He was always so like his Master; his delight was to do His will. He continued to be my best earthly friend, helping me much by his prayers, and enabling me to clothe poor children to bring them within the hearing of the gospel. His mind seemed always so full of Jesus, that he counted all things but loss that he might win Christ. He

was always adorned with deep humility, though he was a gentleman and me a poor ignorant girl. I never felt a restraint in writing to him, or conversing with him. He continued to watch over me as with a father's care, exhorting me to look constantly to Jesus and His finished work for salvation to my soul. His death was sad news to me!"

A few extracts from letters to this young person will illustrate the interest he continued to take in her spiritual history.

"*October* 1860.

". . . You are now under the teaching of God; but as He condescends to work by means, and has told us to exhort one another daily, I will try to say a few words to you, by way of warning as well as of encouragement. You will find it of the greatest importance ever to bear in mind what it was that first gave you solid peace. It was not your prayers, nor your repentance, your study of the Bible, nor anything that you could see in yourself at all; no, it was the sight of Jesus and His finished work that lifted the weight from your burdened conscience: it was that which gave you peace at the moment of your conversion, and it is that alone which will give you peace through

the whole of your Christian course, until you stand before the throne in glory. Peace and joy come from *believing;* not from working or praying, or any act of our own, but believing what God says, that He has 'laid on Jesus the iniquity of us all.' Now, it is the great object of Satan to attack our *faith*—to draw away the mind from Jesus, and to fix it on self; and I daresay he has already been trying you in this way, leading you to trust in your own frames and feelings of joy at conversion, instead of in Christ; and thus your eye may have been turned from Him and fixed on self. At any rate, Satan will try you in this way. It is well, therefore, that you should be prepared for his assaults. The grand point is, to *get the mind filled with Christ;* and with this view it is most important to make the Gospels our constant study; so that reading the narrative of His life, our eyes may be opened, under the teaching of God's Spirit, to see the beauty of His character, and especially the glory of His grace, in stooping from heaven to earth that He might save sinners. If we can only in this way keep 'looking unto Jesus,' our hearts will be so full of Him that self will be forgotten, and we shall be constrained to live to Him who, though He was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be made rich. Oh, study the grace of the Lord Jesus!

II.

"*November* 1860.

". . . If our eyes were only steadily fixed upon Christ, how would all our difficulties melt away! But we are apt to pore over our own hearts, and to listen to the suggestions of the devil (who magnifies the might and malice of our enemies), instead of acting as Jehoshaphat did, 2d Chronicles, 26th chapter: 'We have no might against this great company that cometh against us; neither know we what to do: but our eyes are upon thee;' and see what a victory he obtained! for the battle then became the Lord's, and He got all the glory. And so it will be with us, if we only go forth strong in the Lord and in the power of His might."

III.

"*February* 1861.

". . . I am glad that the little book on prayer was found suitable, for I had some doubts about it, as it is not from man's teaching that we can learn to pray: the great thing is to have the Spirit of God in our heart, who prompts desires that are agreeable to His will, and gives us the words of prayer also, which I believe are always the simplest; and the prayer is most edifying to others when expressed in the most childlike language. If fine words are used, we are taken up thinking about *them*, instead of the *thoughts* which they are in-

tended to express, as you have felt in your prayer meeting. It is all-important, therefore, that we should pray in the Spirit, which we cannot do unless we cherish a sense of His presence *at all times*, and not only in the 'still hour' of devotion. How apt we are to forget this!"

IV.

"*March* 1861.

". . . We are sometimes apt to think, that in order to be humbled we must look into our own hearts and discover their vileness: but it is not so; only by looking to Christ, and especially to His marvellous love, can true humility be obtained. You will be a happy Christian if you keep your eye fixed on Christ and His fulness. This is the great lesson, to come empty-handed that we may be filled, for we are always seeking something to bring with us, instead of resting simply on His own invitation and promise, 'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.' 'My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.'"

V.

"*January* 1862.

". . . Your account of —— is very poor, and yet by her own confession she is not obeying the Saviour's command, 'Look unto me, and be saved.' She says she has long been *looking*, but cannot see. Now the promise says nothing about *seeing*, it is

only to the *looking* soul. For instance, you stand at her little window, and point at that hill on the other side of the water, and ask her to look at it; she strains her glazed eyes across the Firth, but says she can see nothing like a hill. You say, 'Look again, it is quite plain;' and she replies, 'No, I am looking as hard as I can, and I can see nothing.' Now, it would be much more satisfactory to her if she could see the hill. She is annoyed that she cannot, when you can see it so plainly;—and it is just so in a spiritual way. It would be delightful to her soul if she could see Jesus with the eye of faith, as Stephen did (Acts vii. 56), or even as many Christians do now, and rejoice in the sight; but they are not a bit *safer* on that account than those who *look* but cannot *see,* for the promise is addressed to those that simply look; and looking means turning the thoughts and the wishes and the prayers towards Jesus, which ——— knows she does both night and day. It may not be so in her case, which is somewhat peculiar; but generally, I believe, that those who look steadily and constantly will *see* at length, the Holy Spirit taking the veil from the eyes and revealing Jesus; but whether or not, our duty is plain, to continue looking much at Him as our Surety, who by His *life* on earth has worked out an obedience for us, and by His *death* has endured our penalty. Ah, yes; it is to lay hold on Him as our righteousness, so that in drawing near to

God, we come pleading the infinite merit of the God-man as our title to His favour, and to heaven itself, and then looking at His precious blood-shedding by which all our sins are washed away. I believe we should be ever looking thus at the blood and righteousness of Christ as the only means of keeping the conscience clear from guilt. Sometimes we may be tempted to wish that we could form something like a proper estimate of the value of these two, which is no doubt a good wish; but it is by believing what God says about them that we are justified, not in what *we* think about them; and he says, 'He is well pleased for His righteousness' sake' (Is. xlii. 21); and that His blood 'cleanseth from all sin' (1 John i. 7); and what satisfies a Being of infinite holiness, may well satisfy *us*. Yet it often fails. We want to bring forward something of our own, which, by adding to Christ's work, may, we think, make our peace with God; but unless our conscience be kept clear by a firm reliance on the finished work of the God-man, we shall never serve Him with a loving heart."

CHAPTER XVIII.—1861-1863.

LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

THE summer of 1861 was spent by my brother principally in visiting the Highlands of Scotland, and in a tour to the English lakes and Ireland. His diary, written regularly, reveals the same keen admiration of nature, the same delicate appreciation of her beauties, that of old, in other climes, drew from his pen such vivid descriptions. He travelled as a Christian, scattering in his wanderings the good seed of life as he had opportunity. He distributed tracts and books, and in many an unexpected corner came into contact with believing hearts. With these his spirit held refreshing communion, and he went on his way thanking God.

"*Kenmore, 17th June.*— . . . Had a talk with a man in the yard. He does not seem to be a religious man, but witnesses to the work here, where he has been for twenty-five years. Not one glass of whisky drunk now compared to

twelve formerly. . . . Thus have I left sweet Kenmore, where God enabled me to do more for Him than elsewhere; but how little is my heart filled with gratitude!"

"*Killin, 26th June.*— . . . God brought me in His providence into contact with one of the servants. She complains of her many temptations in the inn; left with her 'Weaver,' and for her friend the barmaid 'Believe and Live.'"

"*Lochearnhead, 1st July.*— . . . Went down to see Jeanie again. She was for ten years in much darkness, but now when tempted she says to Satan, 'Christ is mine, begone!' There is much in this appropriation; hence her uniform cheerfulness."

These short extracts suffice to manifest the habitual bent of his mind.

The following letter, addressed to a missionary friend whom he met in Ireland, shows that a cloud of heaviness sometimes rested on his soul during these last years of bodily weakness. While in the cloud, he could not always distinguish between what was spiritual, and what was simply physical, in his experience:—

"EDINBURGH, 28*th March* 1861.

"DEAR MR. T.,— . . . I am glad to learn that God has given you some tokens of His favour in your work among the navvies. You have not

been blessed to the extent you expected; but when disposed to murmur on this account, is it not well for us, dear friend, to estimate the value of *one* soul saved,—more precious in God's sight than the whole material universe? Ah, yes! we have need to learn the value of an immortal spirit; and where can we do this so well as at the foot of the cross? I see you feel the want of Christian society in your present sphere of labour; yet may not this be intended to bring you nearer to the Lord himself? You did not enter upon it without asking His guidance; and being satisfied therefore that you are in the path of duty, you may be sure that He will supply all your need out of His own fulness; and I daresay you have often felt that the society even of Christian friends has an injurious effect on the soul, which communion with Jesus never can have. As for myself, I have been passing through the valley of humiliation for many months, 'in heaviness through manifold temptations;' but I hope God will yet bring me through, and enable me to rejoice in His salvation. My present lesson seems to be, to study the finished work of Jesus, and to learn His preciousness in view of my own vileness, especially the value of that 'blood that cleanseth from all sin.'" . . .

To an old friend and brother-merchant, in circumstances of bereavement, he writes:—

"HOTEL, LOCHEARNHEAD, *June* 28.

"MY DEAR R.,— . . . However little we may think of religious views when the world smiles upon us, we are ready to resort to them when the cup of affliction is given us to drink; or rather, I should say, to resort to Him who can strengthen us then, even after all our neglect of Him at other seasons. This, I doubt not, you have found now, my dear R., though it may be amid many temptations from the evil one that this comfort is not for you; and if your faith has been enabled to follow your dear mother into the other world, realizing that all that you loved in her still continues to exist, I am sure the thought has given you much comfort; for I can't help thinking it is this bounding our thoughts by the grave that is at the root of much of our unbelief—at least, I know it is in my own case—not realizing that this life is but a moment, and that the other life is one that never, never ends. This is a trite saying, but it is not easy to receive it into the heart. If men felt it there, they would be stirred up to make sure of an interest in Christ. I heard a good thing in an address the other day, which I repeat to you, because it impressed me much at the time. The person was speaking on that parable of the marriage supper (Matthew xxii.), describing the perfect freeness of the gospel offer on God's part, which men may in part believe;

but then they say, 'That may be true; God is all ready, but I am quite unready.' (Dear friend, you have said this in your heart, and so have I many a time.) He said, 'This is all true; you *are* quite unready, and that is the very reason you are a fit object for Christ to save, for not one of those people that came to that wedding was ready. They came in their rags, just as they were, and after they came, were made ready by receiving the wedding-garment; so the sinner is pressed to lay hold of Christ *now*, with faith or without faith, just as he is; and when he cries, Lord, save me! then Christ pardons him, clothes him with His own righteousness, and makes him an heir of heaven.' And the reason of all this is, dear friend, that heaven—eternal glory—is just as *free* as the light of yonder sun to every one who will accept it. Oh that you would believe this, dear R.! what comfort it would give you! how it would gild many of your dreary hours when you feel the want of her sympathizing smile and loving heart!"

The quiet wanderings of this summer, with their easy stages and frequent halting-places, were peculiarly beneficial to his health. But on his arrival in London on the 7th October, the following entry occurs in his journal:—"Came to London with cough; great mercy in finding comfortable quarters. Marvellous goodness of God in reducing the pulse from 120 to 98 in one night. I desire to acknowledge His gracious hand."

"*Oct.* 21*st*.—Went and saw Dr. Williams, who was most kind and interested. Desire in this to recognise God's mercy, for He has all hearts in His keeping."

Next day he left London for St. Leonards by the advice of Dr. Williams. He was alone. "You will perhaps think it strange that I do not weary," he writes, "but I am mercifully kept from that." He continues in a cheerful strain: "There are a vast number of carriage-people here—Lord and Lady G., Lady B. B., etc. I fear that I passed off for one myself to-day, for on going into a tailor's shop very quietly, the man continually accosted me as 'my lord.' One might have thought it a piece of opening civility or a joke, but when this continued during the whole interview,—'and you'll send it down to-night,' 'yes, my lord,'—it was rather trying to one's gravity, being my first and only appearance in that character. It may be that my appearance was more than usually aristocratic, from the elegant cut of a London coat to which I have just treated myself; but even that would scarcely justify the mistake, for I have passed the man's shop very frequently since I came here."

The key to his spiritual life at this time may be found in a letter to a relative, dated 20th December:—"I desire to make His finished work on the Cross my daily study; and while doing so, would try to rest my soul on such texts as, 'The

Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all;' or, 'He Himself bare our sins in His own body on the tree;' for if I can believe from day to day such a truth as this, my dying day will just follow like my other living days, and there will be no fear to pass even into the presence of a holy God, because there is no condemnation to those whose sins have been borne by Christ."

He was not long in making new friends at St. Leonards, who cheered his solitude by their visits, and who conversed with him concerning the things of the kingdom. One of these dear friends, Edward Leathes, Esquire, whose friendship he deeply valued, writes thus:—

"NORMANSTONE, LOWESTOFT,
"*February* 16*th*, 1865.

". . . It was somewhere about the end of 1861 that I became acquainted with your brother. I first saw him at the church in Hastings, of which the Rev. Mr. Vores is the minister, and was much struck with his appearance, and the marked attention that he gave to the words that fell from that devoted servant of God. I felt my heart drawn towards him, as I thought then that he was not to be here long. Our acquaintance soon ripened into a loving friendship. I used frequently to call on him; at times he would sit by the sea-shore, and the chief theme of our conversation was the precious blood of Jesus, and its healing efficacy to the sinner's soul. He was never weary converse-

ing on the merits of Jesus. . . . From Hastings I went to Brighton, but we kept up our correspondence, and he was much interested in what interested me there, viz., the formation of a cabman's home; and in an endeavour to promulgate the gospel among the soldiers (my own profession). The Lord put it into his heart to send me £10 for these objects, and again he repeated the gift by sending another cheque for the same amount. His only restriction was that I should not make known the name of the giver. I sent him an account of the money laid out, and the only notice he took of my stewardship was, by sending me another cheque for £20. Only yesterday I gave 2s. 6d. to a poor widow, telling her it came from 'a friend in Paradise.'" . . .

In the spring of 1862, a louder call came to him than any he had yet received. A paralytic attack shook the feeble earthly tabernacle to its foundation, and henceforth he walked as in the shadow of death, and in full sight of an open grave. His right side was affected, and although strangers and casual observers noticed little outward change, he never regained the proper use of his arm; and his correspondence—so many years a talent carefully laid out for God's glory—was now all but closed. His form became more shadowy, his step more feeble. Still there was the same spirit of thankfulness. "You see I can't write," he says in a letter at this time, "but I have all the will to

do so, and I hope it may yet please God to give me the full use of my arm. I am indeed thankful that it is no worse, and free from pain. "These are journeying mercies, but it is only a journey, and will soon be over with some of us." More than that, he felt he could say of the border land whither he had been led, that "mighty lessons had been graven on his soul," by Him whose "teachings come with special power" during the slow and silent hours of Nature's weakness. Afterwards he spoke of this time at Hastings as an era in his spiritual history; and in all gratitude, while in deep humility, says, "I believe I know now what the higher life is by experience." He did obtain a clearer insight into the efficacy of the blood of sprinkling, or, as he himself expresses it, he "learned to take God's estimate of that blood." The loving and wise Christian counsel of Mr. Leathes, and the published journal of a dear friend in India, contributed to this result, and were blessed by God to elevate his faith, and to raise his walk to a still holier consistency. He returned to Edinburgh in the beginning of summer.

TO EDWARD S. LEATHES, ESQ.

"4 CHARLOTTE SQUARE, EDINBURGH,
28th June 1862.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Though I cannot write much or well, I feel that I must send you a few

lines, if only to express my gratitude to you and Mrs. Leathes for all your kindness and attention to me at Hastings. How very kind you were in coming to keep me company in my solitude, and to speak to me about the best things! How much I needed your Christian counsel! God bless you for all you said. I think it has not been in vain. I think that the Spirit of God is enabling me to look more to Jesus, and to trust more in His blood. And as He ever 'gives more grace,' I look for greater things. I have certainly received a call at Hastings to set my house in order, like Hezekiah, for 'I shall die and not live.' It may not be immediate, but we know that the time is short, only a 'moment,' compared with the eternity that lies beyond." . . .

It was the wonder of many that the thread of life did not snap asunder, so worn did it seem. But fragile as he looked, and far spent as was his strength, only with life did his Christian labours cease. Most touching it is to read the hardly-legible pencilled notes in his diary, of visits paid to the hospital and to sick people in Edinburgh, and to see the record of his constant intercessions on behalf of friends and relatives.

"*Oct. 29th, afternoon.*—Hospital. Gave some of the tracts; 'Railway accident.' God's goodness to me there. *29th.*—Hospital. Greatly helped. Must spend time in prayer before going.

"*Nov. 7th.*—Called at City Mission. Engaged

with B. to go to Cowgate next week. 8*th.*—Visited B., Mrs. H., and B., also a Mrs. M'G. Much helped. A woman, who had just lost a child, came into Mrs. H.'s; helped in speaking to her.

"*Dec.* 1*st.*—Went to see a man in Grassmarket. 2*d.*—Went to see woman in Home Street who has lost her child. Seems aware of her need:—the blood. 4*th.*—Went afterwards to close off Canongate; and although much afraid, was greatly helped by a faithful God."

From the same diary we learn that bodily languor gave occasionally a sad tinge to his spiritual experience.

"*Dec.* 12*th.*—Very depressed and low; but I believe it is in answer to prayer. It is in this way that I shall be brought into conformity with Jesus. . . . Driven away from texts to the Father.

"*Jan.* 7*th.*—In the house all day—very low—trying to look to the Sin-bearer. 11*th.*—In bed till eleven. Sympathy of Christ. God seems to be teaching me my need of the Humanity of Christ. 13*th.*—In house—very low—it may be that God is beating me off self, in every form, that I may look to Jesus as a Mediator. 14*th.*—Letters from Mr. Leathes and Mrs. R. D. Much kindness in both. I am altogether unworthy of it."

One of the last entries is—"Sacrament. Little joy at the Table; but I believe that Jesus will bless me still, because He says so: 'I will water

it every moment,' etc. 'I will betroth thee unto me for ever.'"

The Bible was more than ever his constant companion; passages were pored over and fed upon for hours at a time. He has left copious Bible notes for which we have no space, but which demonstrate how carefully, how diligently, in former years, he perused the Word of God. Latterly he read little besides; it seemed almost an effort for his mind during the last dying year of his life to grasp or take in any human composition.

Only one more letter we insert; it is addressed to a friend for whom he feared that the sunshine of great temporal prosperity might dazzle his spiritual vision and prevent his apprehending the true Light. Its length cost him a great effort:—

"MAYEN HOUSE, 1*st Sept.* 1862.

"MY DEAR C.,—Your welcome letter reached me last night, and gave me a new errand to the throne of grace on your behalf. I almost wonder at your writing to me; and I wonder more at the tone of your letters. There is much that is hopeful in them. With all your fortune, you have still a desire for better things. A *desire!* but will it lead to action? It may be that your case is that of the prodigal 'when he came to himself,' and desired to return, and even made up his mind what words he would use to his father when he came back. He might have done all this, how-

ever, and still stopped short of returning, and been lost. 'But he arose and came to his father.' Ah! that's conversion—coming to Christ. And what a reception he meets with! He is driven back from sheer necessity, not from willing choice; but it is all the same to the father. He is so rejoiced to see him back, that he won't inquire into the cause. He runs out to meet his son, and, filthy and degraded though he be, clasps him to his bosom—he won't even hear his confession—he stops him short with, 'Bring forth the best robe.' Oh that you would thus return! Satan may tell you that you don't feel enough penitence; but have you enough to feel that you are not worthy to be called a child of God? Then return, dear friend! He is waiting to be gracious, is out looking for you, and, *before* you confess your sin, will pardon you. The grace of Christ is omnipotent, and you must lean on that to keep you from the snares of the world. . . . I did not think of sending you another letter, but the subject has been again before me this morning, and as life is uncertain, and time is short, I thought I would write you a line or two. You will pardon what may seem presumption, and believe in the affectionate regard of," etc.

His younger sister arrived from India in the September of 1862, and the old unbroken circle gathered round the family fireside. It was a gra-

cious thought from the Heavenly Father's heart of love thus to permit one more meeting before the great parting came. What a privilege and joy it was to sit side by side with him once again at the Communion Table in October! He was no more to drink of the fruit of that vine until he reached his Father's kingdom above. When the next sacramental season came round, he was stretched on his deathbed, about to take his place at the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

The summer of 1862 had been marked by much nervous suffering, caused by the diseased state of the heart. And as autumn faded into winter, there were faint symptoms of declining strength, and loving hearts noted sorrowfully that the short walks taken a few months ago were felt too long to be attempted now, and little things were quietly left undone from inability to do them. When the year closed in, the shadow of a great trial had fallen upon the family home, for the beloved father and head of the household was sick unto death, and the physicians gave little or no hope of recovery. Upon none did this overwhelming intelligence fall more heavily than upon him, to whom his father had been an object of intense affection all his life. The tie that bound the two together had ever been a love passing the common love of father and son. Weeks of suspense and anxiety followed; and although the near prospect of this terrible bereavement swallowed up most

other thoughts, the whispered dread sometimes found words: "This great sorrow, these alternations of hope and fear, will tell too surely upon Robert." Day by day he spent hours beside his father's couch, speaking a word of comfort, or quoting a favourite verse of Scripture. Nor did these loving ministrations cease until the ear of the dear invalid was sealed to the sounds of earth. Then, as if his work were done, sickness set in on Saturday the 30th January. The next day he was confined to bed with a bad attack of bronchitis, and forbidden to speak. Only an occasional word showed that he was staying himself on the sure Refuge. His elder sister remarked to him on Monday evening, how soothing at such a time was the kindness and affection manifested by friends. "Yes," he said; "but oh, if we could only more fully realize the sympathy of Jesus!" The three nights of this short illness were full of tossings to and fro, and characterized by a sleepless restlessness painful to witness. On the last night the doctor ordered a sleeping-draught.

And now in the chamber above that in which he lay, there was heard the cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!" And there closed the drama of a useful and honoured life, as our father's spirit returned to God.

When all was over it was thought inexpedient to tell Robert that night, in the hope that he might enjoy some benefit from the opiate he had

taken. All felt it would be a bitter task to unfold the mournful tidings in the morning; but no need was there for mortal lips to break to him the sad intelligence. As if some spirit-whisper had reached him, his words to the first person who entered his room next morning were, "At what hour did my father die?"

That morning the cough gradually subsided, the expectoration almost entirely ceased, and amid the deep gloom of that smitten household, there was this faint solace, that at least Robert was going on well. The watchers at his side little knew that such symptoms were but the breaking of the wheel at the cistern, that the struggle was well-nigh over, that the last billow of life's stormy sea was even then bearing the worn-out sufferer to the haven of rest. The last words of sacred writ that fell upon his ear were Rev. vii. 13, "And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?" etc. Two hours more, and he would for ever leave behind him the soiled garments of earth, and arrayed in white robes, stand with that multitude before the throne of God. Very exhausted he lay, drawing long labouring respirations; but even then, when a summons to luncheon came, observing it was not heeded by the friend beside him, all forgetful of self and mindful of others, as he ever was, he asked in feeble accents, "Are you not going too?"

Shortly afterwards he spoke to his elder sister of his dear father's funeral, questioned her concerning every particular, asked who were invited to be there, adding, "I should like much to be present."

And he was indeed to be present; not taking part in the last sad solemn rites, or occupying his post among the mourners, but lying side by side with the dead.

An hour afterwards, he said suddenly to the watcher by his bed, "I think my pulse is getting very low." She started up and took hold of his hand. It felt icy cold. "You do not feel faint?" she asked, with trembling accents, as an agonizing suspicion of the truth came upon her. "No, but very weak," he answered; and then the alarm was given: the doctor was hastily summoned, and almost immediately stood by the bedside. Around that bed, all his nearest relatives had gathered now, overwhelmed with grief at the prospect of this second blow, paralysed by the suddenness of the shock, and unable to believe that it could be really true. Surely the angel of death is not again within twenty-four hours to visit this stricken home; it is only a fit of exhaustion, he will recover yet! Restoratives were called for, and with difficulty swallowed. The doctor ordered hot applications to the limbs: all in vain; warmth was never again to return to the tenement of clay. A deep sigh, a simple

folding of the hands together, as if composing himself for slumber, and then, without a struggle, he fell asleep in Jesus. When all was over, his sister turned to the doctor, and exclaimed, in spite of her deep agony, 'Oh, who could mourn for him! *he* has made a blessed exchange, if any ever did.'

Yes. 'We give Thee humble and hearty thanks:' that laboured breath is hushed and quiet now. The anxious frown of pain has passed for ever from that marble brow; the restless tossings of those last few days are stilled. For him now, no more pain, no more depression, no more sin, no heart-breaking sense of loss filling his home with darkness; no mourning for the beloved dead. Already his longing soul has drunk deep draughts of the Water of Life; already the weary one has found rest in the land of everlasting peace. Even now that voice, so long constrained to be mute on earth when praise was sung, takes part in the melody of Heaven, and joins the anthem of the blood-bought choir. And now he gazes eye to eye upon the King in his beauty, and beholds with rapture the unveiled countenance of Him, whom having not seen, he so truly loved.

As the mourning group turned to look again on the countenance of the dead, the uppermost thought most surely was, that here indeed the sting was taken away, and a victory gained. Never did death present a fairer picture, or consent to leave on any

human countenance a more exquisite expression of perfect peace.

"We sadly watch'd the close of all,
Life balanced on a breath;
We saw upon his features fall
The awful shade of death.
All dark and desolate we were,
And murmuring Nature cried,
'O surely, Lord, hadst Thou been here,
Our brother had not died!'

"But when its glance the memory cast
On all that grace had done,
And thought of life's sore conflict past,
And endless victory won,—
Then Faith prevailing, wiped the tear,
And looking upward cried,
'Yea, Lord, we own Thou hast been here,
Our brother hath not died!'"

Farewell then, beloved friend and brother! Rest in peace in the bosom of thy God! Even now, when our poor human nature writhes under the crushing blow, we picture thee amid the new wonders and glories of thy heavenly home: nor for worlds would we wish thee back.

WHOSE FAITH FOLLOW, CONSIDERING THE END OF HIS CONVERSATION: JESUS CHRIST.

EDINBURGH: T. CONSTABLE,
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